McCALL'S

MARCH
1929

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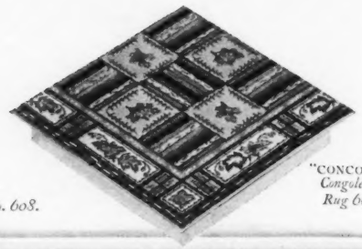
Beginning

HIDE IN THE DARK *by* FRANCES NOYES HART

also in this issue MRS. BOOTH TARKINGTON

NEW DESIGNS

that bring fresh charm to every room



"CONCORD" *Congoleum Rug 605*

The lovely design shown below is "ORIENTALE," *Congoleum Rug No. 608.*

"MIKADO" *Congoleum Rug 607*

"MINUET" *Congoleum Rug 610*

"PERSAN" *Congoleum Rug 612*

EACH year Congoleum Rugs blossom out in a colorful array of lovely new designs. And 1929 is no exception! In fact, this year Congoleum designers have actually outdone themselves, as you can see even from the samples shown here.

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The *Multicote Process* of manufacture builds long life into Congoleum Rugs. And it adds a high gloss which brings out the full richness of the beautiful colors.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

– none genuine without the Gold Seal!

The Gold Seal appears only on Congoleum Rugs. Don't be misled into accepting something said to be "just like Congoleum." For high quality, unequaled value and guaranteed satisfaction insist that the Gold Seal appear right on the face of the rugs you buy! Only then can you be sure of getting the genuine product—the rugs with a 16-year record of unrivaled popularity.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco
Minneapolis Kansas City New Orleans Dallas Atlanta Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

"POPPY" *Congoleum Rug 609*

"BLUE-TILE" *Congoleum Rug 321*

"PALMETTO" *Congoleum Rug 604*

"ASBURY" *Congoleum Rug 603*

"AZTEC" *Congoleum Rug 611*

"WINDSOR" *Congoleum Rug 602*

Free — "COLOR WHERE

Here is a home-decoration handbook every home-maker should have. It contains a wealth of information and sensible suggestions, as well as a scientific chart of color har- [illegible] coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J., for a free copy.

Name .....

Address ..... Mc. 10

"Pink Tooth Brush"?

Never neglect it Start with IPANA today!

A LITTLE tinge of "pink" upon a tooth brush may be a trivial and unimportant thing. But more likely it is an indication—a pretty broad hint—that somewhere in your gum wall is a tender, spongy spot . . . one which you can quickly restore to normal with Ipana and massage.

. . . or one which, neglected and uncared-for, could easily result in stubborn troubles, such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

* * *

One great element present in the lives of all of us is having a bad effect upon our gums. It is this soft modern food we eat, fibreless, robbed of roughage, creamy, and all too easy to eat.

It does not give to the gums the stimulation they need to remain in health. It causes them to grow flabby and soft . . . to bleed easily.

How Ipana Tooth Paste and massage restore the gums to health

In half a minute, every time you brush your teeth, you can remedy the damage that your all too soft diet is doing to your gums.

For a light massage with the finger or the brush will restore to your gums the stimulation which they need so much. Thousands of dentists recommend it, for they know the good it does.

Thousands of them, too, recommend that the massage be effected with Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana, because of its content of ziratol (a recognized antiseptic and hemostatic) has a salutary and stimulating effect upon the gums fully as important as the massage itself. It will make your gums sturdier, stronger and more resistant to disease.

Make a month's trial of Ipana

The coupon offers a 10-day sample, gladly sent. But the better way is to get a full size tube of Ipana at the drug store today. Brush your teeth and gums with it, faithfully twice a day, for one month.

You will find it far more than a pleasant dentifrice —more than a good cleaning agent. With its regular use will come a sense of oral cleanliness you have never before known . . . and a firm and healthy gum structure that will defy the ravages and threats of the gum disorders so widely prevalent today.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO. Dept. E-39
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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America Is As Strong As Its Humblest Home

"OUR nation is not an agglomeration of railroads, of ships, of factories, of dynamos or statistics. It is a nation of homes, a nation of men, of women, of children." —HERBERT HOOVER

Originally conceived by Washington and later preserved by Lincoln the truth of these words is as apt today as in an age of simpler faiths and humbler living. Some there may be who think in terms of units rather than of people, of power rather than humanity; but for the nation there is only one horizon—the American home. So the new President may in truth declare, "My country owes me nothing. It gave me, as it gives every boy and girl, a chance."

Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson and Herbert Hoover, born into humble homes, filled with the strength and the pride which spring from the earth, gained the highest office in the gift of their people. Lindbergh, one of the humblest of men, saddled the stars and stretched the soul of the world.

If ever that day comes when we shall scorn the home, be it ever so humble, or neglect the solid simplicities which our fathers and our founders cherished, then indeed we shall vitiate the source of our democracy. For we are a nation of homes as against cliques, of pride as against pomp, of humility as against arrogance.

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade:
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

—The Editor

In the clothing department of 1000 J. C. Penney stores, every effort is made to give you satisfying service.

Men in 1000 cities will buy their spring suits at this department store

IN MARCH, if you lived in the biggest city in the United States, you might go to the biggest department store to buy your Spring clothes. You would naturally expect a great store to give great values.

Yet all over the country, in 1000 different towns, men will be buying their new clothes *at a greater saving than the biggest city offers.* Over half a million men will go to their local J. C. Penney department store for Spring clothes at $19.75, $24.75 and up. And every one of them will get style and fabric and tailoring that we sincerely believe his city cousin cannot duplicate at the same prices anywhere!

Few cities boast a half a million population. Certainly no single city store would claim so many men as customers for clothing. Yet in your local J. C. Penney store this month you can share the benefits of buying together with half a million other men.

The more customers, the greater the values

IT IS only 25 years since we founded this business. Our first store was a humble shack in a frontier town in the Far West. But even there we gave every customer who came to us a better hat or suit, pair of shoes or dry-goods than he had been able to buy in that town. *And for less money.* That is what we do today in over a thousand towns. As our customers increased, we found new ways to give outstanding values.

But how did we first get people to trade with us? How did we attract half a million men to buy here? What has given us our leadership as *the world's largest department store—housed under a thousand roofs!*

SEEK the answer in any one of our stores. You will find that fine merchandise costs you less here than elsewhere. Our policy is to run our stores so as to pass on to *you*, the customer, substantial savings on everything. We keep down expense, we take small profits —we buy for less as we get more and more customers. Here the golden rule is applied to business!

It is our customers who have made this business what it is today. We have tried to serve you faithfully, striven honestly to deserve your trade. Everyone in our stores is sincerely interested in selling you only a suit that you will like and that will always fit and give excellent wear. It is our greatest pride that our merchandise is always just a little better in quality and value than others are equipped to give you.

That is *our* part. But greater than all this is the buying power that you and half a million other men have given us. It is our mission to use that power always to get you even greater values.

Be one of the men this Spring who buy our suits featured this month at $19.75, $24.75 and up. If you want to know the location of the J. C. Penney store nearest where you live, write us today. Address J. C. Penney Company, Inc., 330 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

Our Buyer in New York is a man who knows clothing. He is an important customer in the showrooms of the finest manufacturers. He buys for our 1000 stores.

J.C. PENNEY CO. INC. DEPT. STORES

Photo by G. L. Manuel — *Mme. Clemenceau*

Photo by Wm. Shewell Ellis — *N. C. Wyeth*

Photo by E. M. Morgan — *Mary Synon*

McCALL MIRRORS

I'M AFRAID that like happy countries I have no history." With this apology, like any after-dinner speaker's—"I'm not prepared to make a speech—" Frances Noyes Hart takes us on a flight of fancy around the world. Born on her grandfather's farm near Washington—and where better to be born than there?—she grew up among cows in clover, bees in the sunlight and corn in neat gold rows. To school in Washington, Chicago and later far-off Florence, with an interlude in New England and a winter in Paris at the Sorbonne. Then travel—an army post in Texas, a villa at Como, two heavenly autumns in Normandy, a room in Nice, years in Maine, China, Hawaii——Alas, all points north, east, south and west! There are two children. One is Jantie and one is Ann. And there is her Favorite Lawyer, Mr. Hart. And besides these—if these are not enough—there are days and nights she remembers, too. The first Armistice in Paris, the noon Lindbergh sailed into New York Bay and that other time when she realized her eldest daughter was going to have blue eyes and a sense of humor. After all, what price history?

SO MANY people have admired the illustrations accompanying *The Romantic Prince* that something should be said about N. C. Wyeth. Few men tell stories half so well as Wyeth paints them. There is a majestic quality in his themes and a stirring vitality in his people that spring straight from the heart and mind of the man. Born with a love of rugged, deeply chiseled life, Wyeth has never neglected learning. A student of many men and many books, his eminence as an artist is his reward.

A TIME, a town and a tradition taught Mary Synon to write. The time was the youth of the century—that era of opportunity when Roosevelt dashed from San Juan to the White House, Bryan was still crusading for a cause, Kipling was chanting of India and Conrad of the far south seas. The town was Chicago—flashy, sporty, successful. Something of the age must be held forever; or so Mary Synon believed when she asked for and received a man's job on a Chicago newspaper. Ironically, though naturally enough, her first fiction story dealt with the wild north country of Hudson's Bay. During the gold rush to the Porcupine Camps in the Yukon, Miss Synon joined the prospectors.

THE April number quite without scheming has developed into an all star issue. After it was created we looked over the rôle: *In The Garden*, a beautiful, modern Easter short story by Agnes Sligh Turnbull. Other light short stories, tuned to the gay note of spring, are contributed by Percival Wilde, Pauline Angell, Robert MacAlarney and Princess Der Ling, who has written an exotic fable of old China. The adventurous will thrill to William Beebe's description of the ocean floor one hundred miles down New York Bay, while every woman will be awaiting the story, written by Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, vice chairman of the Republican National Committee, revealing for the first time the truth about the legend of 1928—The Woman's Vote.

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By Neysa McMein

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Elisabeth May Blondel

IT IS difficult to collaborate in writing. Only people slow to anger and firmly tied together should attempt it." Therein, perhaps, dwells the secret of Alma and Paul Ellerbe's success as a writing team. But though firmly tied they are not firmly rooted. They write: "We have been married ten years and a half and have lived in thirty-two houses—from La Jolla, California to Lake Kezar, Maine—in innumerable hotels and in one automobile 'pullmanized' for sleeping. There is among our possessions no framed motto reading 'God Bless Our Home.' We have no home."

MME. JUNG-CLEMENCEAU, youngest daughter of the "Old Tiger," is a new and celebrated contributor to McCall's. Because of her intimate acquaintance with the *grands couturiers* of Paris she has been asked to contribute monthly fashion notes to supplement our regular features.

MRS. FRANCIS KING, whose article on garden tools appears in this issue, is one of the foremost gardening authorities in this country. She was one of the founders of the Garden Club of America. Mrs. King is also honorary president of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association, a vice president of the American Horticultural Society, a trustee of the American Rose Society, a vice president of the Garden Club Ltd. of London and a member of various special plant societies and garden clubs. Her books on gardening are popular and authoritative.

With the gardens of McCall Street taken care of, we are also turning our attention to the problems of home building and interior decoration. House plans and photographs of homes will be a new feature.

SIDE by side with these roving writers is Mrs. Booth Tarkington, who presides over the serenity and gracious hospitality that in winter and in summer is Booth Tarkington's home.

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for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The COACH $595 *f.o.b.* Flint, Mich.

The Outstanding Achievement of Chevrolet History

-a Six in the price range of the four!

By every standard of comparison, The Outstanding Chevrolet of Chevrolet History is entitled to rank as one of the greatest automotive achievements of all time—for General Motors, Chevrolet and Fisher Body have here combined their resources to produce a truly remarkable automobile.

The new six-cylinder valve-in-head engine offers greater speed, faster acceleration, remarkable smoothness and fuel economy of *better than 20 miles to the gallon.* The full ball-bearing steering mechanism, adjustable driver's seat in all closed models and new quiet four-wheel brakes assure remarkable ease of control; and these notable qualities of performance are matched by the surpassing beauty, the luxurious comfort and the inherent value of marvelous new bodies by Fisher!

These beautiful cars are now on display at all Chevrolet dealers—and we urge you to see them today. For the more carefully you examine the new Chevrolet Six, the more clearly you will realize that it introduces an order of luxury that was never before thought possible in the price range of the four!

The Roadster, $525; The Phaeton, $525; The Coach, $595; The Coupe, $595; The Sedan, $675; The Sport Cabriolet, $695; The Convertible Landau, $725. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Q U A L I T Y A T L O W C O S T

In her Beautifully Appointed Town House
Mrs. ROBERT R. McCORMICK
has these Luxurious Mattresses and Springs

Mrs. Robert R. McCormick

from a portrait by an eminent painter. Mrs. McCormick treasures pictures, owning one of the finest Cezannes in the world, an exquisite Matisse, and many other splendid moderns. Extremely versatile, she is, as well as a distinguished Chicago hostess, a painter of some note, and the breeder of a prize Guernsey herd on her place at Wheaton.

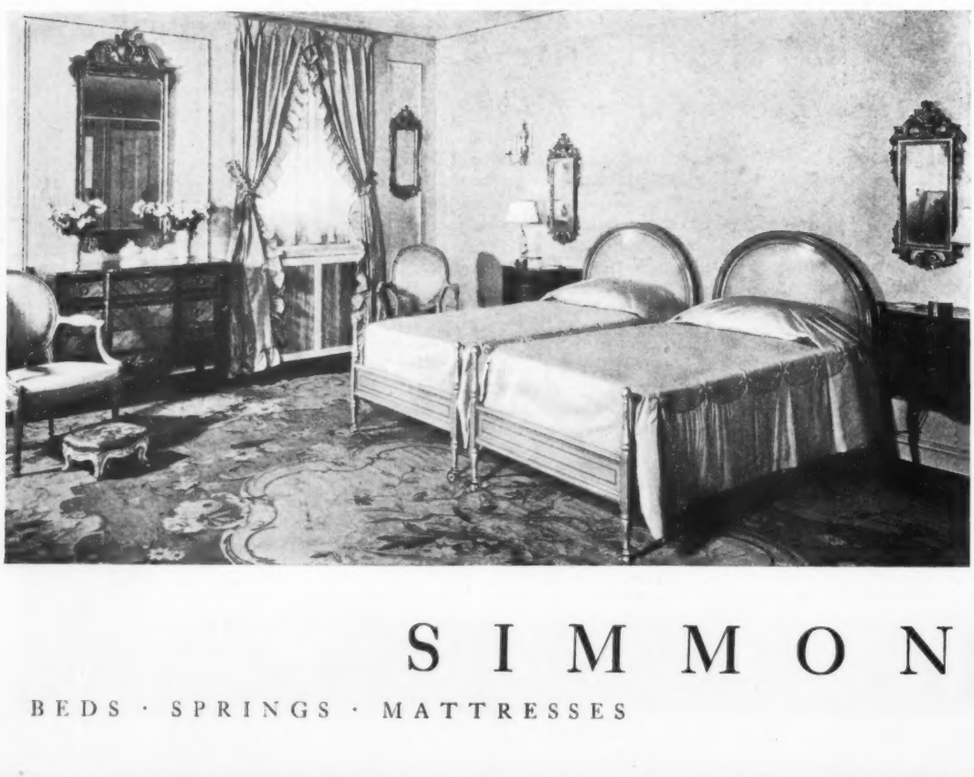
THE DAMASK-COVERED BEAUTYREST MATTRESS AND MATCHING ACE BOX SPRING! The Beautyrest boasts a unique inner construction, —a center of hundreds of small, individually pocketed coils that insure lasting buoyancy and firm, uncrushable sides. The splendid box spring has the same taped edges and stitched sides. This pattern comes in rose, light blue, and lilac and there is a medallion design in sea-foam green, beige, and Venetian blue.

ELEGANCE and luxury characterize the Chicago home of Mrs. Robert R. McCormick. Each smallest detail has been exquisitely thought out, from the Chinese brocades that hang in the entrance hall to the marvelous Aubusson rugs richly carpeting the floors. There is an entire Adam room which came intact from England; the garden was done by Vitale, who makes those charming Chinese shadow trees of iron.

And for this house of treasures Mrs. McCormick chose these most luxurious mattresses and springs—Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs! In this bedroom, done in the French and Venetian manner, their rose damask covers blend beautifully with the rose and apricot hangings. Mrs. McCormick, delighted with them, says:

"I can't say enough in praise of these buoyant Beautyrests and the new Ace Box Springs. They are the last word in comfort. The rose fits the color scheme of the room, and completes the harmony of color and comfort."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75; Simmons Beds $10.00 to $60.00, No. 1581 $32.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



THIS EXQUISITE BEDROOM in Mrs. McCormick's home, has soft green walls, light rose organdy glass curtains and deep peach taffeta hangings. The rug is a handsome Aubusson;—a white fireplace, a little desk, chairs and sofa upholstered in soft gray green, and a priceless old poudreuse, add to the charm of the room. In this setting of elegance, blue-green Simmons Beds No. 1581 fit perfectly, with their apricot trim, and rose damask covered Beautyrests and Springs. This bed also comes in peach, walnut, and mahogany finish.

Already 655,487 Beautyrests in American homes*

Every 54 seconds, one more Beautyrest in someone's home!

*These records are for the U. S. only.

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES BUILT FOR SLEEP

ADVENTURES IN RELIGION

Hand in hand father and son discover the Old Testament

By Basil King

LEROY foresaw what Bobby's next question would be as soon as they received the list of articles he was to bring to the Doolittle School. Having been a Doolittle boy himself, he remembered now that this had been among his own requirements. Bobby was to have so many shirts, so many suits of underclothes, so many pairs of socks, and at the very end of the catalogue, as if a little ashamed of itself, there was the laconic mention of "1 Bible." As yet Bobby didn't really know what a Bible was, but nothing was so sure as that he would ask.

In anticipation of that day Leroy laid in a stock of Biblical literature and began to read. But he didn't read very far. His own thoughts he found more stimulating to himself than those of other people. Once other people had supplied him with the ruling facts, marking the lines along which he was to ruminate, he was equal to the rumination.

His chief wish was to supply the boy with a thread that would lead him through the Biblical labyrinth into which the Doolittle system of reading the Book had entangled himself. He understood that the same system was still in operation. At morning prayers they read a chapter of the Old Testament; at evening prayers, a chapter of the New. The chapters were chosen so as to cover the outlines of both Testaments in the course of the school year. But the reading was reading only. The boys represented so many varieties of parents and the parents so many varieties of religion that exposition was taboo.

From his own experience Leroy considered this sort of reading worse than none at all. Raising all the difficulties of the most difficult book in the world it allayed none of them. He clearly remembered how he and the other boys, being left without a clue to what with little explanation they could have understood, had turned it into ridicule. He recalled, too, how gladly they would have accepted anything in the way of commonsense interpretation. Their ridicule was on the surface only; in the heart of their hearts they were reverent. They were eager, too, for some sort of steering through the mysteries of life. Of those mysteries they all talked more than their elders and teachers supposed they did, and pondered on them more than they talked. The years before them were so full of gigantic things to swing that any of them would have welcomed help in swinging them.

In a vague and general way they had heard that there was such help in the Bible. But the Bible as read to them, or as given to them to read, consisted largely of episodes they could not but call preposterous. At the opening of the school year they began with the story of Creation, going on to the details of Adam and Eve and the serpent. Over these they cracked the customary jokes. The habit of joking once begun ran throughout the school session. They joked about the Tower of Babel, about the plagues of Egypt, about Balaam and his ass. When there was nothing to joke about they considered the reading a failure. It was the worst possible preparation for the influence of religion in life, and as such Leroy was anxious to forestall it in the case of his little boy. So with the help of a few books on history, on criticism, on excavation, he read the Bible with a zeal he had never expected to bestow on it. Little by little he found himself reading not just for the sake of answering the boy's questions, but from interest of his own. There was really a great deal in it, he kept saying to himself, once you got the hang of it. By "the hang of it" he meant a motive.

A motive that would run through three thousand years of time and be as imperative at the end of them as it had been at the beginning, must be one that would dominate civilizations and ages. Such a motive would render the riddle of the Sphinx relatively trivial—and one day it flashed on him that he had found it.

That is, he had found the motive that satisfied himself; doubtless there were others to satisfy other people. A work so vast in its measurements and so varied in its applications must have almost as many aspects as it would have readers of its pages; but the one which he had discovered would be the one for him. It would make no difference that hundreds of thousands had discovered it before him; neither would it make any difference that hundreds of thousands who knew the Book far more thoroughly than he had passed it by to discover something else. The fact remained that he had found the golden wire on which he could coherently string every incident and utterance between Genesis and Malachi, and see its chief significance.

He kept as yet to the Old Testament because it was the one which had given him the most trouble. When he had thought of it at all it had been to say to himself that the modern world had outlived [*Turn to page 58*]

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

© Underwood & Underwood

Dolly Curtis Gann, after March fourth, Official Hostess for her brother, Vice President Curtis

In Miniature—Dolly Curtis Gann

Intimate pictures of people you want to know

By Dorothy C. Reid

A FEW days after the last presidential election I sat trying to visit with Dolly Curtis Gann in her comfortable, attractive Washington home. I say "trying" because it was difficult to chat while the telephone rang incessantly. Again and again I heard variations of: "Thank you so much. Yes, it was a regular landslide. Of course we're delighted. Yes, do come in, I'll be so glad to see you."

Many of these calls were from women who had bitterly opposed her as she campaigned for her half brother, Senator Charles Curtis, in his vice presidential race. While it is a sporting thing to congratulate opponents, these messages were not of that nature. Dolly Gann's friends like her even if they do not vote with her.

Leaving the room to answer one of the many calls she said, "Look at that early American table in the corner. I found it in a little antique shop the other day. Unusual piece, isn't it?" And later she showed me an enormous roll of needlepoint she had nearly finished for a double seat which stands in her hallway.

I have known her many years, yet at each glimpse her varied interests impress me anew. A charming hostess, a good conversationalist, an amazing memory for names and faces—all necessary adjuncts to the position she has assumed, that of official hostess to the newly-elected Vice President of the United States.

IMAGINE yourself, if possible, day in and day out being obliged to attend a luncheon, rushing to tea, crowding in a reception, dashing back home only to be met by dozens of callers, dressing for a formal dinner and finally going to bed exhausted, knowing that the next day it is to be the same thing all over. To the average woman it would be a devastating thought. Yet that is to be the life of Dolly Curtis Gann for the next four years. Upon her will fall enormous responsibilities for she must replace the President's wife quite as faithfully as the Vice President must replace the President. She is to be the second lady of the land, and in the absence of the President's wife at any function, she is ranking lady.

As a young girl in Topeka, she was a leader in her small world. That world has grown and now she is a national figure, thoroughly equipped to assume her new and important rôle. She has that charm and distinction of manner one likes to associate with the position. Her bright blue eyes sparkle and dance from the sheer joy of living, and her mouth tilts at the corners ever ready to smile. She is that rare person who is witty yet never forgets to be kind. The coming four years of ceaseless activity hold no terrors for her. She knows how to entertain and loves it.

To make a success of a job one has to enjoy it and she makes no pretense of the fact that she loves everything connected with social activity. Nor does she try to convey the impression that at heart she is a simple home body, and except for the unfortunate demand of outside engagements, she would prefer attending to the minute details of her household. Not Dolly Gann. She prefers precisely what she is going to do. But regardless of the demands, she has always managed and presided over her home expertly.

Shortly after she took up a Washington residence a woman friend wrote that a young man of her acquaintance was going to call on Dolly and for her to be nice to him—he was a fine fellow.

"I agreed with her perfectly after I saw him," she said, "and I've been nice to him ever since." They were married in 1915. The young man was Edward Everett Gann, now a well-known, successful Washington lawyer. "Billy," as intimate friends know Mr. Gann, is immensely proud of Dolly's accomplishments.

Vice President Curtis has lived with them since the death of his wife four years ago. Mrs. Curtis had been an invalid and Dolly Gann not only managed her own home, but her brother's as well. She has entertained for him so long that it is only natural that she should assume the arduous, trying duties of his official hostess.

It takes intelligence as well as charm to be a social success in Washington. Dolly Gann has not been on reception committees or poured tea at many exclusive, official functions just because of her brother's prominence. She achieved and held success by her own personality.

The formula, if she is conscious of one, may be discovered from reports of the home folks, those people who have known her since she frolicked around in curls and primly starched little pinafores. They relish her infrequent visits because, according to one, "In spite of her present standing there is nothing 'up-stage' about her. Watch, for instance, as she listens to a young mother tell how wonderfully her small son has progressed—'only three months old and sleeps the night through'—and Dolly will show the proper amount of amazement. To us she is no different than when she quietly managed her brother's affairs from the old Crawford Building."

DOLLY CURTIS GANN has grown up in a political atmosphere, and whether she is a born politician or has acquired the faculty makes little difference in her ability. While Vice President Curtis was a promising young Congressman, she was his private secretary. When Congress adjourned she packed up her lists and files, returned to the home offices in Topeka—often ahead of him—called in the local allies and reporters, issued information and instructions and things were humming along smoothly by the time he returned.

Later she made speaking tours for him when he was up for Senator. Her ability to stand before a large audience and swing it to her way of thinking was no less successful than her manner of presiding over her own dinner table entertaining the most prominent Washington officials. She plays politics with the daring and skill of a man, laying down a clean, open barrage and fighting splendidly to the finish. She is interested, too, in people regardless of their position. Where social factors change over night, as they do in Washington, it is refreshing to find one person at least who does not forget old friends. Official Washington is accepted, called upon, entertained and seated according to rank, and when through elections the rank is lost, they are quickly forgotten. Dolly Gann does not forget.

Social life in Washington is in actuality a profession. International relationships might be as definitely strained by social slights to foreign representatives as by an unethical secret pact between two of the Allies. Momentous differences have been [*Turn to page 97*]

An Artist's Clever Hands

designed this Prize-Winning Floor...

A CITY skyline . . . the setting sun . . . and skilfully, deftly, a new Armstrong Floor design takes form. "Building Shadows" it is called. But shadows that are bright with a modern colorful beauty unknown to floors of old . . .

Misty seas break over reefs of iridescent coral—and the artist's brush captures still another floor of beauty for your home.

Faithfully the artist's creations have been interpreted in the new Armstrong's Linoleum—designs that range from the spirited modern motif to the most sedate plain and Jaspé effects—colors that extend from soft taupes, mauves, siennas, powder blues, to more brilliant oranges, ocean greens, golds, and reds.

A few minutes when shopping will acquaint you with this new-day linoleum beauty; will acquaint you, too, with other modern virtues of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors . . . the warmth, the absence of drafty cracks, the quietness and springy comfort so soothing to tired bodies.

MISS PAULINE KARLOFF
Los Angeles, Cal.
AWARDED FIRST PRIZE

It has always been the effort of the Armstrong Cork Company to seek the best in floor designs for the American home. To this end, this Company invited leading schools of design to contribute floor creations in a national competition.

Some of these prize-winning floors are now on display at local stores. The modern design in the room below, "Building Shadows," by Miss Karloff, won first award. Ask to see it. (Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum No. 3196.)

Best of all, you will learn about the Accolac Processed surface. That means a new freedom from heavy cleaning care, floors that can't spot and stain, and floors that are easily kept beautiful. For by this Accolac Process, a dirt-resisting lacquer is made to permeate the surface, actually *seal* it securely against mud, spilled grease, fruit acids, even ink. These wipe right up, leave no sad marks. As for dust, a dry mop quickly removes it from the satin-smooth Accolac Processed surface.

You can have the whole modern story of these most modern floors if you write for Hazel Dell Brown's book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Just off press. Tells how your new Armstrong Floor can be laid right over your old—cemented over builders' deadening felt. Shows model rooms in full color. Offers you author's personal help in planning your home decoration. Just send cost of mailing, 10¢. (Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 315 Lincoln Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

As though unseen hands helped keep it beautiful

Why is it so easy to keep an Armstrong Floor spotless and bright? Just run your fingers over the face. No lodging place for dirt there, for the surface is sealed by the new Accolac Process.

This Accolac Processed surface simplifies cleaning. A light waxing and polishing keeps your floor gleaming. Even in kitchens—or wherever floors may need frequent washing—an Armstrong Floor requires no heavy work. Just freshen it up occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax). Then when accidents like that below occur—a quick wiping with a damp cloth—and your Armstrong Floor is spick-and-span again.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

New delicacies from leftovers -- *quick!*

EMPANADA CHILEAN

Latin countries are famous for good—and inexpensive—food. You will understand why, when you taste this native casserole dish from the slopes of the Andes, adapted for American kitchens and improved—with Crisco. Yes, vastly improved, for no other fat in the whole wide world lends a sweeter, fresher flavor to the foods cooked with it.

2 cups finely minced cold beef or veal
1 small onion, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
1 dozen raisins
2 hard-boiled eggs, sliced
½ cup ripe or green olives, cut

Sauté chopped onion and pepper for a few minutes in Crisco. Mix with cold meat, raisins, eggs, olives and brown gravy. Place in Criscoed casserole and cover with rolled Crisco pastry. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes, or until pastry is nicely browned. This appetizing dinner dish will serve 6.

Brown gravy: Brown 2 tablespoons flour in 2 tablespoons Crisco and add 1½ cups meat stock or milk.

Crisco pastry: Blend ¼ cup Crisco with 1 cup flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt and add ¼ cup ice water slowly.

HONOLULU SAUTÉ

Even in romantic Hawaii, land of sunshine and flowers, housewives face the eternal problem of Left-Overs. And solve it, too, with Crisco.

It's a nice thing to be familiar with a shortening like Crisco which keeps fresh and sweet in any climate *and* without the aid of an ice-box.

This is an economical recipe, and a good one, for using bits of "day before" food in the frying pan with Crisco. And Crisco frying *is* frying, for Crisco itself is sweet and fresh to the taste just as it comes from the can.

1½ cups cooked, left-over rice
½ cup chopped ham, left-over
3 tablespoons Crisco
3 eggs, beaten well
Salt and pepper
1 small onion, chopped fine

Sauté onion and rice with Crisco in hot skillet. When slightly brown season with salt and pepper and pour in beaten eggs (to which the ham has been added). Cook from 3 to 5 minutes or until the egg is done and serve on hot platter garnished with parsley.

This is an excellent dish for luncheon and especially attractive for Sunday night suppers. It will serve 6.

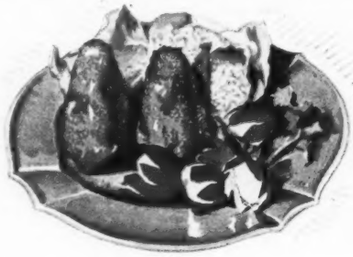
You taste milk. You test eggs. Now, taste Crisco-then *your* shortening. Taste Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor. Imagine how Crisco improves the flavor of your -

SIMPLICITY CROQUETTES

"She can make something out of nothing" (the test of a true housewife) can well be said of the woman who originated this recipe. Just cold mashed potatoes and left-over ham go into it. But when deep-fried in Crisco they become this real "company dish," croquettes, golden brown and crisp on the outside (thanks to Crisco) and well-cooked and well-flavored within. And when we stop to think about it, should any of us be willing to fry food in a fat that hasn't itself a sweet, fresh flavor? No—and that's one reason I use Crisco for frying—it tastes wonderfully sweet and fresh itself.

3 cups mashed potatoes
1½ cups minced left-over ham
1 egg slightly beaten
1 tablespoon water
1 tablespoon Crisco
½ cup bread crumbs

Blend potatoes with Crisco, shape into balls, hollow out center, fill with ham and cover with potato. Make round by rolling in palms of hands. Roll in crumbs, dip in egg diluted with water, and roll in crumbs again. Fry in hot Crisco (385°-390° F.) or when an inch cube of bread browns in 40 seconds. Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot either plain or with sauce poured around (never on) the balls.



HAM AND CHICKEN CROQUETTES

A French chef tells me that "French" frying is the hardest test a chef has to pass in France—and one of the simplest in America. *And the difference lies in the frying fats.* "In France", he says, "is used oil (costing much and disappearing with rapidity into smoke) or beef suet and chicken fat burning so violently that one must at hand have a heavy blanket."

In America French frying is accomplished with Crisco, a pure, sweet shortening which quickly wraps around foods a delicate crisp brown coat. And adds a delightful, fresh flavor to foods cooked in it. And—Crisco can be kept at the proper cooking temperature without burning or smelling! Here is a novel croquette, of two left-overs, chicken and ham, to be French fried in Crisco.

2 tablespoons Crisco
1 teaspoon chopped onion
¼ cup flour
1 cup chicken broth
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash of nutmeg
3 eggs (beaten yolks)
1¼ cups cooked chicken
½ cup cold boiled ham

Cook onion in Crisco 3 minutes. Add flour and blend well. Then add chicken broth gradually, stirring constantly. Bring to boil and add seasoning, yolks of eggs slightly beaten and the chicken and ham cut in small cubes. Mix thoroughly and allow to cool. Shape, dip in crumbs, eggs, then crumbs again, fry in deep hot Crisco (390° F.) or when an inch cube of bread browns in 40 seconds. Drain on absorbent paper. Remove to hot dish and garnish with parsley.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

Free! 12 dozen Time-saving Recipes

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labor. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free: simply fill in and mail the coupon below.

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Please send me free the cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes."

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MARCH McCALL'S 1929

HIDE IN THE DARK

Introducing thirteen masked characters in the most arresting mystery novel of the year

By Frances Noyes Hart

Author of "The Bellamy Trial"

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

THE room was waiting. It was an old room. A hundred years ago it had been younger, and filled with laughter and candlelight and the sound of music and dancing feet . . . . and that fainter sound of hearts beating and hearts breaking. The room knew that sound well. It had known other things well, too, even then—that strange thing called life, that stranger thing called love, that strangest thing of all called death. Even a hundred years ago these were as familiar to it as the winds that blew through its great windows, as the shadows that flitted across its high, paneled walls. It is still beautiful, with the imperishable beauty of a woman whose bones under her fine flesh are so essentially right, so exquisitely proportioned, that age and neglect, hunger and sorrow and loss, have left her lovelier than ever. Long since, the pale ivory paneling of its walls has deepened to amber, the peacock blue of the damask curtains has faded to turquoise and jade, the gilt of the great clouded mirrors has deepened and tarnished. Deep in its dust and dreams it has slept, heedless of the passing years tramping relentlessly across a burning world—heedless of life itself, far from its tall barred doors.

And now, not an hour since, rough dark hands have set all the crystals of its girandoles and chandeliers to ringing their little bells in protest at this rude freeing of them from their discreet veils of dust; they have unrolled the Persian rugs huddled together so comfortably in the far corners—rugs that had been

No one moved . . . the glasses still in their hands . . . Sunny's tune

old when the room was new and that now spread their beauty gently, like little pools of changing water. Those same hands have twitched carelessly away the sheets beneath which the furniture crouched quietly, once more releasing the beauty of wood so shiningly pale that it was golden, so shiningly dark that it was black, releasing, too, the faint shimmer of silks and damasks and brocades repeating endlessly the drowned harmonies of seaweeds and sea flowers.

The loveseats that flank the great fireplace had once struck a braver note of heartening red, but they too have suffered a sea change into coral, faint and strange; so has the huge sofa that faces it, and any stray mermaid would feel at home searching for treasure in the tall lacquered chests beneath the palladium windows that break the paneled walls at either end.

The hands have gone now, leaving behind them a room drowned in beauty and strangeness and silence—an old room, waking slowly and painfully from old dreams. For a long time it has had only the shadows and the wind for tenants; but on this late October evening it stirs and murmurs and holds its breath to listen. What does it hear coming to it down the years—those lost and unforgotten sounds of dancing feet and laughter? Something else with them? Something else unforgotten too? Perhaps it is only the wind, but the room shivers and draws its shadows closer about it, as though it were cold. And suddenly the air without is filled with voices and the voices are filled with laughter: there are feet on the threshold, hands at the door; the room, grave and beautiful and silent, draws the shadows closer still. Life is coming back to it . . . . and the room is afraid.

"Doug! Doug, did I give those other keys to you? I can't make this wretched thing work at all. It won't even turn half way."

"Here, let me have a go at it. No, that's no good."

"Lindy! Lin-dy! Do we tell the chauffeur not to come back till Wednesday afternoon? What time did you order yours?"

"Four o'clock. Look out, Larry! If you twist it like that you'll snap it off."

"Lindy, for the love of liberty, get that door open. I'm frozen clear through the marrow of my bones."

THE door creaks, yields, swinging wide—and the room, invaded by that sudden flood of light and laughter, laughs too, and loses its shadows with a lovely gesture of welcome.

A voice cried, "Oh, Mrs. Marsden, what an absolutely divine room!"

"I'm glad you like it—it's yours, too. And don't dare to call me Mrs. Marsden; Lindy's not a bad name at all, and I've found out already from Joel that you're Ray. Now are we all here? Two Darts, two Hardys, two Rosses, two Sheridans—that's eight, and Kit, Larry, Jill, Doug and me—how many is that?"

"Thirteen? Oh, it's too perfect!"

She lifted a dramatic hand. "It was All Hallowe'en in the Year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-eight; the long autumn shadows were just beginning to fall as the thirteen tired travelers drew up about the great fire———"

"The trouble with you, love," remarked the girl called Trudi, bitterly, "is that you let your imagination run away with you. The thirteen weary travelers is a good realistic touch, but when it comes to great fires—well, I only hope to heaven that the spirit of prophecy is descending on you."

"A fire would be nice, wouldn't it?" murmured Lindy Marsden, stripping off her pale suède gloves lazily. "Kit, you used to be the fireman, didn't you?"

"The fireman by all means," said the red-headed young man by the door. "The best builder of fires since Nero, but neither a wood-chopper nor a beast of burden. The only material for fires that I see around here is some rather nice Sheraton furniture———"

"Oh, dear!" mourned Lindy contritely. "I told that worthless darky if he didn't have every single thing ready for us before he cleared out for Washington, he needn't ever come back. I wish to goodness I hadn't given him a holiday. It's a good quarter of a mile to the woodshed, isn't it?"

"Never mind. Little Lindy shan't get cold while Doug's here. On our way, boys!"

"Hey!" protested Trudi vehemently, "Little Lindy, indeed! How about little Trudi, you great galoot? A quarter of a mile to the woodshed, says she! Well, there are more ways of killing a cat than stuffing it with butter, girls and boys. How far is the ice-box?"

"First turn to the right through that door," said Lindy, and added mildly, "It's probably empty."

"Ah, well, that's easily remedied. Doug shall come along and run a little water up my sleeve and I'll bring you back as pretty a collection of ice cubes as ever you see'd in all your born days. No loitering around while we're gone now, children."

rising and falling around them as Doug swung by with Lindy in his arms

Lindy Marsden murmured dutifully, "Wait a minute. I'll come too and see whether he left any wood out there," and slipped lightly off in the wake of the charming, husky voice and the deep, booming one. As they died away, a man's voice said from the shadows:

"Trudi's immense. Every day in every way she has gotten better and better."

"Ten years," murmured Kit Baird. "I hope the rest of you are as nice as that when you get your hats off and a word in edgewise. Does she always run on like that, Sherry?"

"More," said Sherry cheerfully, emerging from the shadows with a bottle and placing it tenderly beside three others on the mantelpiece. "What you've just been listening to is one of her silent, brooding spells. They come over her every now and then. Ever see a bigger and better shaker than that, Hanna?"

The blonde vision by the empty fireplace huddled deeper into her sables and murmured, "Not ever," in obligingly impressed tones and the quiet man beside her said pleasantly, "I don't want to introduce a jarring note, but I do think that it would simplify matters if I had the faintest idea as to who some of you are. My own humble rôle is that of Hanna's husband."

"Do you honestly mean that Hanna hasn't spent her married life telling you about us?" inquired the dark young man that someone had called Joel, in obvious amazement. "I give you my word that since I acquired Ray I've spent practically every minute describing all of you with such eloquence and accuracy that she could have walked straight up to Chatty in the street and said, 'Hello! You're Chatty Ross, aren't you?'"

Chatty, thus evoked, gave a little bounce of irrepressible delight, her small round face suffused with friendliness and pleasure.

"Oh, Joel, how darling! Did you describe Tom, too?"

"Every blooming one of you. Hanna, I'm ashamed of you." Hanna made a small, propitiatory sound, smiling vaguely, but radiantly. "Mr. Dart, sir, at your service. Would you like them to step up one at a time?"

Neill Sheridan inquired plaintively, "You aren't pretending that you don't know Trudi and me, are you, Dart? Or Lindy Marsden and Doug King, if it comes to that?"

"No, no, I admit it freely. I also plead guilty to the knowledge that the house is called Lady Court, that it's forty miles from Washington over as bad roads as you'd find south of the North Pole, that this is the first time you've had a house party in it for ten years and that for some inscrutable reason you call yourselves the March Hares. Outside of that you are working on virgin soil."

GOOD Lord, Hanna, didn't you even tell him even that? The four original March Hares called themselves that because they were mad and were born in March. I was the maddest," explained Joel modestly. "But Doug and Trudi and Jill weren't to be sneezed at. Jill's the little, quiet one in the corner of the sofa that has her hat over her eyes so that you can't see how pretty she is. Hats off, Jill."

The girl took it off, smiling, and even in the darkening room you could see that she was very pretty indeed.

"Miss Jill Leighton, spinster," said Joel. "The guy sitting next to her———"

"Are all of your birthdays in March?" inquired Gavin Dart skeptically.

"No, no. Only the first four. Each of the founders could elect two more Hares and all that we had to guarantee about them was that they were mad. Of course Trudi cheated a little when she picked Hanna, but she was so ornamental that she didn't need to be useful."

"Twelve of you?" asked Hanna's husband. "And Mrs. Hardy and I are intruders, so that leaves eleven. Who was the twelfth?" At the silence that fell abruptly over the gay voices he said quickly, "I'm sorry—that was stupid of me. Marsden, of course."

"Oh, no!" said Chatty swiftly and consolingly. "We hardly knew Fred Marsden—he'd only met Lindy a few weeks before they were married; and he sailed the week afterward and got killed in the Argonne. It was one of those war marriages, you know."

The girl in the corner of the sofa who had taken off her hat said in a low voice, "The twelfth was my sister Sylvia. She died quite a long time ago—almost ten years."

Gavin Dart said very gently, "I'm so sorry. Please forgive my idiocy."

"There's nothing to forgive . . . . That tall redheaded one over there helping Sherry is Christopher Baird, better known as Kit," Jill went on with the introductions. "Take a bow, Kit!"

Kit took one, smiling swiftly over his shoulder.

"The one in the big chair that looks as though he were going to sleep is Chatty's husband, Tom Ross," continued Jill serenely, her hands locked so tight that

no one could see the nervous tremor in them. "And the one nearest you in the tweed coat is Larry Redmond. That's all of us, Mr. Dart—no, Gavin's better, isn't it? And Tom, if you're the candlemaker, I do think that you'd better wake up and tend to the lights. It really is getting blacker than Egypt."

"Want candlelight or the chandeliers?" inquired the candlemaker, bestirring himself from the sofa.

"Candlelight—no, that takes too long. Here are the others, let's ask them. Lindy, which is it we want, romance or brilliance?"

"Brilliance," said Lindy from the doorway. "All those candles take much too long; we'll save them for dinner. Children, there's not even a twig; as soon as Sherry gives you stirrup cups, you'll have to do something about it."

"Gangway!" came Doug King's uproarious boom. "Here comes the ice, lads and lasses. Buckets of it—Doug with a big one and Trudi with a little one—"

"Ow!" Trudi's voice was raised in lamentation. "Drat you, Doug King, there goes half of mine and I nearly broke my neck over that stool. Why don't you look where I'm going? What do you people think you're doing in here—playing train in a tunnel?"

"Steady on!" Tom's pleasant voice came from just behind her. "I forgot where the switch was for a minute. There, how about it?"

ABRUPTLY the room was flooded with light. The two great chandeliers like frozen fountains glittered and sparkled with it and the room sparkled and glittered back. Now in the pure flood of crystal light you can see them quite clearly. And they are well worth looking at.

If Neill Sheridan were in the movies, you would promptly and accurately cast him as the villain: so slim, so dapper, the possessor of such a sleek, dark mustache, such sleek dark hair and so sleek and dark a pair of eyes. His clothes are far too impeccable, his consumption of cigarettes far too rapid and the glint of teeth beneath his slim mustache far too white, to bode any good. And yet those who know him best insist that he is a sheep in wolf's clothing, an amiable chap who is more than willing to do any fellow a good turn, and who is absurbly proud of the chic and hard-boiled Trudi. Twelve years ago he had come to Washington with Tom Ross, his roommate at law school, and they had both gone into the State Department together. But Sherry had broken away in 1917 to join the young law firm of Kountz and Maury (ex-Morowitz) of New York, which happened to be long on legal talent but short on social prestige. Sherry proved the little leaven that leavened the whole lump, and for several years now his income has fluctuated agreeably between a hundred and a hundred and twenty-five thousand a year, earned principally on the golf links and tennis courts of Palm Beach and Southampton, while the indefatigable Semites have kept the home fires of legal talent burning in the Broadway offices of the firm. He wears neckties as rich and glowing as the more dignified species of butterflies; he is thirty-eight, looks precisely as he did at twenty-eight and at forty-eight will look even more so.

Just behind him, as arresting as an exclamation point in her slim black coat and infinitesimal hat, stands his lawful wedded wife. Trudi is an amazing person—small, thin to the point of emaciation, brown as a gypsy, with hair and eyes the color of her skin and a mouth the color of the red rag that waves at bulls. She has the face of an abnormally intelligent street urchin, the ease of manner of a grand duchess and the absence of manners of a fish wife. Ten years ago she was the Cinderella of the Washington group—the daughter of a retired army colonel and the rather pathetic product of a procession of army posts reaching from Vermont to Honolulu.

Nine years of affluence have metamorphosed Trudi into the most redoutable bridge player in North America and one of the most perfect hostesses in the world. She never wears a jewel of any kind; her "windblown" bob takes thirty-five minutes to arrange if she is lucky; she has ankles and feet that would give Mistinguett a bad moment; and a careless, husky voice that is oddly disturbing. Her clothes are quite simple: the morning ones come from Chanel, the afternoon ones from Lelong and the evening ones from Vionnet, and they cost twenty-five thousand dollars a year no matter what Neill is making. Children, dogs, visiting potentates and servants adore Trudi, all men like her and some women love her. She treats dowagers and infants with a grave and attentive friendliness that renders them her slaves; the rest of the world take what they can get of her and are thankful. No one knows her exact age; she never made any formal debut in Washington and occasionally observes that she must be somewhere between forty and fifty. What evidence there is points to the early thirties. She can look eighteen or forty-eight with equal facility. The Sheridans have no children.

Chatty Ross, curled up at one end of the long sofa with her small scuffed oxfords tucked neatly under her is a delightful little person—small, gay, curly-headed and irresponsible, in spite of the fact that she is the mother of four children and the only lady in the group who would be caught dead in the shabby gray coat that many rabbits died to consummate many years before. It is too long, too wide, far, far too worn, but it is Chatty's best coat, and above its flopping collar her eyes shine and her cheeks flush and dimple. There is not an atom of pretense in her entire make up, and for all her dowdiness she is as hilarious as a small child over this miraculous party. She inhabits a six-room frame cottage in Hartsdale, has a colored helper called Bohemia, a three-year-old sedan and a husband of whom she is just as proud as though he were the President of the United States.

Tom Ross is not the President of the United States. On the contrary, he is the least to be envied of all wage-earners, the struggling young lawyer who is no longer particularly young. Somewhere on the pleasant road that led so bravely out of Harvard, where he and Sheridan had roomed together, Tom took the wrong turning; perhaps it was the turn that led him away somewhat abruptly from the flourishing young firm of Kountz, Maury and Sheridan to the more hallowed portals of Hale and Dawes. Nine years have passed since they clanged to behind him, and Tom's curly brown hair has begun to retreat slightly from his temples and his pleasant blue eyes are occasionally a somewhat bleak gray. Slim, tragically neat in order to counteract his decent shabbiness, he is as sensitive as his adored Chatty is oblivious, and there is something a little strained and fine-drawn about his smile. For more reasons than one this reunion is painful to him, but he has put his pride in his pocket and come in order to give her the only pleasure that she has begged for in eight years. Tom is thirty-six. There are days—yes, and nights—when he feels fifty-six and pretty well tired of everything in the world except Chatty's small warm hands and delighted laughter.

"Lindy, Lindy, don't tell them!"

At the other end of the sofa sits Hanna Dart, her magnificent black sables framing a dream of ivory and gold. Hanna is that rarest of creatures outside of books and the English aristocracy—a real beauty. She is not pretty, or lovely, or attractive, or charming—she is beautiful. With her silver-gilt hair parted severely in the center and coiled over her ears in two shining wheels, her wide-set eyes, flawless and brilliant as aquamarines under dark and delicate brows, the lovely flow of color coming and going beneath the satiny skin, the perfect curve of mouth and chin and shoulder—Hanna, daughter of our one-time ambassador to Spain, is divinely tall and most divinely fair. She is also as great a lady as it is possible for one not quite thirty to be—gentle mannered, gentle voiced, gentle hearted.

She has an amazing collection of diamonds, a golden-haired heir apparent aged three and practically no sense of humor. She wears nothing but black or white, in either of which she is totally devastating, and once in a long time she forgets to conceal her adoration of the quiet man seated at her elbow.

GAVIN DART is considerably older than the rest of the group—somewhere in his late forties, perhaps, with dark hair turning to steel, a pair of shrewd and ironic eyes and a rather formidable mouth that is surprisingly unformidable when he smiles. He is a fairly tired business man, having amassed five million before fifty, but he is not too tired to find life diverting, his wife beautiful and the coal industry absorbing. His home is in Pittsburgh; his hobbies vintage wines, cruises and a criminal library second to none in the country; he has a nice wit when he cares to use it, immense self-possession and is even better at listening than he is at talking. In spite of the fact that he is a victim of acute insomnia, his nerves are under such perfect control that, like Talleyrand, he would not start if you came up behind him in the dark and kicked him.

The young things seated on the farthest loveseat with their fingers openly and shamelessly linked are Ray and Joel Hardy. It is difficult to think of the Hardys separately as they never leave each other's side for more than three minutes unless forcibly handled, but if you inspect them closely it is quite easy to tell them apart. Of course they are both thin and dark as gypsies and both muffled in enormous tweed coats, but the one with the little scarlet felt hat cocked over one eye is Ray and the one with the scarlet foulard tie is Joel. Ray is a highly diverting person, with a tilted nose, a small cloud of freckles, a wide, disarming grin, round hazel eyes and hair so closely shorn that it looks like a little brown velvet cap. She is the only outsider in the group, with the exception of Gavin Dart, and she is almost ten years younger than the youngest member. She had met Joel at her coming-out party in New York almost a year before, had fallen in love with him with promptness and violence that astounded them both and had pursued him shamelessly and relentlessly throughout her entire first season—at the end of which time he collapsed and married her.

Under her impish exterior, Ray is the simplest of all the children of nature, mischievous as a monkey, superstitious as a sailor and possessed of more curiosity than the elephant's child himself. She believes in everything—ghosts, fairies, platonic friendship, undying love, the equality of man, the intuition of woman, the devotion of dogs, fortune tellers and four-leaf clovers. She is lost and undone if Joel is out of her sight and makes no bones whatever about it.

Joel is a dark and dreamy-eyed young man with a misleading poetic expression which conceals an infantile fondness for nonsense in any form and a passion for detective stories. During the year in which he dallied with the State Department and a diplomatic career he was the most sought-after dinner partner in a radius of thirty miles of Washington and he has lost none of his insinuating and effortless charm. The Hardys have a fairly comfortable income inherited from a worshipping grandaunt of Joel. They inhabit a delightful and thoroughly uncomfortable old farmhouse just outside Greenwich, which they have remodeled very badly indeed. They have as obvious assets an elderly French couple, a large English sheep dog, a small black kitten and a perfectly magnificent time. It would be difficult to discover anyone nicer anywhere. [*Turn to page 63*]

By Alma and Paul Ellerbe

Illustrated by W. E. HEITLAND

Romance follows a false alarm

She clutched his arm. "That car! With the nickeled hood! It's Dad's!"

First Aid To Adam's Off Ox

KENNETH BEARDSLEY disliked the girl on sight.

He was striding east on Fifty-ninth Street; battered old hat dragged down to his hawklike black eyebrows, square chin a little thrust out, his teeth gripping his pipe, smouldering, angry black eyes flanking like highwaymen his sharpish, longish, defiant nose and a frown over all as if the devil had him by the back hair, when he noticed her roadster coming toward him from the Queensboro Bridge in a manner that made him think of a bird he had once seen trying to walk just after it had flown into the back of a bench in the park.

She brought it to a wabbling stop against the curb and caught his eye, and he disliked her because he saw that she saw that he was one of those men who will do anything for a woman.

It was true enough, he was; but he hated the idea that it was sticking out all over him. The picture of himself that he had in his mind wasn't like that at all. Instead he fancied himself as aggressively male, uncouth, rough; just a little bit of a tough customer, if you asked him, for a white-collar man who made his living sitting on a cushion in a six-by-eight studio thirty-two stories above the pavements of Manhattan Island, pecking out plays on a typewriter.

And the funny part of it was that when the wind blew from the northwest, that's what he was. If you had, for example, undertaken to pull his longish nose, or step with malice aforethought upon his trim, swift foot, or if you'd been a German flier trying to cross a certain stretch of air under his supervision during the years of 1914 to 1918, inclusive, you would have found him precisely that: a rather tough customer.

But when it came to women, he'd do any darned thing that one of them asked him to, whether it was silly or stupid or dangerous or sentimental or what. He supposed it was something his mother had wished on to him in infancy. Three steps more and he'd be doing whatever it was this woman was going to ask him to do. Sitting there in her incredibly expensive roadster, as beautiful, he thought rudely, as an advertisement for tooth-paste, she was obviously one of the Very Rich; and some eleven blocks to westward a play of his was dying for the lack of, say, the value of the clothes on her back. A good play, his best. One that he had—flaming fool he was—produced himself, staking his all upon

it. A play that would have been good for the season's run if———

"Oh, gosh!" he thought. "Mustn't start round that squirrel cage again." The girl beckoned him at that moment and he took the three fateful steps and glowered down at her.

"Can you drive this car?" she inquired anxiously.

She was rather a small person, made with so delicate a perfectness, imbued with so definite a charm, that little warm waves of pleasure and despair went over him.

Wherefore he inquired gruffly, without removing his pipe, "Standard gear-shift?" and deepened that false-front scowl of his.

She nodded.

"I can drive it," he said. "Can't you?"

"I've driven it ten thousand miles, but I can't drive it now. All of a sudden something's happened to me. It's perfectly ridiculous, but I couldn't take it across the street to save my life!"

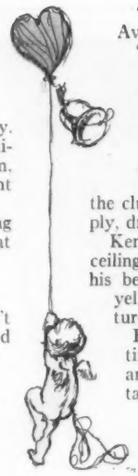
He emitted a noncommittal puff of smoke. "Humph! Struck the city traffic for the first time, I suppose, and lost your nerve?"

"Yes. It was that bridge! I felt like a gnat in a swarm. Cars passing me from behind on both sides—they never do that in the country, you know. And cutting in on me and shoving me over; and honking and screeching and clanging when an ambulance went through. And everybody but me knowing what to do, and———"

HE TOOK the pipe out of his mouth and laughed suddenly and unexpectedly, his black eyes danced under straight black brows. "Move over." He walked around to the driving side of the car. "And I'll take you home, or wherever it is you're going."

She looked at him and smiled that smile that women always gave him sooner or later, to show they had seen him for the naïve soul he was.

"She knows now," he thought a little ruefully, but happily too, "that I'll run errands for her all day if she wants me to!" He climbed in and sat down beside her.



"Thanks frightfully. It is home———717 Fifth Avenue. And my name is Jessica Wilmarth."

"Jessica Wilmarth," he repeated in his slightly piratical bass. "Aren't you one of those people one ought to have heard about?" He stepped on the starter-post. "Haven't you recently been to the Pole in an airplane, or murdered somebody," he lowered the emergency brake, "or won a pie-eating contest, or written a book or something?" And he let in the clutch and just as the girl opened her lips to reply, drove straight into a big red flash and oblivion.

Kenneth Beardsley opened his eyes on a pink ceiling, but it didn't bother him. The ceiling of his bedroom over in the very West Twenties was yellow, with strange figures on it where the moisture came through a little.

He wouldn't have it repapered because every time it rained or snowed hard the figures changed and he liked that. But this ceiling was unmistakably pink.

All that meant was that he wasn't fully awake. The borderland in his case was a wide country and usually when he found himself in it he protracted his stay as much as he could. He had lain here in his bed not long ago and watched the aurora borealis fan magnificently from the zenith to the horizon; and once a train of camels ———but a pink ceiling!

He frowned and accelerated the waking-up process by stretching out his hand for his pipe. He kept it on a little table beside his bed. But it wasn't there. The table wasn't there. And that was extremely odd because things in his bare, simple quarters never changed. He liked them where they were and he kept them there. And—he batted his eyes hard and his heart gave a little bump—the ceiling was still pink.

"Here's something," thought he, "that's devilish queer," and he raised himself on his elbow and looked over the side of the bed into the blue and startled eyes of a girl about three feet away, a girl elbow-propped like himself in the twin of his bed, with a pink stealing into her face as he stared at her, to match the ceiling. Beardsley wasn't much on color schemes, but for once he lent himself: the way he pinkened up would have pleased an interior decorator.

For a moment they looked at each other as silently and with as wild a surmise as stirred the hearts of those gentlemen on their peak in Darien upon beholding for the first time the world's greatest motion picture ocean; and then, "How on earth," asked Jessica Wilmarth painfully, "did you—get here?"

"I'm just as sorry as I can be. It doesn't seem at all the place for me, but—I haven't the least idea! Don't you know either?"

"I remember asking you to drive the car," she said, wrinkling her brows in an effort to remember more.

"Umm. And I did for just a little way and then———"

"Yes, something happened then. What was it?"

He put his hand up to his head, which was all confused. "A red flash. I can see it, but can't see beyond it. I can't remember another thing. A—er"—he apologized with a grin—"a red flash by the river's brim and nothing more!"

HER smile showed him how charming she'd be if she were gay. It was delightfully touched with boyishness. The kind of smile, he guessed, that belonged on her face and hadn't been there for a long time. As it faded he had a distinct sense of wanting to see it again. He cast a look at the room's hanging of pink silk, its Circassian walnut furniture and old French prints and the ivory and gold toilet articles on the two dressing tables.

"Do you happen to know where we are? I don't even know that."

"In my father's and mother's bedroom."

"Golly! I am sorry, you know!"

"Heavens! It's not your fault! It's I who ought to be sorry. And I am. I'm terribly sorry! Thank goodness, you don't appear to be hurt either! Maybe we were born to be hanged."

He shook his head. She was very lovely in her apricot pajamas with the blue [*Turn to page 80*]

"Hold now and don't make a noise. This gentleman is—not Mr. Rutherford"

Count Anthony placed his gloved hand on hers. "Do you recall, Johanna, our first meeting?"

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

As colorful as a richly woven tapestry against a fifteenth century background

By Rafael Sabatini

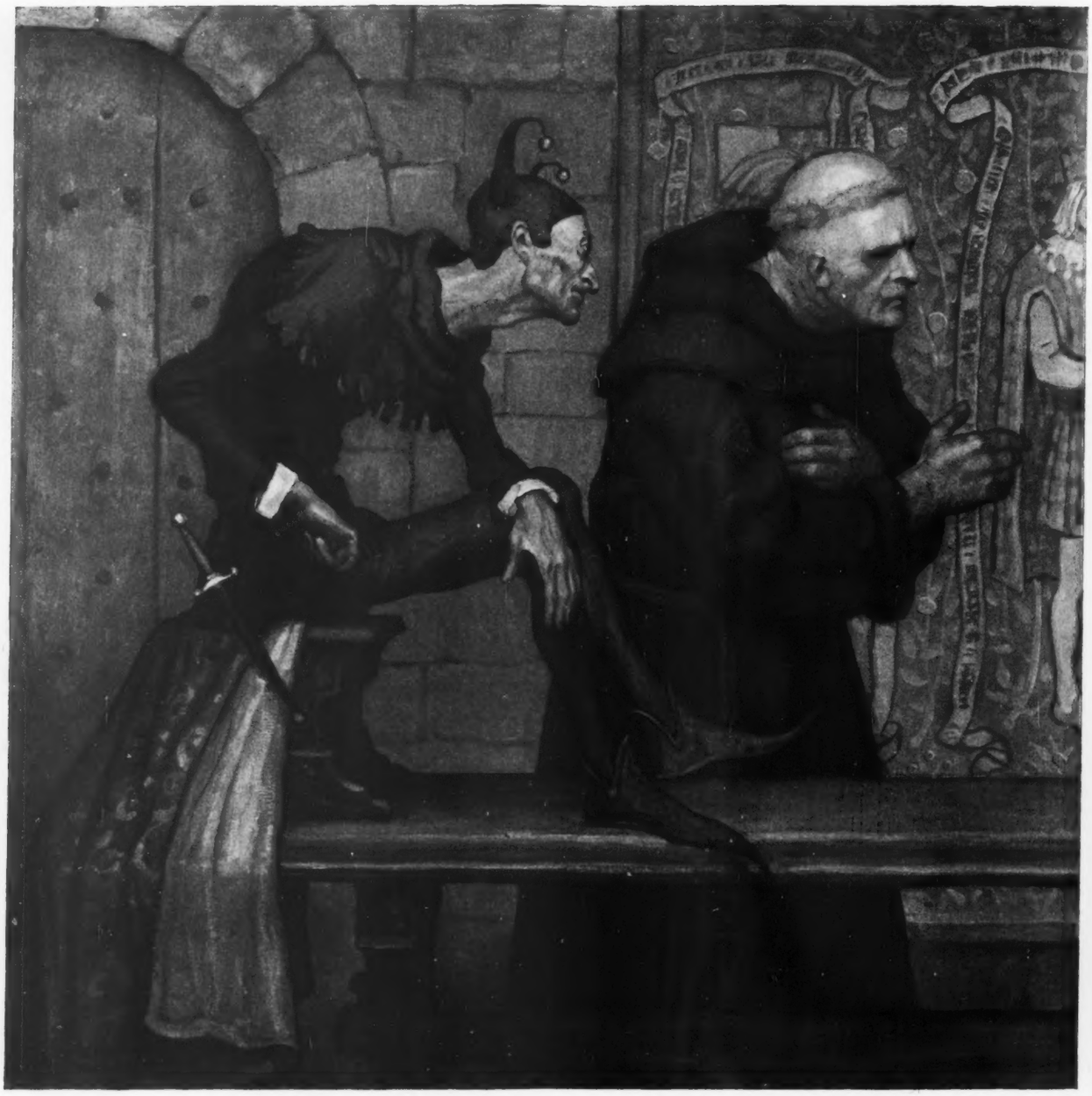
Copyright 1929 by Rafael Sabatini

Illustrated by N. C. WYETH

ANTHONY of Egmont, heir to the Duchy of Guelders in Flanders and cousin of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, disillusioned by the light conduct of his betrothed, secretly leaves the court and sets forth "in the year of grace 1467" on a quest of chivalry. Riding through Ghent his pity is aroused by the plight of Philip Danvelt, who in a tavern brawl speaks ill of Duke Charles. Count Anthony becomes his surety for a thousand ducats and rides home with him to be reimbursed. They stop with Mynheer Claessens, whose daughter Johanna embodies Anthony's ideal of loveliness. Despite their disparity of station and her approaching betrothal to Danvelt, he falls in love with her. Philip's father dies and Anthony sails for England. . . . .

A fortnight later Philip Danvelt returned from Middelburg, and he was not quite the same man who had last gone thither. His accession to a fortune far greater than he had suspected had wrought a change in him. The roll of his gait was increased; on his short neck he carried his head still farther back, so that his nose seemed more aggressive even than heretofore; and he was more ponderous of speech and manner. Although in black, he was dressed with a richness beyond a merchant's station and he wore his finery none too well. He would have suffered sorely for all this in Mynheer Claessens' esteem had not the kindly man supposed that this fine plumage was assumed for the fascination of Johanna.

Later he opened the subject of marriage to Claessens. "I need a wife," he said ponderously, "and I've a fine house up there in Middelburg awaiting a mistress. If you're willing, good Master Claessens———" Good Master Claessens felt that he was being used with patronage and was between amusement and resentment.



"God's light! I'll question him: ay, and wring an answer from him if I have to put a

"It's not my willingness you must ascertain, but Johanna's," was his answer.

"Oh, that!" said Philip. Airily he dismissed the possibility of Johanna's having any but one opinion in the matter. "I'll speak to Johanna in the morning."

In the morning Philip found Johanna in the garden. He came straight to the point with characteristic heaviness. "My affairs in Middelburg, now that my father has gone and all the burden is on my shoulders, make it difficult for me to come and go. We must cut short our courtship, Johanna. We might be married, I think, before the end of the month."

Johanna went white. She sat with hands folded in her lap, her downcast eyes considering them.

"It is impossible, Philip," she quietly answered him.

"How soon, then?" he demanded, and never was lover more peremptory.

SHE drew a deep breath before replying. "Philip, my dear, it should be easy for you to find in Middelburg a wife better suited to you than I am."

This made him impatient. Humility in women is well enough; this, however, was pushing things too far.

"But I love you, Johanna!" he exclaimed in protest.

"I was wondering if you did. I hoped that you did not."

"You hoped that I did not? When you are to marry me!"

She rose now and confronted him frankly, calm save for a gleam of distress in her clear eyes. "Philip, dear, I have a friendship for you and even affection. But it is not the kind of affection that should exist between husband and wife if they are to be happy together all the years of their married life."

"Why? What do you know of such things?" He was aghast.

"Knowledge has come to me," she said wistfully.

"Whence?" he demanded.

She paused a moment before replying. "From myself, of course. Whence else should such knowledge come?"

He laughed through his perturbation. "But all that will follow; it always does. Trust me, Johanna. I understand these things—life and the rest. I love you, Johanna," he said again and now at last became a lover in earnest and began humbly and with some warmth to woo that which unopposed he would phlegmatically have appropriated.

It moved her, distressed her, shook her resolve a little, but did not suffice to beat it down. When she had made this clear he collapsed in dismayed amazement. "Then all that our parents planned is to come to naught!"

Gently she stroked his yellow head as he sat hunched in his chair. "I am sorry, Philip."

So pitiful was her nature and so touched was she by his manifest distress that out of charity, had he pressed the matter then, she might have yielded. As it was she found it in her heart to wish that Master Egmont had never crossed her path to reveal her to herself.

The dejected Philip bore his lament to her father. Gravely Claessens heard him and thought in his heart that what had happened was very good for Philip's soul and might yet shape him into such a man as Johanna would ultimately be content to marry.

"You've ruffled her, my lad, that's all," Claessens comforted him. "You are too downright and blunt. Women need to be coaxed. Give her time and play the lover, pay court to her. Could you be romantic, Philip?"

"What's that?" asked Philip.

"I don't know. But Johanna might school you."

His dejection mitigated by such hope as he could gather from what her father had said, Philip went back to Middelburg, whence came gifts for Johanna, to herald his return a fortnight later. He stayed two days and beyond a tender attentiveness made no advance in the wooing upon which he was now determined.

IN THE first days of June Master Danvelt received a letter from his prospective father-in-law:

Dear Philip: Master Egmont has just returned from England and is lodged here at the Zeelanderhof. If we looked to see him ever again, at least we did not look to see him so soon, and I must suppose the cause of this early return to be that he did not find England to his taste, although I perceive that there may be other reasons. However that may be, his presence affords you the opportunity you desire to discharge your debt to him and I advise you to take instant advantage of it, in the assurance that our welcome awaits you here as it ever does.

length of whipcord round his temples! Now go your way," the governor informed him

There was a good deal to be read between the lines of that letter. Claessens stressed the fact that Master Egmont's return so soon had not been expected, hinted that the reason for it was to be sought elsewhere than in the vaguely apparent reasons he mentioned and almost succeeded in suggesting that the gentleman's presence was not welcome. His urging the immediate discharge of the debt might be suspected to be founded on the fact that once the debt were discharged this guest would have no pretext for lingering.

MASTER CLAESSENS certainly intended to convey all this and more to Philip; but because at once kindly and shrewd, he could not bring himself to use more precise expressions or to disclose the source of his disquietude.

This had begun in the very moment of Master Egmont's arrival. The burgher and his daughter had just dined and they were still at table, when through the open window they heard his voice in the courtyard, addressing first the stork, by its name of Peter, and then Jan who had opened to him. At the sound of that voice, Johanna's breathing had stood suddenly arrested, her face had gone white and her hand had fled instinctively to repress the tumult of her breast. Then the shock being spent, the color came flooding back to her cheeks; she sprang up with parted lips and a joyous sparkle in eyes which of late had been so sad and pensive. Her watchful father observed these signs and his heart grew heavy with anxiety for her.

Master Egmont was pale and a little careworn; but his dark eyes glowed as they met Johanna's; his lips laughed readily and soon there was return of that radiance that men remarked in him.

He had landed, he informed them, an hour ago, and he was lodged at the Zeelanderhof, in the market-place. Father and daughter protested against this in different keys. But the Count was firm. Already he had overburdened their hospitality. He remained all day with them, entertaining them with descriptions of English life, which was none so different from their own.

There chanced to be a second guest at Master Claessens' table that night: a Franciscan Brother, one of those itinerant friars who wandered through the land supplying the place to be taken in later ages by the news' sheet. Rarely did one of these brethren pass through Flushing without seeking bed and board in the hospitable house of Claessens and in exchange for these comforts retailing to the merchant and his household the current events in the world.

Tonight this little brother of St. Francis had a greater store of gossip for them than usual. Seated there in his coarse gray habit the cowl of which was thrown back so that his tonsure, freshly shaven, gleamed within its circlet of graying hair, his twinkling eyes beamed upon the little company from his benign and rubicund countenance. A man of fifty, perhaps, this Brother Stephen, vigorous and still youthful; a man who enjoyed good fare and yet knew how to live hard at need, thanking God for whatever came.

Listening to his talk, Count Anthony recognized him as a Frenchman by his accent and suddenly asked himself was he one of the agents of the crafty King of France sent thus to sow alarm and discontent through the Duke's dominions and foment among these subject people the spirit of revolt.

The friar spoke fluently in well-chosen words that painted vivid pictures, yet so craftily that when most he seemed to admire and laud the Duke of Burgundy the more effectively did he condemn him in Flemish eyes. For the ultimate impression he created was one of a monstrous prodigality, of a reckless scattering of gold exacted for these empty splendors from those who had earned it by the sweat of their brow, the skill of their hands and the laborious cunning of their invention.

AND then, because it served his purpose—which to one listener at least grew plainer with every word the brother uttered—he passed abruptly from Charles of Burgundy to another noble no less famous at the Burgundian court: Count Anthony of Guelders. There, he announced, was a knight of a very different order from his fellows; a prince of sweet and gentle ways, ever the friend and champion of the afflicted; scholar and poet, soldier and statesman, gracious and graceful of person, beloved of all, yet of none so beloved as of the Duke's highness, who, unyielding to all the world, could be melted and led by Count Anthony.

"But what's here to sadden you?" wondered Claessens, alluding to the lugubrious [*Turn to page 84*]

Mrs. Tarkington —chalk drawing by Joseph Simont from a photograph by A. N. McLean

MAKING A HOME FOR MY HUSBAND

In her first magazine article the novelist's wife reveals her personal code of housekeeping

By Mrs. Booth Tarkington

IN MY girlhood days in Ohio, life was simple, tranquil and happy in our house, until my eighteenth year, when she whose thought and care made that tranquility and happiness for us was taken away. My great hope then was to carry on in her spirit, so that my brother and little sisters would always find "home" the place where they wanted most of all to be.

That was years and years ago, but today my feeling about home-making is exactly the same. There should be freedom and individuality in the family life, yet system and order should be the rock upon which it is built. It seems to me that in those days young women took a greater interest in housekeeping than they feel now; and they were taught by their mothers instead of by domestic science departments. Of course, it is true that keeping house then was a much simpler matter than it is now, and yet in some ways it was more difficult. For one thing, electricity with its fascinating appliances and conveniences, was not known. We literally burned the midnight oil, and that meant care of lamps for library and bedside tables. Well indeed I remember our tremulous anxiety when a hard-reading uncle came to visit us, as his invariable custom was to read all night long; and while he was there we slept nervously and woke often, for we were continually haunted by the fear that by some drowsy gesture he might overturn the lamp and burn the house. Tending the sacred fire has always been the business of vestals, and so the care of the lamps was left to the daughters of the house, and not to servants who might be lazy or reckless; but this was probably the easiest of all the tasks expected of us. It symbolized a great deal, however.

Girls were supposed to learn to cook, and the eagerness with which they set themselves to acquire this branch of learning, now almost obsolete among fashionable young women, is incredible. Virtually every set of unmarried young women had its cooking school. That was the Junior League of those days, and we were taught by a paid expert or we learned by experiment in our own kitchens. It was all very exciting, and occasionally we would invite our boy friends to a supper we had prepared ourselves.

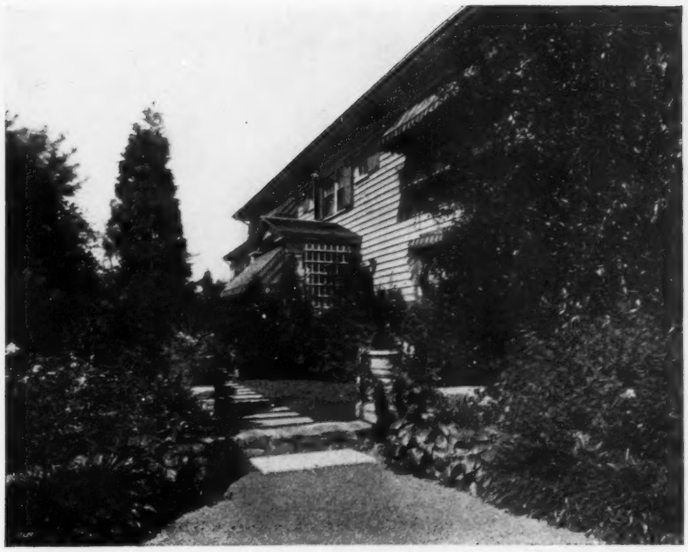
When those early years had passed and the time came for me to manage a household of my own, the old jokes about the young housekeeper's perils and pitfalls had no terror for me; it was a delight to go to market, to arrange flowers for the dinner table and to see that the linen was fresh and the silver bright. Every morning after breakfast, Mattie would come with her pencil and tablet, and we planned the luncheon and dinner menus for the day, and for the days following if guests were expected, or if a dinner party or large luncheon was

A glimpse into the breakfast room

The Gentleman from Indiana

Mr. Tarkington's study in Indianapolis

The Tarkington Home in Indianapolis



"Seawood" in Kennebunkport, Maine

on the calendar. Two lists were made, containing the items that each of us was to order, and we worked out the menus to the last detail, assuming its responsibility.

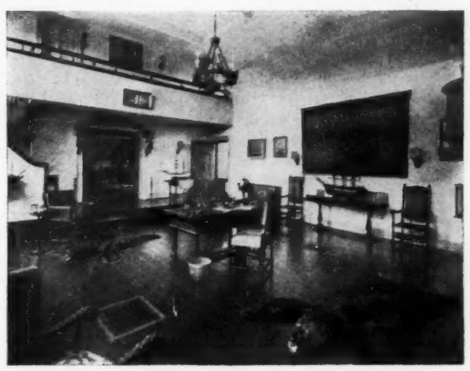
Those little morning conferences with Mattie always seemed to start the day with a smile, for if "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," the housekeeper loves a cheerful cook, because, of course, as everyone knows, the keynote of successful housekeeping is cheerfulness; indeed I would put cheerfulness even before orderliness. The family—as well as the stranger within the gates—can be happy in a cheerful house, though there be a dusty corner here and there; but no one can be happy where there is gloom, no matter if the strictest orderliness prevails. When cheerfulness and orderliness go hand in hand, the ideal of good housekeeping is surely reached.

To achieve this ideal, however, is not so simple as it may seem; the housekeeper must have better control of her temper and of her moods than an onlooker might suspect. Inevitably she has vexing problems to solve; troublesome details annoy her; a thousand little irritating things will assail her serenity if she lets them; but she must not allow any of this to appear upon the surface. If she is worried she must not show it. She should not discuss her problems, nor speak of her worries to her children; and especially she should not complain of her household troubles to her husband. For her husband will have problems and possibly worries of his own, and his home should be not only a shelter and protection from the world outside it, but a place of comfort for a tired mind and body.

MOST business offices are conducted with a quiet system and order that many men do not find in their own homes, and it must be a painful thing for a housewife to discover that her husband dreads his daily return from the pleasant routine that prevails in his place of business to a nervous and fretfully managed h o m e. And yet no housewife need make this dismaying discovery; good housekeeping is within the power of every woman who cares enough about it.

Every house cannot always have flowers in it, but I think it should have them whenever possible, for flowers seem to bring a room to life. Not everyone can have great bowls of heliotrope and roses, brought in by the gardener, but the poorest room may have a growing plant in a sunny window. For my part, I feel a pleasant vanity, like that of a successful painter, when I arrange flowers for the table, or a nosegay for the room of an expected visitor.

As it happens that I have a husband who works at home, upon tasks requiring great concentration, a concentration which often continues after he has left his work-room, it is my affair to see that nothing disturbs him. He must never be made conscious of the daily routine. During his working hours, which are necessarily irregular and varied, I must be on guard to prevent any kind of interruption whatever. I must study to make the meals piquant and never monotonous, so that the appetite of a man of sedentary habit may be stimulated; and also I must make the substance of the meals flexible and inviting enough for the unexpected guest who may drop in at any time of the day or night.



Above, Mr. Tarkington's room at Kennebunkport. Also two favorite views of the library at "Seawood"

Every house has its own routine and its own problems, different from those of any other house. The difficulties arising in the large house with its staff of servants are, of course, more complicated than those of the cottage where there is a "general" or the housewife does the work herself, though it is true that the difficulties of the simple establishment may be the more serious.

My own business is that of managing a winter house six months of the year and a summer residence the other six. The two are so distinctly different that when we put one of them to sleep in curl papers and open the other, it seems like beginning things all over again. The winter house is furnished mostly with French and Italian and Spanish antiques of the Renaissance period—old chairs, chests and cabinets, tapestries, brocades and embroideries and needlepoint, and old portraits.

THERE is a room especially lovely, I think, for a city house. It has long windows to coax in the sunshine, and a marble floor, to which broad steps of Siena marble lead down between balustrades from a little gallery upon a higher level, and in this room near the long windows, there is an ancient marble trough from Castellamare. All through the winter we keep roses afloat in this shallow, oblong basin of pinkish marble, as I imagine the Romans did in their villas at the seaside. Indeed I remember seeing in a Pompeian garden just such a trough as ours. All winter, near the trough, plants and bulbs are kept blooming, and there are ferns and ivies in tall urns. Upon a wall of this room hangs a fragile Seventeenth century Flemish tapestry, a Seventeenth century Venetian cabinet and a Venetian chair, not much later in date, and a faded blue and gold Italian brocade is laid across a little table that supports a lamp made from an ancient, gilded wood carving.

This imperfect description of part of the house may suggest the care that must be taken of it. Unfortunately this winter house of ours stands in a soft coal city, and every housewife of a great soft coal region will readily understand what I mean. Soot is ruinous to tapestries, as it is to every other fabric; it is dangerous to paintings, especially to old paintings, and its havoc is hideous upon marble. I think I may truthfully say that an important and somewhat arduous part of my winter is a struggle, under unusual difficulties, for cleanliness. Nevertheless when spring comes I am always reluctant to leave, and after our departure I feel a little homesickness. But this soon wears off—there is no struggle against soot at "Seawood," as we call our house at Kennebunkport, with its little groves and meadows and strip of sea-bordering pine woods on the coast of Maine. My housekeeping there allows me happy hours out of doors. There we live in a green-shuttered house with terraces leading down, through birch and oak and juniper and by flower-bordered paths, to a shadowy glade where there is a lily pool.

We are rarely without visitors in the summer at Kennebunkport, and breakfast time is virtually any time that is agreeable to a guest; he may have a tray in his room, or if he prefers, he may descend to the general table. There he may find [*Turn to page 97*]

The man from the mines broke in ruthlessly: "Do women as a rule come to this sort of place alone?"

THE MAN FROM THE MINES

Hearts hard as diamonds– but not proof against love

By Ruby M. Ayres

Illustrated by JOHN LA GATTA

THE man from the mines first saw Clorinda across the floor of London's newest and most fashionable dance club. The man from the mines was horribly bored, and if the truth must be told, a little frightened at the noise and frivolity with which he found himself surrounded. He felt rather like a bull who, having unwittingly blundered into a china shop, looks around in scared bewilderment, wondering how on earth he can get out without doing any more damage.

The man from the mines had been dragged into the dance club by a very up-to-date young cousin, who having got him there, gave him the somewhat vague instruction to amuse himself, and promptly left him.

From the flower-laden table at which he sat he looked on with a scowl which was really only a mask to hide his extreme nervousness. He was a rather stolid man, who, in all the thirty odd years of his life, had lived solely for his work, making no friends and wanting none. It was a very tasteful room with cunningly contrived lighting and a harmonious mixture of blues and yellows in its decoration, but the jazz band at one end grated badly on his nerves, and the confident beauty and *sang-froid* of Clorinda opposite exasperated him almost beyond the point of endurance.

Now and again her eyes met those of the man from the mines, and he imagined he could read in them a faint amusement and contempt; so when the music stopped and the young cousin returned hot and breathless to say in amazement—

"Haven't you been dancing, old son?" The man from the mines asked deliberately—

"Is this the sort of place where one waits to be introduced, or do I introduce myself?"

"Oh, one waits to be introduced. I know several girls here if you'd care to meet them."

The man from the mines looked across the room to Clorinda. "Then introduce me to the lady in the golden shoes," he said.

The young cousin stared blankly. He knew Clorinda well, knew also of her reputation as the most bored and intolerant young woman in town, and he was uncomfortably sure that she would not waste more than two seconds on the man from the mines, but obviously he could not refuse the introduction; so he led the way across the room and mumbled a couple of names.

"Clorinda, may I introduce my cousin, John Sadler—John, Miss Cormack."

Then he hurried away, leaving the man from the mines feeling more than ever like a bull in a china shop. Clorinda raised her blue eyes—blue as the sky on a cold spring morning, and let them wander with cool criticism

over John Sadler's big person. Clorinda was a judge of men, but she made the greatest mistake of her life as she summed up John Sadler, for her thought concerning him was: "He looks the strong, silent type, but he is probably only strong because hard work has made him so and silent because he has nothing to say. I can dispose of him in two minutes." So aloud she asked in her cool, bored voice: "Shall we dance?" knowing full well that his reply would be, as indeed it was: "I don't dance."

"Don't you care about it?" she asked.

"I've never tried," he answered bluntly, "and if I did I should probably only tread on your toes and crush your frock and ruin your temper."

"Then we had better not try," Clorinda said calmly. But she surveyed him again, with a gleam of interest in her eyes. "I'm so hot I can hardly breathe. Let's go upstairs and walk about."

The man from the mines followed silently in the wake of her little golden slippers, but once upstairs they did not walk about, for Clorinda stopped at a corner table, half-screened from view by a carved archway.

"You will be quite safe on one of these chairs," she said humorously, and indicated one of the two on either side of the table. "And I should like an iced coffee."

The man from the mines ordered the coffee and sat down opposite Clorinda. The table between them was only a very narrow one, and he could see the tiny dimple at one corner of her mouth whenever she laughed, and the upward sweep of lashes against white lids. Suddenly she broke into his thoughts. "Well, and what do you think of me?"

There was a mocking light in her blue eyes as she met his. "You're rather a compelling person you know," she told him. "I was quite conscious of your gaze although I was looking the other way. Tell me what you think of me?"

The man from the mines answered without hesitation. "I was wondering what you do with your life, how you pass your time."

She laughed, shrugging her white shoulders. "Oh, I eat and sleep and flirt—when there is anyone sufficiently interesting to flirt with."

Her eyes challenged him, but he let it pass unnoticed. "And I buy new frocks, and enjoy myself—"

The man from the mines broke in ruthlessly. "Do women as a rule come to this sort of place alone? You must forgive me for asking the question, but I am ignorant on these important matters. I have been away from England for six years."

A faint look of anger crossed her eyes. "I am not alone, if you mean that," she said sharply. "I am here with friends. We all dined together and now they are dancing."

CLORINDA stretched a white hand to him across the table. Yours is a clever hand," she said. "Tell me what you are, Mr. Sadler. Tell me what you do with your life."

"I am a mining engineer."

"Oh!" The blue eyes flashed up to his face. "What sort of mine? Coal?"

"Diamonds."

"Oh! I love diamonds," said Clorinda with a sudden glow.

"I know you do."

"How do you know? We have never met before."

"I have met other women of your type and they have all loved diamonds."

"Do you believe in palmistry?" she asked suddenly. The man from the mines shook his head. "I know nothing about it."

She drew the tip of one slender finger across his palm with a light, butterfly touch. "That's your line of life. It's a long one, isn't it? It almost looks as if you might live forever."

She frowned suddenly, bending closer. "No, there's a break just here. Look! It must mean a bad illness or an accident to come—unless it's past! Have you had a bad accident?"

"I've had several, but probably you would not call them bad."

"I should call *this* one very bad," Clorinda said thoughtfully—then suddenly she looked up. "How old are you, Mr. Sadler?"

"Thirty-eight."

"Oh!" she almost sighed. "Then it's to come. It's not in the past. It's quite near at hand."

The steady eyes of the man from the mines rested on her face.

"And do I die?" he asked.

Clorinda smiled. "Come to tea tomorrow and I will tell you. I am an orphan, but I live quite properly, with a plaintive aunt for chaperon. How long are you staying in London?" she asked.

"I have six months' leave and I have been here a week already," he answered.

SHE nodded her charming head. "One can learn a great many things in six months," she said. "Dancing and things like that," she added vaguely.

"I wish you would learn to dance," Clorinda said one evening for the twentieth time. The man from the mines looked amused.

"Do you think there is so much pleasure in ambling round a room with a strange woman in one's arms?"

Clorinda shivered. "How crudely you put things. I was not thinking of it in that way at all." But the color deepened in her cheeks as she spoke, and it was with something of a shock that she realized it was because she wanted to feel this man's arm around her that she wished him to learn to dance. Was she falling in love with him she asked herself, and felt afraid. Marriage with him would mean exile to that country—exile from all she cared for in the way of enjoyment. How could she contemplate it even for a moment? She pulled up the thought sharply. She awoke from [*Turn to page 98*]

It was an old game to Clorinda, but in this case she had despaired of success, until now, when the softening in his steely eyes had told her much

BURNING BEAUTY

Youth pays the price of wisdom

By Temple Bailey

Illustrated by C. D. MITCHELL

WHILE Rickey Oliphant in Florida dangerously pursued the flame that was Marty Van Duyne—the "silver witch"—his sister, Virginia, threw heart and soul into rewriting his book, *Burning Beauty*, that the boy might meet his obligations to Michael McMillan, a great editor. Michael McMillan! Virginia had run away from him and from Tony Bleecker at the time of the Christmas party at Derekdale. She had given up her little ground-floor apartment in Washington Square and had moved to the attic, seeking solitude for her work and escape from Michael and Tony, who were pressing her for an answer. At last Tony Bleecker discovered her and again pleaded his cause. His mother, however, had different plans for her son: he should marry Marty Van Duyne. With this in mind she had set about destroying the love affair between Marty and Rickey.

Part VI

WHEN Tony came at last to Annapolis, he was aware for the first time in his life of a feeling of great loneliness. It was a new experience to be denied what he wanted. And now he was crying for the moon.

As he walked through the streets of the old town that night, he thought of Marty's cool glitter, of his mother's insincerities, and of Virginia's simplicity and straightforwardness. What a difference it would make in his future if he could marry her. How hard he would try to reach up, to find at his own fireside what old Anthony had missed.

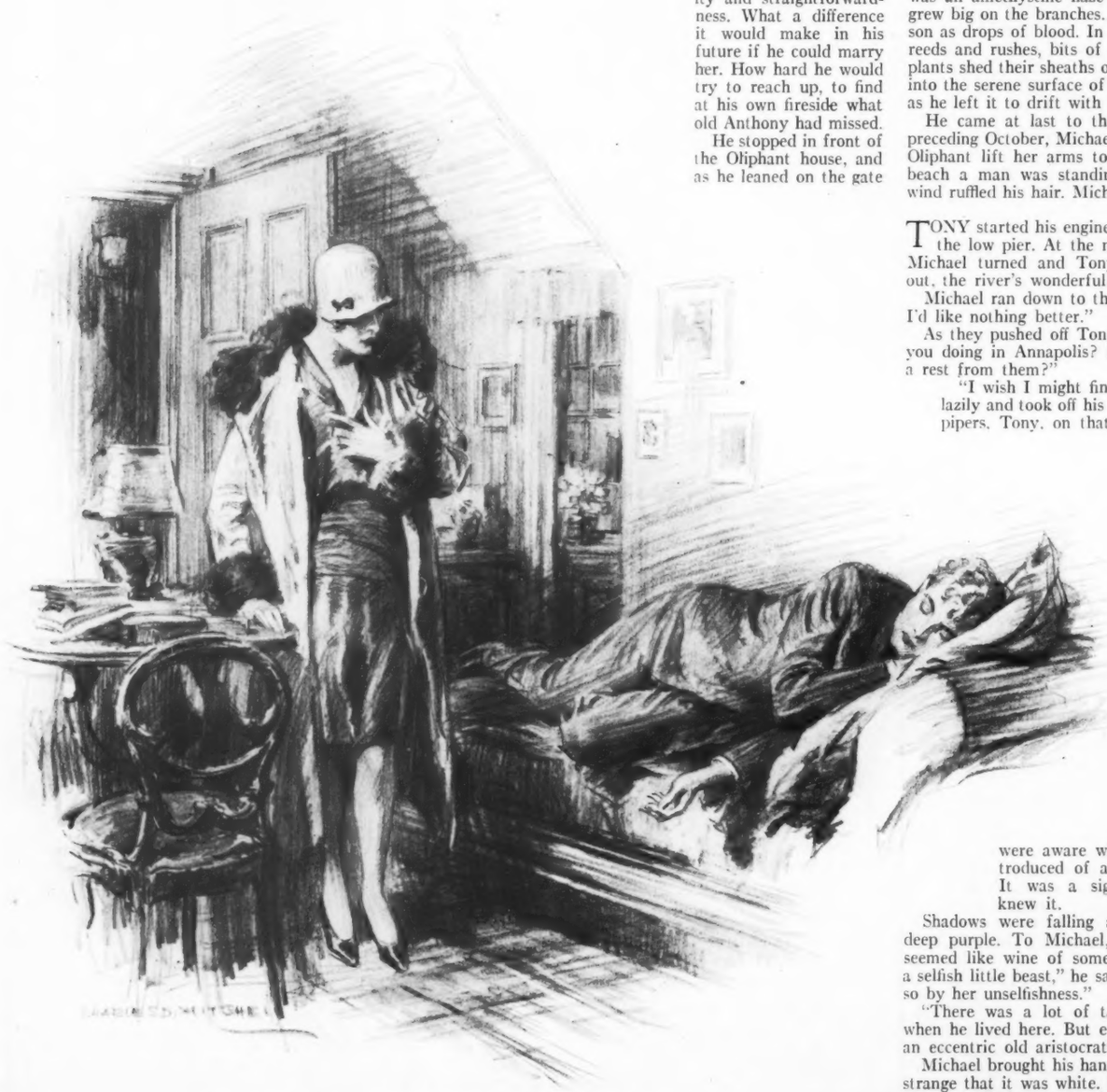
He stopped in front of the Oliphant house, and as he leaned on the gate looking up at it, he saw a light coming down the stairs. There were windows on the stairway and the illumination made golden rectangles of the closely drawn shades. The light traveled to the drawing-room and stopped. Tony watched it for a long time, wondering if he should ring the bell and ask who was there in the empty house. His heart almost missed a beat as he thought that Virginia might have come back. The light went out at last. The front door opened and a man emerged. The glow from the street lamp fell full upon him. There was no mistaking the grace of the slender figure, the alert lift of the head. It was Michael McMillan!

What was he doing in that house? Some instinct held Tony silent. Michael walked up the street, unchallenged, his quick footsteps making a sharp sound on the rough-laid bricks.

Tony went home to toss and tumble. In his dreams he saw Michael going up and down the stairs. Virginia's house! What did it mean? What did it mean? It was dawn before he slept.

The next day in the late afternoon, he went out on the river. April was burgeoning in pale beauty. There was an amethystine haze over the woods as the buds grew big on the branches. There were other buds crimson as drops of blood. In the marshes among the dried reeds and rushes, bits of emerald flashed as the water plants shed their sheaths of brown. Tony's boat, cutting into the serene surface of the Severn made little sound as he left it to drift with the current.

He came at last to the strip of beach, where, the preceding October, Michael McMillan had seen Virginia Oliphant lift her arms to the sunset. On the strip of beach a man was standing. His hat was off and the wind ruffled his hair. Michael!



Oh, what had happened that he should be like this?

TONY started his engine and steered his boat toward the low pier. At the noise of the quick explosions, Michael turned and Tony called to him, "Come on out, the river's wonderful."

Michael ran down to the landing place. "What luck! I'd like nothing better."

As they pushed off Tony asked, "What on earth are you doing in Annapolis? Hunting authors? Or getting a rest from them?"

"I wish I might find one." Michael leaned back lazily and took off his hat. "Do you see those sandpipers, Tony, on that little beach? Not many of them left in these degenerate days."

Tony was not interested in sandpipers. "Rickey Oliphant is doing a book," he vouchsafed, "with Marty Van Duyne in it. Rickey goes mooning about the yacht like a young calf. But Marty calls him a tragic young god."

"He is tragic—a boy like that. With great talents, but without the balance to use them properly."

"He is not like his sister. Virginia has a level head."

Tony tried to say it casually. But both men were aware when Virginia's name was introduced of a quickening of their pulses. It was a significant moment and they knew it.

Shadows were falling across the water, dyeing it deep purple. To Michael, trailing his hand in it, it seemed like wine of some heavy vintage. "The boy's a selfish little beast," he said, "and Virginia makes him so by her unselfishness."

"There was a lot of talk about him in the town when he lived here. But everybody blamed the father, an eccentric old aristocrat if there ever was one."

Michael brought his hand up out of water. It seemed strange that it was white. It should, he felt, have been stained with the purple wine. "Old families produce eccentrics," he said. "The boy shows it; the girl escaped."

They had come to the bay—a wide stretch of pale gold under the rising moon. A boat going down from Baltimore showed a line of twinkling lights. There were lights, too, above shoals and shallows, shining like stars.

Tony, standing up and steering, his hair blown back by the wind, was like some legendary figure—Lohengrin, perhaps, or a fair-haired Viking, strong and splendid.

"I saw you," he said, suddenly, looking down at Michael, "last night, coming out of the Oliphant house."

"Did you? I've bought it."

Tony showed his surprise. "Bought it?"

"Yes."

"Does Virginia know?"

"That it's mine? I haven't told her."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Heaven knows," Michael laughed, and was silent, for how could he tell Tony the whole story? How he had come down seeking Virginia—how he had not dared ask questions openly, but had found that the general impression was that she had joined her brother on the Van Duyne yacht. Grogan had given him the Van Duyne address. "We've been instructed to send everything to the brother," he said.

IT WAS from Grogan that he had secured the keys of the old house. He had roamed through its rooms, fitting it out with things Virginia would want if she were here. If she were here? She was, in spirit, going up and down with him, into the old kitchen and climbing to the attic where they looked down together from the dormer window to the garden. She roamed with him through the great rooms on the first floor, and always her hair was a burning halo and her eyes deep wells of blue.

And because she was there, he had bought the house. No one else should have it. No one else should banish that bright spirit from the place where it belonged. Some day he, Michael, would find her and bring her back and tell her he loved her from the moment he had seen her going up the stairs.

He was startled out of his reverie by Tony's sudden remark, "I saw Virginia before I went to Florida."

"Then she didn't go with Rickey?"

"You thought she did?"

Michael said stiffly, "I haven't her address. Grogan spoke of her being with her brother."

"She is not with her brother. I came on her by chance. I'd tell you where, but she bound me to secrecy."

"I see—" dryly.

Tony said, earnestly, "I am telling you the truth. Oh, I want her badly enough. But I'm not so small as to play the game unfairly. You love her and I love her. They say the best man wins. Well—you've won."

Michael spoke sharply, "What do you mean?"

Tony waited for a moment as he turned the boat in a wide semi-circle toward home, then he said. "I asked her to marry me. I took her up to Derekdale and showed her all I had to give her. And she told me she didn't love me, that it was you she loved. She's not the kind that changes."

Michael tried to say something, but found he couldn't. Tony was more than ever like a shining knight. Michael thought of the Bronze Knight on the stairs—*vérité sans peur*—truth without fear. Tony had been brave enough to bare his heart. Not every man could have done it.

At last Michael found words: "I shall never forget this, Bleecker."

"I've done nothing," Tony said, and meant it. His talk with his father had done things to him. He wanted a wife who loved him. Marriage without that would be dust and ashes.

The two men clasped hands as they parted on the pier. "You'll have to find her for yourself, old man," was Tony's final recapitulation. "A promise is a promise."

The next day Michael began his quest by going to Washington Square. He hoped some information might be forthcoming if he was persistent in his interrogations. But persistence availed him nothing. He found the new tenants in Virginia's apartment less intelligent than ever. They referred him to the landlady. She stated that she had nothing more to tell and left him alone.

He wondered what he would do next. Write to Rickey? The boy hated him. Write to Virginia and trust that the letter would be forwarded? He should have done it before. Yet there had been always the fear that she might not want to hear from him. The things Tony had said had changed all that.

"But who wants a moment —with a lifetime of regret after it?"

As he stood leaning against the newelpost, the front door opened suddenly, and a boy in a slicker threw in a sodden paper. As he went out the door banged after him and the sound echoed and re-echoed in the shadowed space. The empty stairs stretched up and up, three flights to the attic. To Michael standing at the foot of them, they seemed to go on and on, interminably, through the darkness to an unknown goal.

MARY LEE, coming back from Memphis, asked Virginia, "What do you hear from Rickey?"

Virginia did not answer. She stood looking out on the rain which slanted across the roof and washed over the cornices in a streaming flood. The pigeons flew hardily away through the pelting storm and came back windblown to the shelter of the chimneys. At last she said, "I had a letter this morning."

"What did he say?"

Virginia turned and faced her friend. "He is going to marry Marty."

Mary Lee gave a gasp of dismay. "When?"

"Very soon—before they come north. Quietly—on the beach by moonlight."

"Oh!" It was just a faint sigh, but Virginia crossed the room and took in her arms the forlorn little figure. "My dear, my dear—"

"I had thought," Mary Lee said in a sobbing whisper, "that he might some day, if we saw enough of each other, come to care for me. And I could help him. I am going to give up trying to have a voice. I have a bit of talent for acting, and if Rickey could write plays—do you see? We might do things together."

The rain splashed against the windows in a mournful obligato to the troubled confidence.

"I'm being very silly," Mary Lee said at last, "but it will be the end of him—this marriage. I told you she was a silver witch and she's put her spell on him. But some day he'll cast it off and find himself sucked dry, like the fly and the spider. She won't let him write, you'll see. She'll want worship. And when she finds he can't do both, she'll hate him."

"I know," Virginia told her tensely. "Marty has so much money—and I can't see Rickey accepting everything at her hands. He's proud and self-centered."

"And selfish." Mary Lee's cheeks were flaming. "Don't forget that, Jinny. He's selfish. But he wouldn't be if someone showed him the way." She sat silent for a moment, then asked, "May I stay to lunch, Virginia? It's such a dreary day."

"You can always stay," Virginia told her. "You know that. I need you as much as you need me."

The little room was cozy with its shaded lamp lighted against the gloom. The gold coin of a cat sat in the window and watched the pigeons flying against the rain. But the little Scotch dog followed his mistress as she moved about intent on household tasks. "He's like Mary's lamb," Virginia told Mary Lee. "I don't know what I would do without him."

Weemie wagged his tail and trailed Virginia into the next room. He had a feeling that if he stayed by her he might keep her from harm. He was not very big, but his soul was valiant.

"It seems strange," Virginia said as she poured the tea, "that even now Rickey may be married."

"I hope it is raining pitchforks in Florida," was Mary Lee's vindictive response, "and that there isn't any moon." Her remark would have been amusing if she had not been so earnest. "I am—afraid [*Turn to page 100*]

"If they'll only let me stay with you!"

CUCKOO'S NEST

"It isn't what you get that counts; it's what you make of what you have"

By Mary Synon

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

ROSE WILEY, walking across lots from the city of Packington, thought the cottage on the prairie looked strangely desolate. It was neither larger nor smaller than those clustered near it; its paint no more worn than theirs, its curtains no less clean; yet it seemed to draw back from its neighbors in forlorn dejection even under the late sunshine of a June day.

"It's unwelcome," she whispered fiercely. "Looks as if no one had lived in it since someone had died there." She sighed. Then the sight of Tessie at the kitchen window and the sound of Buddy's call to her from the back yard challenged her to an assumption of cheerfulness, to a semblance of the Rose she had been before Jennie Wiley had gone from her home. She greeted the two gaily as she flung off her hat and tossed her lunch box into a corner of the hot little kitchen.

"You're late," her sister reproached her, looking up from paring potatoes. "Tom was here twenty minutes ago."

"What did he want?"

"To see you, of course."

"Isn't he coming back?"

"Sure." A wide smile curved the younger girl's mouth. "Did you ever know him to miss a Wednesday night?"

"But why so early?"

"Oh, he just ran in to say that Dad will be on the night shift and won't be here for supper."

"Then he won't be home till morning. Too bad! He'll be worn out."

She went into the tiny bedroom to don an enveloping apron, and as she returned to take command in the kitchen she caught a glimpse in the mirror of her pallid, frowning face.

She flung back the lid of the brown tin bread box. "You didn't get bread," she exclaimed. "Run down to the store now, before it closes."

"Oh, let Bud go," Tessie pleaded on the verge of tears. "I told *you.*"

"I forgot, Rosie. Please send him—or make biscuits. Oh, Rosie, do go on and make biscuits! Bud and I love 'em, and you haven't made any since Sunday."

"It's too hot, Tessie, and I'm tired."

"Please!"

"All right. You set the table and bring in Buddy. He'll have to wash himself before supper."

"Aunt Annie was here today," Tessie said, beginning to set the table.

"What'd she want?"

"Nothing. They're going to move into their new home next week."

The older girl noted with resentment the wistfulness in Tessie's voice. "Well?" she questioned sharply.

"They're going to have one room done in yellow. She said they'd call it mine."

"Did she ask you to go live with them?"

"She said I could come if Dad and you would let me. They'd let me take music lessons, too."

"Want to go, Tess?"

"Oh, Rose, I don't know." She put down a knife and fork slowly, staring at the checkered pattern of the red tablecloth. "I'd hate to leave the rest of you, but I'd give anything in the world to get out of this place. I hate it." Her face twisted in vehement disgust. "There isn't anyone around here who doesn't know all about —her," she cried. "Even when they don't say anything I can see it in their faces. The girls in school know it and so do the teachers. The children say it to Buddy. It's awful. I can't stand it. I won't stand it!"

"We have to, Tess."

"You aren't going to. You'll marry Tom Graves."

"I haven't said I would."

"But you will. Do you think I can't see things because I'm only fifteen? You're crazy about him and you'll go away with him and leave me in this old place. Well, if you do, I won't stay. I'll go to Aunt Annie."

"I can't marry Tom or anyone else if you go, Tessie," Rose said, as she shoved the biscuit pan into the oven and turned her burning face away from the stove. "One of us has to stay with Dad and Buddy. If it isn't you it has to be me." She crossed to the open door and leaned against the screen, looking out across the flat, dusty space—her arms limp, her shoulders drooping.

"Well, it won't be me," Tess said sullenly.

"Call Bud," Rose bade her.

The boy brightened at sight of Rose. "I wish you didn't have to work," he told her as he washed at the kitchen sink. "It'd be fine if you were home all day the way mother used to be."

"She wasn't home very much," Tess said bitterly.

"She was home more than you are," Bud retorted.

"Oh, stop fighting," Rose begged. They fell silent before the pleading in her voice.

AS THEY took their places at the table Rose could feel the surge of Tessie's wrath; saw the wistful longing in Buddy's face—which always came at the mention of their mother—and found herself trembling with anger. Why hadn't their mother stayed to bear the burden of her family? The memory of the woman's rage racked face on that night when she had told James Wiley that he could no longer keep her in the chains of want, flashed before Rose's vision. "She went away and left it to me," thought the girl. "Well, I won't be held by it either. I won't stay. It is her job, not mine." The smouldering blaze in Tessie's eyes that lasted through the silent meal fortified Rose in her determination; but she dared not look at the boy's sad lips.

"Can I go to the movies?" he begged her as she started to clear the table.

"I can't afford it," she said. Then thinking better of it, she brought him the money from her flat purse. "Want to go with him?" she asked Tessie.

"I'm going with Alice Frake," Tessie said, "but you can give me the money. I'll need it." As though afraid Rose would stop her she hurried out, but at the door she paused. "If Uncle Fred comes around," she called back, "don't say I can't go. Please don't, Rose. Say you'll ask Dad!"

"I'll have to ask him. You know that," Rose said dully, too hurt by her sister's indifference to enter a combat of words.

AS SHE washed the dishes and put them away her thoughts kept racing in the circle of her difficulties. Even if Tom really wanted to marry her, how could she leave her father and Buddy if Tess went away? It was only because of Tess that she had been able to go to work. If Tess hadn't been there to look after the boy, she would have had to stay at home; and they needed badly the money she earned. It wasn't fair of Aunt Annie to ask Tess to come, she told herself, and yet she had to acknowledge that her father's sister was making the offer out of a real desire to help them. Tessie was so unmistakably a Wiley in outer aspect, though in rebellious temperament she was her mother's own child. Aunt Annie had no children of her own. Her husband was doing well. It was natural that she should want the girl—her favorite, but the tears rushed to Rose's eyes as she considered what her going would mean to the rest of them. They'd have to stay as they were—Dad and Buddy and herself. She'd have to send Tom away if—if he should ask her the question her heart was longing to hear. They'd drift on, working, slaving. Some day Buddy would leave home, and Dad would be old and die; and she'd be alone because Jennie Wiley had failed them. "I hate her!" the girl cried, clenching her fist till the knuckles showed white.

She was standing in the middle of the kitchen, her spirit awhirl with desire for vengeance. A knock upon the seldom-used front door startled her. It couldn't be Tom so soon, she thought, but her hand flew to straighten her hair as she went through the darkened sitting-room. Not Tom, but an older, heavier man, with his imitation panama hat pushed back from his sunburned forehead, stood on the porch.

"Oh, hello, Uncle Fred," she said with no hospitable enthusiasm. "Won't you come in?"

"No," he said. "Pretty hot for indoors." He mopped his face with a wide motion of [*Turn to page 141*]

"She'll never come back," Rose said. "She vowed she wouldn't."

TEARS of NIOBE

By Belden Duff

Illustrated by W. E. HEITLAND

WHEN Brunhilde Clemment was murdered in a limousine in Central Park, a string of pearls she was wearing disappeared. They were the famous Tears of Niobe sought by international agents. Into the web of intrigue, at the center of which was the mysterious Scorpion, were drawn, among others, Virginia Trowbridge and William Petty, her father's bookkeeper and Adrien Pitt-Martin, at one time her fiancé.

Conclusion

CHARLES TROWBRIDGE presented his card to the night operator at St. Timothy's hospital and said, "I must see Mr. Deering."

"But—" began the night operator.

"Didn't you understand me?" The tall coffee broker took a firmer grip on Lupe's collar.

"Oh, all right." Sleep fled from the eyes of the night operator as he rammed a plug into the switchboard.

Dr. Harry Deering was a cheerful young man who had devoted the two years since his graduation from medical school to being house physician at St. Timothy's and to pursuing a beautiful will-o'-the-wisp which he knew in his heart he could never capture—the love of Virginia Trowbridge. So now, despite the fact that it was almost three o'clock in the morning, he greeted the adored one's uncle with an enthusiasm which no other visitor could have aroused in him at that unconventional hour. "Well, Trowbridge, old man, glad to see you. What's up?"

"I must see detective O'Connor," the coffee broker said. "I must see him now, at once; and you must help me."

"Man," Harry Deering shook his head, "it's as much as my job's worth."

"Then it's your job against Virginia's life. Which do you consider more important?"

The young doctor stood up and took an extra hitch in the cord that fastened his bathrobe. "I suppose you know the answer to that as well as I do. Come on. The room's on this corridor."

The two men found Captain Dan O'Connor awake. "Trowbridge, thank the Lord you've come!" he cried, and waved a feeble greeting with a bandaged fist.

"O'Connor, you mustn't do much talking," Dr. Deering laid a professional finger and thumb on as much of his patient's pulse as he could find under the bandage. "I'm breaking every rule in letting Mr. Trowbridge see you. But he has something important to say. Just as long as you don't excite yourself, I—"

Once more Charles Trowbridge jerked out the details of Virginia's disappearance.

Not a muscle of O'Connor's face twitched during the recital. When it was finished: "Doctor, get police headquarters on the phone and tell them I must be put in touch with my assistant, Badgerly, at once." And while the young medical man was dubiously obeying the order: "Trowbridge, do you know of any reason for this? Do you know why anyone should wish to harm your niece?"

Charles Trowbridge hesitated. "I believe—in fact I've been told, she had Brunhilde Clemment's pearls."

"The Tears of Niobe?"

"The Tears of Niobe."

There was a silence, broken by Dr. Deering who had succeeded in getting a promise from headquarters of immediate action in the matter of Badgerly. And then O'Connor: "Mr. Trowbridge, the time has passed for holding anything back. You've got to tell me what you know—what part you've played in all this, if you want my help in locating Miss Virginia."

Charles Trowbridge glanced at Deering and the young Doctor with ready tact moved toward the door. "Remember—I'll be right here in the corridor, and if you stay too long or if my patient gets tired, I—"

For a breathing spell after the door had closed, neither man spoke. Only the rustle of paper as the tall coffee broker nervously fumbled the chart on the small stand. At last, from the bed: "Well, Mr. Trowbridge, I'm waiting."

"Yes, I know; but it's hard to begin. My connection with the case goes far back into the past—farther than you've any idea."

"Let me help you. The Tears of Niobe—how did Miss Virginia get hold of them?"

"From me."

"You mean—"

"Oh, no!" Charles Trowbridge seemed to resent something in his questioner's manner. "I didn't give them to her. I'm not one to pass on the risk, especially to a woman. But in the light of what's happened since, I'm inclined to believe she found them in my pocket and took them, hoping to avert suspicion—to keep me from being accused of Brunhilde Clemment's murder."

"Mr. Trowbridge, I want to find out why you ran such a risk. Why did you touch that string of pearls unless you wanted to be hooked up with the murder?"

CHARLES TROWBRIDGE left the side of the bed and went to the foot, where, standing with his hands on the white iron rail, he could get a good view of the face on the pillow. "O'Connor, I don't expect you to believe me, but it was just a spur of the moment idea—a bit of madness," and, as the detective did not speak: "I felt that Brunhilde Clemment owed me that necklace, that I paid for it, pearl by pearl."

O'Connor motioned for the other to stop thumping the footboard of the bed—the jar annoyed him. "Mr. Trowbridge, what was this Clemment woman to you?"

Charles Trowbridge let his hands drop, only to grip them behind his back. "Brunhilde Clemment," he said quietly, "was my wife."

"Your wife?"

"Yes. I married her six years ago, in France."

O'Connor wriggled his toes under the bed covers. "I'm afraid we'll have to have this story right from the beginning."

As though the suggestion that he unburden his mind was not altogether unwelcome, the Junior Trowbridge took a deep breath, sank into the armchair, and after a visible effort began the chapter of events leading up to the fatal night of Friday, the thirteenth.

It began with the war. Brief and graphic descriptions of brutal scenes, of nights and days under fire, of the final attack that had brought him, wounded and shell-shocked, to a little temporary hospital back of the firing line. The arrival at the hospital was described as a blank—twenty-four hour's unconsciousness, followed by days of weakness and despair—days made endurable only by the presence of a golden-haired girl wearing the red cross of service.

This girl, it seemed, had had a way with her—a soft voice and a pretty face. Back home in Paris she had lived with her father over his shop. The hardships and disappointments of a working girl's life, the poverty, the death of her mother, a growing jealousy of a sister who felt there was little enough room for one and certainly not enough for two in their meager home—all these and more were in the picture she painted to while away the tedium of the hours.

"I tell you, O'Connor," Charles Trowbridge leaned toward the bed, "that girl and her confidences were the only things that kept me from going mad with pain and loneliness. She made up for the bitter sense of futility the war gave all of us."

"Go on," [*Turn to page 109*]

Photo by
Mortimer Offner

With Miss Barrymore as Sister Gracia, the loveliest voice in the American theater is heard in "The Kingdom of God"

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

GOING TO PIECES

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Two Moments From "The Kingdom of God"

ONE of the most moving scenes I have ever come upon in the theater makes up the third act of this play called *The Kingdom of God* which Ethel Barrymore selected to ring up the curtain for the first time in the new playhouse which is her namesake in New York. It is the work of Martinez Sierra, the same dramatist of Spain who wrote *The Cradle Song.*

Each play, even though written in our own rambunctious day and even when carried overseas to be acted in an alien tongue, recaptures and holds cupped in its hands a little of the lost peace of the world. Each is as clear and as uncomplicated and as sweet as the angelus in the Castilian village wherein its scene is laid. In this year of grace it is a curious experience to move through a howling wilderness of New York taxicabs, a milling multitude of exasperated people who in all days and at all hours make each sidewalk in Times Square seem like Macy's basement the week before Christmas, and then come suddenly upon a spot hushed for an ancient piety. Both plays have in common the eternity of woman's care for humanity.

The Kingdom of God is three pages from the quiet life of Gracia, a Sister of the Order of Saint Vincent de Paul, of which the members are [*Turn to page 116*]

A Conductorless Orchestra

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

By DEEMS TAYLOR

IF THE spectators at an automobile race should see one of the cars leave the starting line and go careering down the track, shifting gears and rounding corners of its own accord, with no sign of anyone in the driver's seat, their emotions would be something like those experienced by the audience that gathered in Carnegie Hall, New York, to hear the first concert of the American Symphonic Ensemble. For here was an orchestra of eighty-odd, its players [*Turn to page 140*]

Here was an orchestra of eighty-odd players . . . . its conductor non-existent

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE BOOK CORNER

By LAURENCE STALLINGS

A Queen, a Jack, and Some Deuces

DR. LYTTON STRACHEY happens to be the chief biographer writing in English, and he contributes a masterpiece to a season that has given us a dozen fine stories of men. Mr. Strachey, prose master of this age of feminism, again elects to paint the portrait of a woman who dominated the men of her time. Seven years ago his study of Queen Victoria brought him the recognition his genius deserved. This seasor he contributes the final word on Elizabeth of England, that remarkable red-haired woman who named half of America Virginia to let the world know that none owned her heart.

Rev. Charles W. Gilkey

Since his work of Queen Victoria all the young men have been imitating Mr. Strachey, and thus it is a pleasure to encounter the genuine fabric of his biography again, this time in the love story of a queen of fifty-three who became that way about a scapegrace of twenty. The book is rightly called ***Elizabeth and Essex;*** and Mr. Strachey, going back some four hundred years into history, finds all the settings for modern biography made to his hand. A distraught, racked woman, ruling the most remarkable nation in the bravest age of history, put a Queen of Scots to death after her tin pot navy had defeated the great Armada of Spain. She might command William Shakespeare to write a play in her honor, or she might strike the head from the Earl of Leicester's shoulders, but the woman who sent the young Essex to his death, still loving him with the passion of an old woman for the figure of youth, is the story that holds Lytton Strachey thrall to her history. Her unhappy life continued for a generation after the headsman held the curls of Essex aloft on his grinning head, but the biographer has chosen to paint Elizabeth full length at the time of her passion for the handsomest youth of the age. The book is filled with prose that a masterpiece must contain, and for me it easily becomes the finest work of the year.

BUT the biographers are not all for queens. René Fülöp-Miller has done the story of a queen's priest in his *Rasputin, the Holy Devil* which has all the veracity of a thing seen yesterday and all the horror and mystery of a diabolic fantasy. Fülöp-Miller has the friendship of his colleagues in the Soviet, and to him has been accessible the matter enabling him to write of the Russian monk who was adviser to a Czar, father confessor to a Czarina and chief demoniac figure of the unbelievable history of the late Russian Empire. The book would not have the great attraction it possesses were Rasputin simply damned for a devil. As a great novel must explain all the forces within its chief character, so this Russian gives us Rasputin as he must have been. Never completely a figure of hell, and even sometimes a servant of heaven, his character in this biography becomes a stunning, compelling story of a man infinitely more enthralling than the wildest conjectures of a writer of fiction might invent. For so real life occasionally is.

AFTER such a study as Mr. Strachey's Elizabeth and such an engrossing tragedy as Rasputin's life, one turns aside to Richard J. Walsh's picture of Buffalo Bill much as one might go from a tragic play to a Punch and Judy show. After all, this fellow Buffalo Bill only killed a few Indians and collected scalps in the gentle and simple West of Colt's revolver days. Mr. Walsh [*Turn to page 140*]

Present-Day Dilemmas In Religion

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

BY REV. CHARLES W. GILKEY

Reviewed By

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

A CHAPEL of cathedral proportions was recently dedicated at the University of Chicago, which for thirty years has had to use makeshifts for lack of a proper building. It was the expressed wish of the founder that the chapel should be architecturally dominant and central among the buildings of the University, even as religion should be central and supreme in its life. The new chapel is an impressive embodiment of that dream. Three outstanding [*Turn to page 118*]

Interference

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

DIRECTED BY ROY POMEROY

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

INTERFERENCE is important chiefly because it is the first all-talking picture to be dignified by the Paramount imprint. Paramount is the most powerful and influential of the producing corporations, and as long as its officials held out against the talking pictures and kindred devices, there was still hope for the silent drama. But *Interference* proves that the massive organization presided over by Messrs. Zukor and Lasky has finally fallen in with the big talkie parade; its presentation has been followed by the announcement that hereafter Paramount will sponsor no further silent pictures except "Westerns" for the humbler theaters which cannot afford to install the expensive "talking" apparatus now featured in many theaters.

A serious attempt is made in *Interference* to achieve, on the screen, that degree of dress-suited distinction which is associated with polite, drawing-room dramas of the Pinero school. Although it includes a murder—a cold-blooded but thoroughly well-bred one—*Interference* belongs definitely in the "cream-or-lemon?" category of plays, being dependent on highly polished dialogue rather than on crude, elemental, dramatic force.

It is adapted from a play by Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden, which has enjoyed considerable success both in London and New York and it is performed on the screen almost exactly as it was on the stage. It is the story of a dissipated young Englishman, Philip Voaze, who had been reported killed in the war and who turns up years later to find that his wife is now happily and respectably married to an eminent surgeon, Sir John Marlay. The reappearance of Voaze complicates matters frightfully, of course, and enables a jealous and unscrupulous woman, Deborah Kane, to harass Lady Marlay with threats of blackmail. A murder is committed and, after the usual investigation by Scotland Yard, everyone is made happy with the inevitable exception of the deceased.

Evelyn Brent as Deborah

William Powell gives a magnificent performance as Voaze, his rich voice and flawless articulation being ideally suited for "talkie" purposes. [*Turn to page 117*]

Vegetables for health!

This soup has 15 vegetables

Just the kind of convenient luncheon you so often want!

BUSY all morning, and so anxious to get an early start for that afternoon away from the house . . . No wonder you don't feel like spending much time in the kitchen over the luncheon things . . . Yet you simply must have substantial food . . . In a few minutes time, no more, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is all ready for the table . . . And you sit down to a luncheon of 15 different vegetables. How you do enjoy it. . . . 12 cents a can.

Although I am sick,
There's one thing I know:
My hunger for Campbell's
Seems only to grow!

AS A MEAL OR WITH THE MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Smooth, white hands add so much to charm!

Day-long protection for fair hands

[A BEAUTY SUGGESTION FOR BUSY HOURS]

When hands *can* look as smooth and cool as flower-petals, doesn't it seem extravagant to let their loveliness slip away—day by day—in a round of soap-and-water tasks?

Many women have adopted a very simple plan to protect their hands:—they use Ivory to wash gleaming china, lacquered furniture, glossy woodwork, colored cottons and linens—instead of harsh kitchen soaps which parch and redden the skin.

These women have found that "Ivory for everything" is a very practical and economical beauty measure—it keeps their hands smooth and white. Compared to other beauty aids in their bathrooms and upon their dressing tables, the little extra cost of Ivory is almost nothing!

Try Ivory for *all* your soap-and-water tasks this week. Don't just tuck this suggestion away in your mind and plan to try it sometime. If you begin tomorrow to use "Ivory for everything" and see how much softer and smoother your hands quickly become, we believe you will never again let a harsh soap rob them of their charm.

* *

FREE! A little book on charm. What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair? For figures? A little book, "On the Art of Being Charming" answers many questions like these, and is free. Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VM-39, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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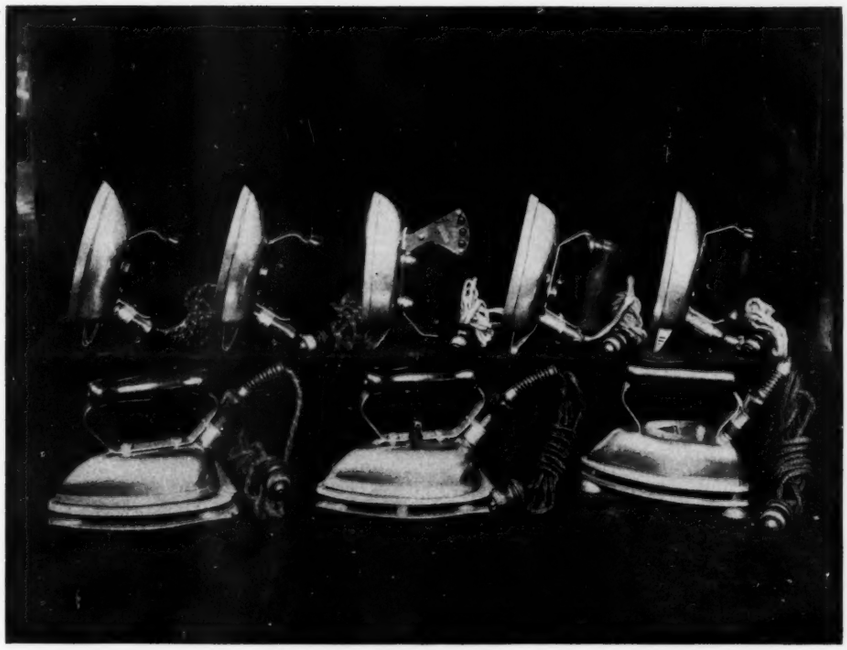

A group of famous standardized leaders in the electric iron world

Note special heat-regulating buttons and other variations in design

WHAT OF YOUR IRONING?

It's an easy job well done with modern laundry equipment

BY ANNE PIERCE

Director of one of the first home appliance testing laboratories in this country

HOW many miles have the home-staying women of the country walked, in past years, between stove and ironing board, when "sad irons" (rightly named) were heated on coal or gas stoves? How many tons of pressure have the arms and slender wrists of the "weaker sex" exerted in ironing? How much unnecessary heat has been generated, in summer especially, in kitchen and laundry, while doing the family ironing, such heat transmitted to the "little woman" doing the ironing, as well as to the iron itself?

These are statistics that no one took the trouble to gather and now, happily, they are of historic interest mainly. Hand irons are heated with gas, alcohol and electricity; ironing machines are operated by electricity and heated by the same fuel or gas and are adapted in size, operation and efficiency to various home conditions. The electrical irons have decreased the time for doing the family ironing one-third to one-half, eliminated unnecessary heat and reduced the labor involved to a minimum. At the same time, the appearance of the ironed clothes has been improved.

To meet the mid-week laundering practice comes the small electric iron weighing three or four pounds and costing the same number of dollars, adapted for travel or home use. One accomplished model, at higher cost, has a detachable handle for easy packing, gives high or low heat according to the position of the connecting plug on the terminal stud and may be used for heating a curling iron or, reversed, may serve as a hot plate.

Architects are adding built-in ironing boards. One model is fastened securely in a metal case, so that it can make no sudden effort at assassination when you innocently open the door. It has a clamp for the broom on the door and a shelf inside for the iron and other small accessories. Other ironing board closets in wood and metal are easily fastened to kitchen or laundry walls.

The most imposing of the ironing boards is the wired board and stand, which is self-contained and complete in itself, but is only for those who have a spacious laundry. With its convenient swinging arm to hold the ironing cord out of the way, its warning pilot light to remind you whether the heat is on or off and a switch within reach of the seated operator, it is a joy to own.

Another new device is a fireproof holder sunk in the wall for the iron. This receptacle provides a safe place to which the hot iron may retire at once when its work is done. They are easily installed in houses already built, and the cost is trifling.

Among minor ironing accessories and conveniences not to be despised are the sprinklers which by bulb and nozzle distribute moisture lightly and evenly over clothes to be dampened; a cover for the board that laces up, requiring no sewing and neat bags that hang from the board and receive the long pieces of ironing. And now to take up the buying of your hand electric iron in a serious way. There are irons with thumb rest or no thumb rest. Some women like this handy device and some do not. Will you have an iron with a back rest or a stand? Should your iron be pointed or somewhat snub-nosed? Will you have an average six pound iron or a light three or four pound affair for the flimsies and little accessories that detract from, instead of adding to the garment unless crisp and smooth. You may need both kinds of iron. Then there are the seven and a half pound irons for heavy work. No matter which model is chosen, important to long life and efficiency are the heating elements hidden in the shoe of the iron and the plug and cord. Tugging at the cord when the terminal is hot is hard on both the iron and [*Turn to page 57*]

Portable, folding ironer, with knee control

Only 16 by 18 inches of floor space required

Photos by
MARTIN BRUEHL

Fillet of haddock with stuffed baked tomatoes

FISH COMES INTO ITS OWN

No longer just a Lenten food, it takes a prominent place on the year-round menu

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Cookery and Household Management

IT HAS been estimated that there are two hundred and fifty kinds of edible fish. Of course, not all of these are obtainable in the United States and if they were, some of them we should not like. But the fact for us to bear in mind is that fish is a food of so many varieties that it need never become monotonous, even in Lent when it appears more often than usual on the menus.

Modern methods of refrigeration and transportation are making it possible to ship fresh fish into markets far from the sea coast. In one small inland city, where I often visit, half a dozen kinds of salt water fish are always for sale at the markets; even lobster and oysters can be purchased in season. Consult with your dealer as to the best kind of fish to buy at a particular time and in what form to buy it—whether as steaks for broiling or frying; or in a piece for boiling; or whole for baking; or in fillets for steaming or deep fat frying. Certain fish like shad, salmon, mackerel and seabass are plentiful—and therefore reasonably priced—during the summer; while others like cod, haddock and halibut can be obtained almost the year round and do not fluctuate in price any more than other staple foods.

Fillets Are Delicious and Convenient

Fish fillets, once sold only in the fish markets of large cities, are a delicacy which can now be purchased everywhere, even in small towns. These fillets are the sweet-flavored, firm flesh of fresh fish, which have been cleaned, split in half, boned and cut into slices of a size convenient for the homemaker to handle. As they are without bones or skin, there is no waste to them. At Gloucester and Boston, I have watched the preparation of these fillets from the moment the glistening fresh fish were landed from the fishing boats until, enclosed in spotless white cartons or parchment paper, they were sent through the final refrigerating processes which insured their complete freshness upon arrival at their destination. Salt water fish are especially valuable as food because they contain iodine. Iodine is a food element necessary to health and neither land plants nor the meat of land animals contain as much of it as seafoods contain.

Fresh fish is usually served with a special sauce, with melted butter or with lemon. Tomatoes, fresh cucumbers, relish and cole slaw are proper accompaniments.

What To Serve

Were you ever faced with the problem of serving a meal to unexpected guests with "nothing in the house"? Our booklet *Time Saving Cookery* was prepared to help the hostess at just such a time. Send for this booklet for first-aid in preparing a quick meal. Price: Ten cents.

McCall's Service Editor
236 W. 37th St., New York City

When you cannot obtain fresh fish, canned and dried fish are well worth your consideration. Few families I have known will turn a cold eye on old-fashioned creamed codfish with a baked potato; and as for escalloped salmon, shrimps a la Newburg and tuna fish au gratin—well, prepare a liberal supply of them is my advice.

Before giving you the recipes for fish and fish sauces, I want to give you the following three suggestions which have made the cooking and handling of fish easier for me:

Wash your hands in strong salt water if they smell "fishy." Put a generous handful of salt in the dish water when you wash the utensils in which the fish has been cooked. If a "fishy" odor fills the house, burn some sugar in a pan, and the fish smell will soon disappear.

In the following recipe, salmon steaks may be substituted for the halibut. They may be pan broiled if there is no broiler.

Broiled Halibut Steak

Have halibut steaks cut 1 to 1½ inches thick. Wipe with clean, damp cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper and squeeze over them some lemon juice. Let stand ½ hour. Place in shallow pan, dot with butter, or brush with oil, and place under oven broiler. Broil on one side until brown, then turn on the other side to finish cooking. Steaks 1 to 1½ inches thick should cook in 15 to 20 minutes. When done, remove carefully to hot platter and garnish with slices of tomato, cucumber or lemon.

Fried Fillets

Wipe fillets with clean, damp cloth and season with salt and pepper. Roll in fine bread crumbs, flour or cornmeal. Dip in beaten egg diluted with 2 tablespoons cold water and back into bread crumbs, flour or cornmeal. Have ready a kettle of deep hot fat (360° to 390 F.) and fry fillets in it for about 5 minutes, or until a light brown. Remove from fat and drain on unglazed paper. Serve with baked stuffed tomatoes (or escalloped canned tomatoes) and garnish with parsley and lemon slices. Tartare sauce is also a suitable accompaniment.

Boiled Cod

1 tablespoon butter	2 quarts water
1 stalk celery, chopped	½ bay leaf
1 small onion, chopped	1 tablespoon vinegar
1 small carrot, chopped	1 teaspoon salt
1 sprig parsley, chopped	⅛ teaspoon pepper
2½ pounds codfish	

Melt butter, add celery, onion, carrot and parsley and cook 5 minutes. Add water, bay leaf, vinegar, salt and pepper and bring to boiling point. Wrap fish in cheesecloth and lower into this stock. Reduce heat and let it simmer 30 minutes. Remove cheesecloth and serve the fish on hot platter garnished with parsley. Serve with egg or caper sauce and relish [*Turn to page 43*]

Voted the Prettiest of DEBUTANTES

BY

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

JOHN BARRYMORE

SHE IS ALLIED with some of the oldest families of New York and Boston, but her grandfather and grandmother were Spaniards of Spain, and "Spanish blood" speaks from her beautiful great eyes, her clear olive skin with its flash of pomegranate red; it is in her warm, impulsive, glancing speech, in the instinctive grace of all her movements.

She is quick, frank, eager, intensely alive, with the naivete of a child occasionally breaking through the utter sophistication of a debutante of the season 1928-'29.

She was presented to New York society early in November at a very distinguished luncheon at a very distinguished club, and has had rather more than the usual success of charming youth.

She likes nearly everything, except solitude. She loves dogs, people, the theatre, dancing, riding, swimming—"I swim better than I do anything." She thinks young people now are no worse than they ever were—"just franker. We haven't any illusions!"

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she became a sub-deb at 14, and nothing could be more beautiful than her smooth, clear, brilliant skin, that reminds one of some tropical flower.

"A debutante *has* to have a good skin—she mustn't take any chances. That is why I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face. Woodbury's is wonderful!—it keeps my skin always soft and clear and just the way I want it to be."

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . . Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

You can get a delightful Woodbury set, containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, by sending us 10 cents and your name and address. Send today! The Andrew Jergens Co., 1505 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1505 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Nothing could be more beautiful than her clear, smooth, brilliant skin. "A debutante has to have a good skin," she says. "I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face."

Miss Natica de Acosta of New York City, chosen from Woodbury beauties in forty-eight States as the prettiest of debutantes

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Pond's adds a Postscript

to Mrs. Vanderbilt's praise of their two new products

"Even on our Nevada ranch," *says Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.* "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's."

With these two exquisite new products and the famous Two Creams you can have your daily beauty treatment wherever you live! The Freshener closes the pores and tones and firms the skin. The new Tissues are scientifically correct for removing cold cream.

NOW that a clear fresh smooth complexion is considered essential to perfect chic, women who pride themselves on their appearance are stressing the daily ritual of home treatment of the skin.

To their fastidious taste, this daily ritual is as important as their morning tub—and their lovely clear skin bespeaks its efficacy.

Beautiful young Mrs. Vanderbilt says: "Even on our Nevada ranch I have my facial—with Pond's.

"With just the Two marvelous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic, one can keep one's skin young and lovely."

Not so long ago the luxury of the daily facial was a privilege restricted to great cities, to the exclusive few.

Now Pond's two exquisite new products—with the Two Creams—complete Pond's famous Method of caring for the skin. Now, no matter where you live, you can give yourself the most complete, most modern, most scientific beauty care.

Make your daily beauty treatment with Pond's a fixed habit! Follow the four swift steps of Pond's method—Cold Cream to cleanse . . . Tissues to wipe away . . . Freshener to tone and firm . . . Vanishing Cream for powder base and peach-bloom finish.

Pond's Method is the modern way to chic and beauty—swift, simple, extraordinarily efficient.

The Two famous Creams

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Photo by Dana Merrill for McCall's

Simple wares for the Sunday night emergency supper table

MY EMERGENCY SHELF

How I organized it to give me instant help

By MILDRED WEIGLEY WOOD

Lecturer and Former Chairman Home Maker's Section American Home Economics Association

IN TELLING of my plan for an emergency shelf I must say first of all that good emergency shelves do not spring up in a minute. They have to be planned for, just like any other worthwhile enterprise in homemaking. In the beginning the shelf was very scant, while now it has assumed quite well developed proportions. I began by keeping the conventional extra can of peas, tomatoes and salmon on hand, then added from time to time items which seemed useful in emergencies, like canned milk for Sunday night cocoa when the fresh milk supply was apt to run low; canned baked beans for a Saturday night supper; a jar of dried beef for Sunday night; sardines and cheese and so on.

Later I began to realize that to have on hand *the materials* for making something quickly was often as helpful as having a ready-prepared food in a can. So I began to look about for recipes for quickly made dishes, the ingredients for which could be easily kept on the kitchen shelves at all times. The coconut kisses, for which I am giving you the recipe, are such a dish. They require but two ingredients, which keep almost indefinitely and these can be mixed in just three minutes by the clock.

I soon discovered, however, that I wasted a lot of time in thinking out how to use the foods on my emergency shelf, just when the minutes were most precious. Forthwith, I bought some filing cards (a ten-cent blank-book would do as well) and began writing down suggestions and recipes for the use of the prepared and semi-prepared foods I had stocked up with. Now when the emergency arises there is no scouting around for a cook book. Only a few suggestions and recipes are needed, because emergencies do not come every day and one of the cards I keep on my shelf will illustrate my method. It reads as follows:

Corned Beef

Sliced cold, with asparagus or stuffed egg salad.

Corned beef hash loaf with tomato sauce.

Corned beef hash, with or without poached eggs.

Remarks: Make hash with raw or cooked potato. Serve with catsup, chili sauce, tartare sauce or cold slaw.

On the back of the card are the recipes for corned beef hash loaf and for tomato sauce.

No shelf has a right to call itself an emergency shelf which has half of its possessions mislaid or used up. Put an article on the grocery order list the minute it is used. In order to keep fresh those materials which might deteriorate with time, I occasionally replace them with newly ordered items using the older stock for regular meals.

[*Continued on page 38*]

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

is Young.....Entrancing.....Beautiful...

as the world expects her to be

ENTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Slim as a forest nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fresh and fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride on whom all eyes are turned is winning all hearts with her charm.

With true American flair for chic her taste in dress is unfailing. In smart, close-fitting black for town, in beige-brown country tweeds, in the pale peach and ivory chiffons she wears for evening, her beauty presents a series of lovely pictures ever varied, ever fascinating.

Modern to the tips of her slim white fingers, Mrs. Vanderbilt is ever on the wing. In a Maine camp . . . in Provincetown with artists and writers . . . flitting through New York shops . . . then en route for the Far West in the big custom-built car which has crossed the continent 28 times . . . At last to "Sagebrush," the Vanderbilt ranch in Nevada, where much of her husband's writing is done.

Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. All day long they motor or ride horseback over the rolling hills. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

Despite her outdoor life, her constant travel, she has found a simple practical way to guard the flower-like freshness of her complexion.

"Even on our Nevada ranch," she says, "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's.

"One can keep one's skin really young and lovely with just these Two marvelous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic. I'm devoted to Pond's!"

WHEREVER you go, this simple daily treatment will preserve the perfect fitness of your skin:—

First, keep your skin immaculately clean by pore-deep cleansing, after exposure and every night before retiring. Spread Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, with upward, outward motion over face and neck, letting the fine oils sink deep below the skin.

Then gently remove the dirt and cream with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. They are finer than old linen and absorb the cream and dirt instead of rubbing it into the pores.

Next, pat Pond's Skin Freshener over your face and neck—until the skin glows and your cheeks are lovely as a rose. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent closes the pores, tones, refreshes and invigorates.

Last, to complete your daytime toilette, and before you dress for evening, just a thistledown touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Try this delightful Method! Send the coupon below for trial packages of Pond's four preparations, enough to last a week.

(BELOW) *Beautiful women everywhere use Pond's four preparations because they are so exquisitely fine and pure. In these special green glass jars, made by Pond's for her dressing table, Mrs. Vanderbilt keeps the Two Creams and Freshener. Several of the dainty velvety new Cleansing Tissues lie ready for her use.*

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., *was Miss Mary Weir of Davenport, Iowa. She is entrancingly lovely, with wistful blue-grey eyes, glorious Titian hair and skin as fair as hawthorn bloom. This chic ensemble is of a flame-colored velvet cape over a peach chiffon frock.*

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 delicious preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Q
111 Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(BELOW) *Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. You can use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!*

Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company

Two Sets or Three?

© 1929 M. L. I. CO.

ONE of the things this modern mother found out is that teeth, so vital to well-being, begin to form before birth. And that in order to give her baby good teeth her own diet must consist largely of eggs, fresh vegetables, fruits, whole-grain cereals and milk.

The first set of baby teeth is very important in its effect upon the second set and should be given the greatest care. When one of the little teeth is lost, before nature is ready to send out its successor, the shape of the jaw is likely to change in such a way that the second teeth will be crowded and come in unevenly.

Especial attention must be paid to the double molars of the temporary set. By good dentistry, these should be made to last until the tenth or eleventh year. And so, when her child is only four years old—hardly more than a baby—and thereafter every six months, the modern mother takes him to her dentist.

The first permanent teeth are called the six-year molars because they come in at about the sixth year. They appear behind the two temporary molars, and can easily be distinguished by counting the double teeth on each side. If there are three double teeth in a row the back one is the permanent one.

These first permanent molars are the keystone of the dental arch and govern the position of all the later teeth. Coming in as they do in a mouth full of temporary teeth, they are frequently neglected and sometimes extracted as part of the baby set.

Good teeth do not just happen. They are built by food—like every other part of the body. First in importance comes the food the mother eats before her baby is born, then the food she gives him through babyhood, and finally the food that he selects for himself. Teeth are living parts of the body and need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Lucky is the baby whose wise mother has determined that he shall have such fine first and second sets of teeth that he will never need an artificial set.

Your Doctor will tell you

Poison from tooth infection may damage vital organs, may cause eye, nerve, or joint trouble, rheumatism, headache, or any one of a long list of serious ailments.

The expert dentist of today employs much of the wisdom of medical science; he uses real engineering skill and his work is often touched by the grace of artistry.

If teeth are lost, artificial substitutes can usually be made which will insure comfort, good appearance and efficient service. Without the latter, good digestion and therefore good health are impossible.

A famous physician once made the statement, "Bad teeth are the most common cause of physical breakdown."

Health scientists warn us that teeth should be watched not from the outside alone, but from the inside as well and that a tooth which has never ached nor shown decay may yet hide unsuspected poison. Dentists use x-ray photographs to tell the story. If the x-rays show poison at the root that cannot be dislodged by treatment, perhaps the tooth should be extracted.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail its booklet, "Good teeth, how to get them and keep them," to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet No. 39-M.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

MY EMERGENCY SHELF

[*Continued from page 36*]

Every household will have its own ideas as to what is most helpful in meeting its emergencies, therefore, no one list of supplies can be offered to fit into every home. The following list of the contents of my shelf, together with a few recipes, fit my needs and may offer suggestions to some other homemaker.

On The Shelf

1 can tomatoes
1 can tomato soup
1 can peas
1 can asparagus
1 can salmon or crabmeat or tuna fish
2 cans sardines
1 can baked beans
1 can mushrooms
1 can artichoke hearts
1 jar dried beef
2 jars corned beef
2 jars sausages
1 package macaroni
1 can devilled ham
1 package rice
1 can prepared ground chocolate or cocoa
1 package sweet crackers
1 box marshmallows
1 jar pimiento or other cheese
1 bottle green olives, stuffed
1 bottle sweet pickles
1 jar mayonnaise
1 can fruit salad
1 can pears or cherries or peaches
1 can sliced pineapple
1 can shredded pineapple
1 small bottle maraschino or green mint cherries
1 bottle or package fruit pectin } for making jelly
1 bottle grape juice }
1 package or can shredded coconut
1 can sweetened condensed milk
1 can evaporated milk
1 package dates (in cool weather)
1 cake yeast
1 lb. dried lima beans

It will be noticed that this list contains some alternates. I do not always keep three kinds of fish on hand, for instance, but always have one of them. The same is true of canned fruit. So the number of things on the list is longer than the actual number on my emergency shelf.

Rice and Pineapple Pudding

12 marshmallows
1½ cups cooked rice
½ cup chopped (or crushed) pineapple
1/3 cup maraschino cherries
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup cream, whipped

Cut marshmallows in halves and mix with rice (from which starch has been thoroughly washed off after cooking), pineapple, cherries and sugar. Allow to stand in refrigerator or other cold place to chill thoroughly. Before serving fold in whipped cream. Pile lightly in sherbert glasses and top with marshmallow and cherry.

Lima Beans Creole

2 cups cooked, dried lima beans
3 slices bacon
2 onions, sliced
1 green pepper, chopped
1 cup tomatoes, canned or stewed

Fry bacon, remove from pan, add onions and green pepper. Cook until tender. Place a layer of lima beans in a buttered casserole, add a layer of bacon, broken in pieces, then a layer of onion and pepper mixture. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Repeat layers. Pour tomatoes over and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 20 minutes. It is then ready to serve.

Escalloped Crabmeat

1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons flour
1½ teaspoons salt
Few grains pepper
1¼ cups crabmeat (6 to 7 oz. can furnishes this amount)
½ teaspoon finely chopped onion
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup soft bread crumbs

Make a white sauce of milk, shortening, flour, salt and pepper. Add crabmeat (which has been separated from the bones), onion, parsley, Worcestershire sauce and bread crumbs. Place in greased baking dish, sprinkle with bread crumbs, dot with butter and bake in hot oven (400° F.) until it is brown.

Salmon and Macaroni

½ cup dry bread crumbs
3 cups cooked macaroni
1 cup canned salmon
1 teaspoon chopped pickle
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
1½ cups milk

Cover the bottom of a greased baking dish with half the bread crumbs. Then add alternate layers of macaroni, salmon and pickles, mixed, and seasoning, until all are used. Pour milk over, sprinkle with the rest of the bread crumbs, dot with butter, and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) about 15 minutes.

Pimiento Cheese Salad

2 teaspoons gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
1 cup grated cheese
3 pimientos
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mustard
½ cup whipped cream

Soak gelatine in cold water. Add boiling water and stir until completely dissolved. Add grated cheese, pimientos finely chopped, salt and mustard. Then cool. When it begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream. Shape into balls or pack in small individual molds. Chill until it is firm and serve 2 or 3 balls in a nest of lettuce. This is excellent to use for filling for sandwiches as well as for salad.

Coconut Kisses

1 can sweetened condensed milk (1½ cups)
1 pound shredded coconut
½ teaspoon vanilla

Add vanilla to milk and stir in coconut until uniformly moistened. Drop from a teaspoon onto buttered pans and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until slightly brown. They should be removed from the oven while still a little soft in order that they will be moist enough when cooled. If chocolate kisses are desired add one square unsweetened chocolate, melted. (Makes 80 to 90.)

"For the loveliness that thrills a girl must have exquisite smooth skin," say 39 Hollywood Directors

Photo by H. D. Carsey, Hollywood

BILLIE DOVE, *First National, in the modernistic bathroom built especially for her in Hollywood. It offers a charming background for her delicate loveliness.*

"A smooth skin is most important to every girl whether she is a motion picture player or not. I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and refreshing."

Billie Dove.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin

PETAL-SMOOTH SKIN—how subtly and surely it wins its way into hearts everywhere! There's no loveliness like it, Hollywood directors find.

"Smooth, flawless skin is beauty's greatest asset," says Al Rockett, production manager for First National. "The perfection of an exquisite skin is much more to the screen star—or to any woman—than any other physical quality."

A screen star *must* have skin so beautifully smooth that even the terrific brilliancy of the close-up lights reveals not a single flaw in its utter loveliness.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin. In Hollywood, of the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 care for their skin with this daintily fragrant white soap.

The next time you see Billie Dove notice how exquisitely fine and smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. When you see your favorite star, whoever she is, in a close-up, remember that 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by this soap.

Every one of the great film studios has made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in all dressing rooms.

It leaves the skin so petal-smooth! You'll love its quick, generous lather in your bath, too, and for the shampoo. Ample, caressing lather even in hard water—for Lux Toilet Soap is made by the famous French method. Do try it—today.

· LUX TOILET SOAP ·

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . now 10¢

Unless a screen star's skin shows marvelously smooth under the glare of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights, she cannot hope to hold her public.

Fine linen pieces . . . dainty fabrics of any kind . . . lovely sheer things of your own that deserve the best of care —in washing them you can use no product as safe as Borax.

Use your favorite laundry soap, but use Borax with it for best results. Borax loosens dirt, gets white things really white, makes the laundry work easier—and yet is absolutely harmless to fabric or hands. Quite different from harsh "washing compounds" that may harm far more than they help.

In all laundry work 20 Mule Team Borax makes the clothes sweet and fresh—for it is a mild antiseptic and deodorant as well as a cleanser. Garments that touch your skin should always be washed "the Borax way" to gain this *extra cleanliness.*

20 Mule Team Borax is a real help. It is mild and safe. Buy a package today.

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 574
100 William St., New York City

Please send a copy of your free booklet—"Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name_____

Address_____

Begin the day with a hearty breakfast!

EAT TO KEEP WELL

Health and prolonged youth depend largely on diet

By E. V. McCOLLUM and NINA SIMMONDS
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

OUR diet should supply about thirty-five nutrient principles if it is to meet *all* the needs of the human body. Scientific research has proven, during the last fifteen years, that most of our common foods are lacking in one or another of these principles and that however valuable they may be in themselves, no *one* of them alone could keep us in health and vigor.

For instance, the cereal grains—wheat, oats and corn—are important energy-yielding foods, but they lack calcium and vitamin A, and their proteins are of rather low quality. On the other hand, the muscle types of meats are sources of abundant protein of *good* quality, but they are lacking in all the known vitamins, with the possible exception of the anti-pellagra vitamin F. They, too, are poor in calcium. Fruits, potatoes and the starchy root vegetables (beets, carrots, parsnips, rutabaga, etc.) are deficient in protein and calcium, and the white and red varieties are deficient in vitamin A as well.

Protective Foods

These few examples will serve to illustrate the point that most of our common foods are deficient in one or more respects and need to be supplemented by certain other foods which will make good their deficiencies.

What are these supplemental foods? They are milk and the leafy type of vegetables and are so constituted as to correct the faults of anything else we are likely to eat, provided we take them in sufficient amounts. Just ten years ago we coined for them the term "protective foods." Both are rich in calcium, which no other human foods contain in abundance. Both are practically complete in their vitamin content.

The leafy type of vegetables such as lettuce, spinach, cabbage, kale, Brussels sprouts, chard, turnip and beet tops are the most palatable with which we in America are familiar. There is some difference in their quality in that the thick leaved cabbage is not quite as valuable as are thin leaves such as lettuce, cress or turnip tops; and young and tender leaves are better than older ones.

In one respect the leafy vegetables are superior to milk as a protective food. When digested, they leave a considerable amount of indigestible residue which has the capacity for holding water. This smooth, water-laden residue of cooked or uncooked raw vegetables cannot injure the delicate lining of the intestine and it tends to undergo slow fermentation, but without the formation of unwholesome products.

Of the list mentioned above only lettuce and tender cabbage are suitable for eating raw.

Most Americans still derive too large a part of their diet from meats, bread, sugar and potatoes. The best policy is to eat more of the protective foods. By so doing we shall not be turning to a fad, but only applying to our own lives some of the longest tried and most successful dietary practices. Milk products and leafy vegetables have been used by people in certain parts of the world from time immemorial and have been proven to be foods of very high value.

To Be Eaten Daily

Everyone should take the equivalent of about a quart of milk each day. It may be taken in the form of a beverage, or in ice cream, cream soups, creamed vegetables, custards, buttermilk, etc.

Once a day take a liberal serving of greens or pot-herbs. They should be cooked. They include the leafy vegetables listed above.

Twice each day an uncooked salad should be eaten. This should be made of vegetables or fresh, raw fruits—oranges, grapefruit, pears, apples, etc.—and can be dressed with some appetizing salad dressing.

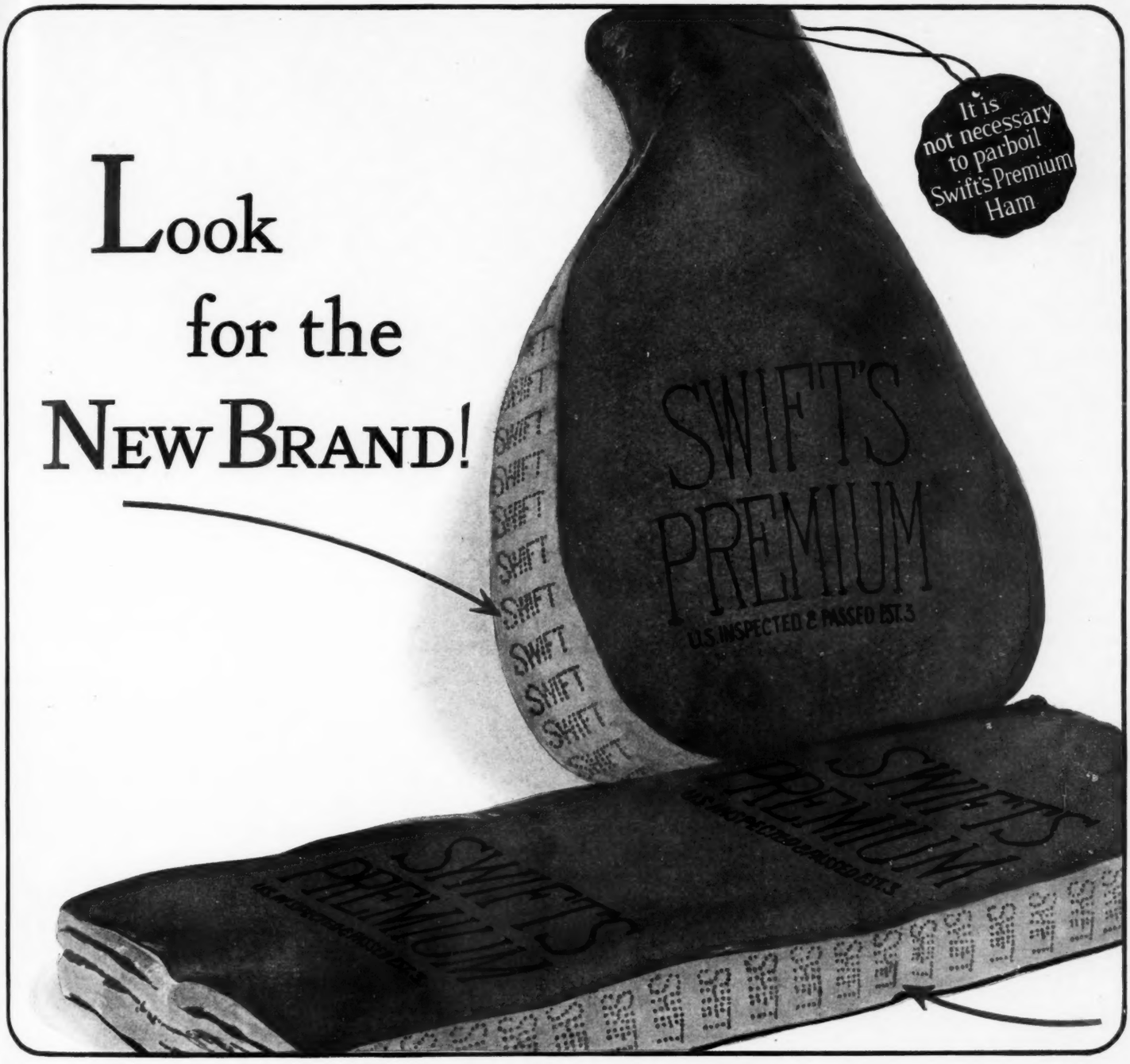
After you have taken care to include the protective foods in proper amounts in your daily menus, it is safe to choose the remainder of your diet in accordance with your personal taste for good things. *Eat what you want after you have eaten what you should,* is a good rule.

Only in recent years have people understood that health and the appearance of youth can be maintained over a long period if the diet provides everything which the body needs for growth in youth and for the daily repair of waste in adult life.

HEALTH

Dr. McCollum has prepared leaflets which will give you healthful diet menus for two weeks. Send two cents for *Menus for Two Weeks.* Also send a two-cent stamp for *Internal Bathing,* a simple treatment for intestinal troubles.

McCALL'S SERVICE EDITOR
236 W. 37th St. New York City



Look for the NEW BRAND!

Now . . . even the slices may be identified

Now this new brand is on every slice of Premium Ham or Bacon.

The smallest piece of Premium Ham or Bacon carries this new brand.

When you see the dealer do the cutting—When you open the package at home

No longer must you buy a whole ham, a side of bacon, or bacon in the carton, to be sure it is Premium. No need to be in doubt about even the slices.

Now, to insure getting that extra goodness of Premium, a *new* identifying mark has been added. The name "Swift" is now branded in dots in the fat, in a rich brown suggestive of broiled ham and bacon. Repeated like the links of a chain down the whole length of Premium Ham or Bacon. Every slice bears some part of it in dots.

Plainly marked as always—Premium Bacon in the carton.

Take advantage of this new protection. You'll still find the blue tag on the whole Premium Ham, the brand Swift's Premium on both ham and bacon, the same parchment wrapper and plainly marked carton. But when you're buying part of a ham or a pound or two of bacon, look for "Swift" branded along the edge, and be sure you're getting Premium.

Swift & Company

HOW TO MAKE GOOD MAYONNAISE

Break an egg in a bowl—add one tablespoonful of Wesson Oil and beat vigorously until the egg and the oil are thoroughly mixed. Add another tablespoon of oil, continuing the beating. Then two more tablespoons. Then add three, beating all the time. Your mayonnaise will begin to thicken. Now add Wesson Oil about four tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition—until your mayonnaise is as thick and stiff as desired.

Now comes the seasoning—which of course may be varied according to taste. Perhaps you will like it this way. Mix well about one-half teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon each of sugar and mustard, with a generous pinch each of paprika and red pepper. Add approximately one and one-half tablespoons of lemon juice or vinegar, and stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved. Pour into the mayonnaise and beat well.

—and a garnish of thick, creamy *mayonnaise*

Bouillon cup, a dainty crab-meat salad, orange ice and demi-tasse—on your best Wedgwood china . . .

Do you realize how widely the salad has become the *pièce de résistance* at the smarter sort of informal luncheon? And how often the mayonnaise is made with Wesson Oil?

For the success of your salad depends so much on its dressing. And Wesson Oil and just a fresh egg, beaten together and seasoned to taste make quite the most delicious mayonnaise imaginable.

One reason is that Wesson Oil is in itself so delicious to eat. A choice salad oil—pure, wholesome. The crystal clear, pale straw color of it tells you how good it is . . . And one could hardly ask for a flavor more exquisitely delicate.

Indeed, Wesson Oil is so good—and good to eat—that women are fast adopting it for frying, and for cake, muffins, biscuits and pastry.

For cooking the Wesson Oil way is decidedly the modern way. And an easy, convenient way, too—for with Wesson Oil you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix; and your measurements are always exact . . . It makes food taste far more delicious.

. . . We have a new cookbook full of unusually good recipes that you'll like to try. Write to the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

"Umm-m! I like this"

SO SAYS this little miss. And is there a child anywhere that doesn't like Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, spread thick on a slice of bread or as a sandwich filler? If so we have yet to find one.

Nourishing, wholesome, energy-giving food—this Peanut Butter. Good for children *between* meals or *at* meals. Plenty of proteins in it for muscle building and tissue repair. And its nutty flavor always appeals to them.

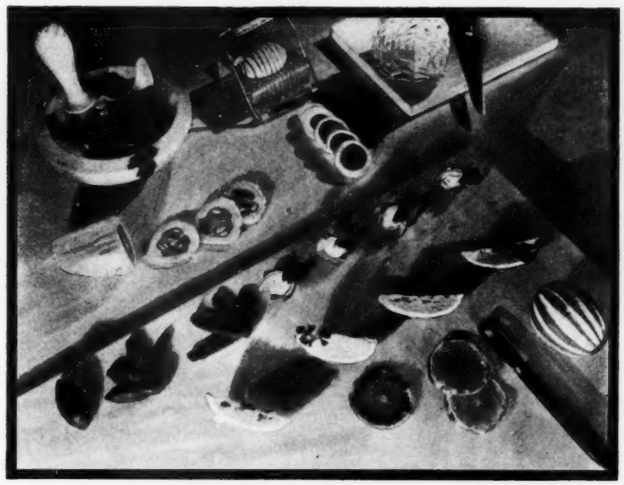
Wherever there's a family with growing youngsters a supply of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter should always be on the pantry shelf. But not alone for the children. The grown folks like it too—in the variety of ways it can be served.

And here's something that will please mother—there's an *easy-to-open top* on the Beech-Nut jar. Not a bit of bother in opening, and it slips right back on again. *An exclusive Beech-Nut feature worth remembering.*

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

FISH COMES INTO ITS OWN

[*Continued from page 34*]



To garnish fish, use lemons, pickles, parsley, eggs or cole slaw

Other canned fish may be substituted for the cod in the following recipe. Serve on toast or rounds of mashed potatoes.

Creamed Salt Codfish

1 pound codfish
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon butter
2 cups milk
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 egg, well beaten

Shred codfish into medium-sized pieces and soak several hours in cold water. Drain, place in saucepan and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook until fish is tender. Drain. Add scalded milk, flour and butter mixed to a smooth paste, and cook slowly until thickened, stirring constantly. Add pepper and just before removing from fire, stir in egg.

Scalloped Salmon

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1½ cups milk
1 egg
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons green pepper, finely chopped
2 cups flaked salmon
¾ cup fine crumbs

Melt butter; add flour, salt and paprika and stir until well blended. Add milk gradually and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Remove from fire. Add slightly beaten egg, Worcestershire Sauce, green pepper, salmon and ¼ cup of the crumbs. Mix well. Pour into greased ramekins or scallop shells. Sprinkle top with remainder of crumbs and dot with pieces of butter. Brown in a hot oven.

Shrimp Newburg On Rice

½ cup rice
2 tablespoons butter
1½ tablespoons flour
¾ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
¼ cup cream
½ cup milk
2 cups cooked shrimps, fresh or canned
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon sherry flavoring

Cook rice in salted water until tender. Drain in colander and keep hot over boiling water. Melt butter, add flour, salt and cayenne and mix well. Add cream and milk gradually and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add shrimps. (In canned or freshly-cooked shrimp there is a small black vein which runs down the back just below the surface. This may be easily removed with a pointed knife). Just before serving add the beaten egg yolks and flavoring. Serve on mounds of boiled rice. Garnish with parsley and thin strips of pimiento.

Stuffed Baked Shad

3 to 4 pounds shad
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon chopped onion
1½ cups bread crumbs
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika

Wipe fish inside and out with cloth wrung out of cold water. Be sure no clots of blood are left. Sprinkle inside with salt. Melt butter, add onion and cook 5 minutes. Add crumbs, parsley, salt, pepper and paprika. Stuff fish with this mixture—not too full as the filling will swell—and sew up the opening or fasten with skewers. Place in greased baking pan on 2 strips of cheesecloth laid across the pan. (This makes it easier to remove the baked fish to a platter without breaking). Dot fish with butter or brush with oil, sprinkle with salt and pepper and place in hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° F., pour ½ cup water in bottom of pan and continue to bake for 30 to 40 minutes, basting occasionally. Remove to platter and garnish with lemon and parsley.

Caper Sauce

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup fish stock or water
1½ tablespoons capers

Melt butter, add flour, salt and pepper and stir until well blended. Add stock (water in which fish has been cooked) gradually and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Cook until sauce is thick and smooth. Add capers and serve hot.

NOTE: Would you like to know how to bake, steam, boil, fry and broil fish? Send a stamped, self addressed envelope to The Service Editor.

Of course, *your* precious can't do *this*!

YET you may well envy, for your child, those perfectly normal, nimble little feet, unhampered by fashion or custom.

And you can at least, heed the advice of medical authorities and choose only proper stockings or socks for your little one. Because it is particulary in early childhood—when foot growth is rapid and when soft cartilage is changing into bone—that many serious foot ills can be caused by ill-fitting, poorly made stockings.

American Baby Hose are made of the finest materials. *Knit and shaped* (never stretched) to exact size—as perfectly finished inside as outside—they cannot bind or irritate. Equally important, they are *sized by inches and half inches*, so that mothers can easily determine the proper sizes. To do this for your child, measure the little foot from the back of the heel to the end of the big toe. That measurement, in inches or in inches and a half, is the correct American Baby Hose size number. If it is less than the even inch or half-inch, always choose the next *highest* inch or half-inch measurement.

30 styles—for every need and purse—including the smartest patterns and colors. *Insist* on American Baby Hose and insure *your* child's priceless foot health.

J. H. BLAETZ
Mascher and Allegheny
Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN
Baby Hose

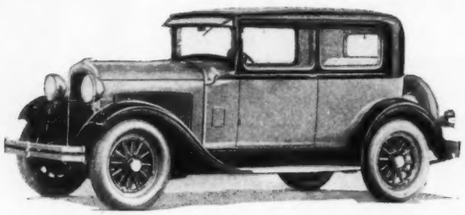
Write for free booklet, "The Care of Baby's Feet."

THE STOCKING WITH THE STRETCH

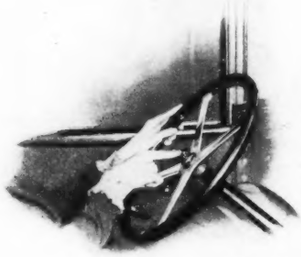
NEW CARS

The new sport coupe as smart as its price is modest. An ideal car for shopping and marketing or for social use.

Small cars are excellently in keeping with the snug hats and trim daytime clothes of the modern woman. While this year's large cars are designed for roominess to emphasize comfort when the whole family travels or when the fussy clothes of afternoon and evening demand luxurious riding. Color inside and outside the automobile is amazingly varied this year more than ever, in sports models as well as larger cars to carry out the ensemble idea in women's fashions.



The car many women will want for the family. It's a five-passenger brougham in a new six line.



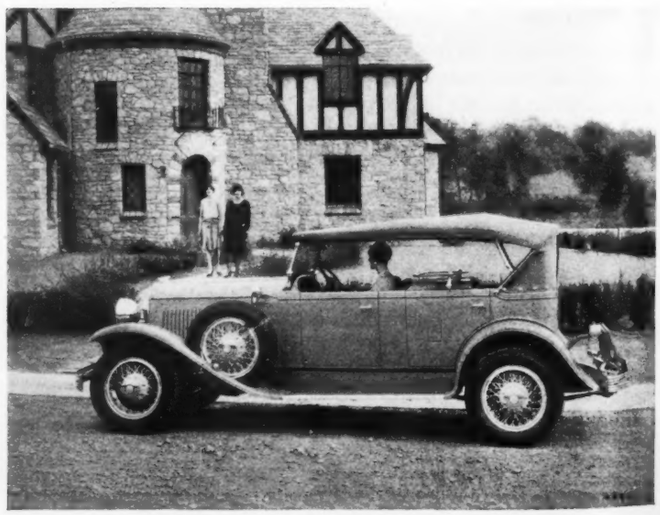
The new finger-tip control of certain four and six cylinder cars starts the motor and controls the lights and the horn.

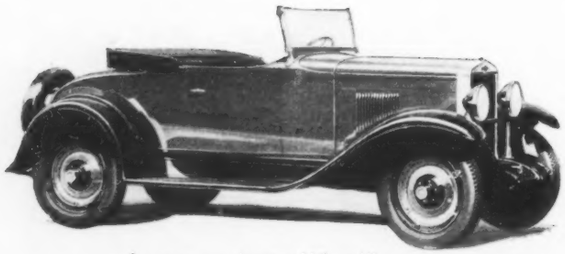
Turn the handle and the seat of this closed model moves forward or back as needed to a comfortable distance from the foot pedals.

Closed cars—Open cars—most families want both types to cater to the multiple demands of modern living. Fresh air and sunshine flow unhindered through the large, open windows of the new 1929 closed models or, with windows closed, snug comfort may prevail even in the midst of winter driving. The closed car is the service car for the family, especially when there are children.

The open styles large and small bring the fullest enjoyment of outdoor sports and healthful living. They emphasize the ease and satisfaction of touring and of getting the most pleasure and benefit out of suburban living. Every car made today is designed for woman's comfort and convenience in driving as well as to appeal to her appreciation of beauty in color and design.

A five-passenger phaeton, ideal for country use as well as for a family car in town. Its smart lines and colors appeal to any who expect style in an automobile.

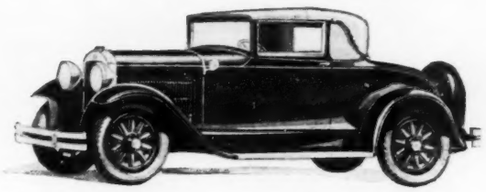




An open roadster which will appeal to the economical woman and to the one who has an eye for good design as well.

FOR MILADY

BY DOROTHY C. REID



A popular line offers among its new models this year, an easily convertible coupe in a variety of colors

NEW YORK City's Grand Central Palace during the annual Automobile Show in January, was a blaze of color with every combination of tints represented—every color that women could desire in their new cars. Feminine taste, the manufacturers claim, is responsible for this startling trend in motor car design. Certainly women who wish complete color harmony between their clothes, luggage, accessories and their cars will be able to carry out their schemes in this year's new automobiles. Automobile interiors may be quite as luxurious as one's own home for the appointments are fastidious and upholsteries and fittings have never been more appealing to women drivers than at the present time.

The woman with an economical trend realizes too that besides beauty in the modern automobile, her automobile dollar today purchases more—in quality of construction, larger assortment of equipment and accessories, better and finer upholstery, greater utility, comfort and service, and a higher decorative quality than ever before. To back the woman purchaser in her selection, is the opinion of automobile authorities that women can trust their own judgment in cars especially when choosing a make known to be reliable and have widespread distribution.

Women who are buying new cars this year are also interested in the fact that 1929 cars have been geared for speed; fifty miles an hour is a veritable snail's pace. Practically any motor today will give sixty-five and seventy. Many at the automobile show liked the idea of nonbreakable glass used in some of the new cars; no danger of cuts from flying particles in case of accident. Front seats, in many new models are adjustable—long and short legged women may drive with equal comfort. Convertible car bodies are much in vogue, and it is comparatively simple to convert a snappy open roadster into a weatherproof, closed car by lifting a few gadgets and fastening them where they belong.

Those who wash and polish their own cars appreciate the wide adoption on new cars of chromium-plated nickel which is impervious to spots and tarnish.

Longer wheel bases prevail in 1929 models and mechanical improvements are legion. Only a few of the many new models can be shown here but an outstanding feature of this show was the offer of six-cylinder models in one moderate priced make at a slightly higher price than the old fours, and with an increase of 32 per cent horsepower. Gracefully-rounded contours, adjustable front seats and side ventilators are excellent new points on a universally popular make.

One famous low-price car is out this year in a town car model smart enough to cause the importers some worry: A "finger-tip" control appears on two other makes. It is not necessary when driving one of these cars, to stretch and reach around to start the motor with the foot; one button on the steering wheel controls the lights, horn and starting the motor.

"My Wife Selects Our Car"

"My wife selects our car" said the President of the Research Department of a great automobile manufacturing company. "Probably the father of the family is economically correct in letting his family guide his purchase In a sense he is the producer of that car, through his check book, and though he may drive it, his wife and children are the real consumers, in interest and passion. Certainly the motor-car manufacturers ought to be aware who are the real consumers, as well as the apparent consumer.

"As head of a motor-car laboratory I am supposed to know something about cars. Today, it so happens that I am buying a car for my own family use, but the purchase is not losing me any time from my desk, for I am letting my wife and son select the car. They will do a better job than I would. They will do it from the consumer's point of view. I might use the producer's point of view. They know cars in the street, which is different from knowing them in the laboratory. They are pretty sure, too, to select a car which will have higher resale value in a year or two from now, because it will be more in style."

20 *old favorites* made *new* by using "Star" Bacon

CABBAGE AND STAR BACON. *See page 10 of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

STAR BACON AND MACARONI. *See page 10 of "Slices of Real Flavor"*

SOME delightful discoveries in cooking have been made by the Armour Kitchen using Star Bacon with twenty or more familiar foods. These recipes are in an attractive book—"Slices of Real Flavor"—free for the asking.

The more you use Star Bacon the more you'll realize its unusual goodness. Always mild, yet there is a zestful, savory, nut-like flavor that you'll instantly welcome. Dealers everywhere sell Star Bacon. In window-top cartons that let you *see the bacon you buy*. Or, your dealer will gladly slice Armour's Star Bacon from the original piece. Mail the coupon for your free copy of "Slices of Real Flavor."

Armour and Company, Chicago
Armour and Company, Limited
London, England

RICE, MEXICAN STYLE. *See page 13 of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

STAR BACON *is packed in window-top cartons. See the bacon you buy.*

Armour's Star Bacon

Dept. MC-5, *Div. Food Economics*
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me free recipe book, "Slices of Real Flavor."

Name_____

Address_____

STAR HAM ★ CLOVERBLOOM EGGS AND BUTTER ★ STAR LARD

Below is the famous Ingram Mannequin. Her image shows the six spots most difficult to care for, and the text tells you how best to do so!

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

THE Skin of Youth may be yours! A clear complexion can be yours, a soft, smooth wrinkleless skin, if you will follow carefully, word for word, the directions which come with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream!

The secret is in the "six stars"—shown in the mannequin above, and explained point by point—in this text!

For the slightest lack of perfect smoothness—the slightest blemish or wrinkle is evident to every man or woman whom you meet—each one speaks volumes about your age and the condition of your skin.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream protects each of these vital points and not only protects but ameliorates their health. It is even slightly therapeutic in its effects—it does things no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It tonics your skin—it is excellent against roughness, redness and blemishes. It smooths away the tiny wrinkles. It is perfect against chapping and flaking.

1. Thread-like lines soon turn to furrows if the skin on the forehead is not kept soft and supple.
2. Tiny rays or puffiness about the eyes should be watchfully avoided if you are to look young and fresh.
3. The curve of the lips—the expression of your face—may so easily be spoiled by lines at the corners of the mouth.
4. Nothing so quickly betrays age or neglect as a wrinkled neck. Keep the skin here soft, the contour rounded.
5. Guard against a "crepey" throat if you would keep your youth. It is frightfully ageing and unflattering.
6. Many women never feel right in evening gowns because their shoulders are marred with blemishes and coarseness.

~ ~ ~

There is room for Ingram's on your dressing table. For Ingram's is a basic cream, excellent as a cleanser, but with the added virtues of demonstrable benefits to the skins of all women who use it. Use one jar of Ingram's — and you will find your skin growing softer, more lovely — with every passing day.

INGRAM'S *Milkweed Cream*

© 1929 F. F. I. Co.

Photos by MARTIN BRUEHL

Pillows and Bedding

The second article on comfortable beds

By PHOEBE COLE

ABOUT half the comfort offered by a bed depends upon the springs and mattresses, the other half depending upon the pillow and the bedclothes. A flat, flabby pillow and coverings too light or too heavy can prevent sleep, no matter how good the mattress upon which you lie. Pillows that have seen better days, that once were fairly plump and buoyant, but that have grown limp and discouraged with the years need to be permanently retired from active service, and replaced with new ones.

The pillows you buy in the shops are filled with a variety of things: down, goose feathers, duck feathers, chicken feathers, hair and kapok. Among the feathers, there are various mixtures, such as down and goose mixed, duck and chicken mixed, goose and chicken mixed. With the exception of kapok, each of the fillings is excellent for certain uses, provided the pillows you select are filled with a good quality of new material.

Down pillows are the most expensive and the softest. The best grade white down pillow costs from eight to ten dollars each. In most stores in the larger places one can also get gray down, which is as soft and durable as the white down, but costs a dollar or two less per pillow, a saving which the thrifty woman will not despise.

Best quality goose feathers (which will have some down mixed in) make an excellent pillow, soft yet firm. These are usually two or three dollars less per pillow than the all-down. Also, gray feathers are cheaper than white. Chicken and duck feather pillows are priced around three dollars a pillow, and while they are hard and rather heavy, they make an excellent pillow for children to take away to camp, and for small boys to take away to boarding school.

Kapok is used chiefly in such pillows as sofa cushions, baby carriage and boudoir accessory pillows. A kapok bed pillow is not worth buying for steady use, for while it is delightfully soft and puffy at first, the soft fibre of the floss quickly breaks and soon the pillow is filled not with long silky fibres but with a kind of dust. The cost is slight (in the neighborhood of $3). For long or hard use, however, do not count on kapok.

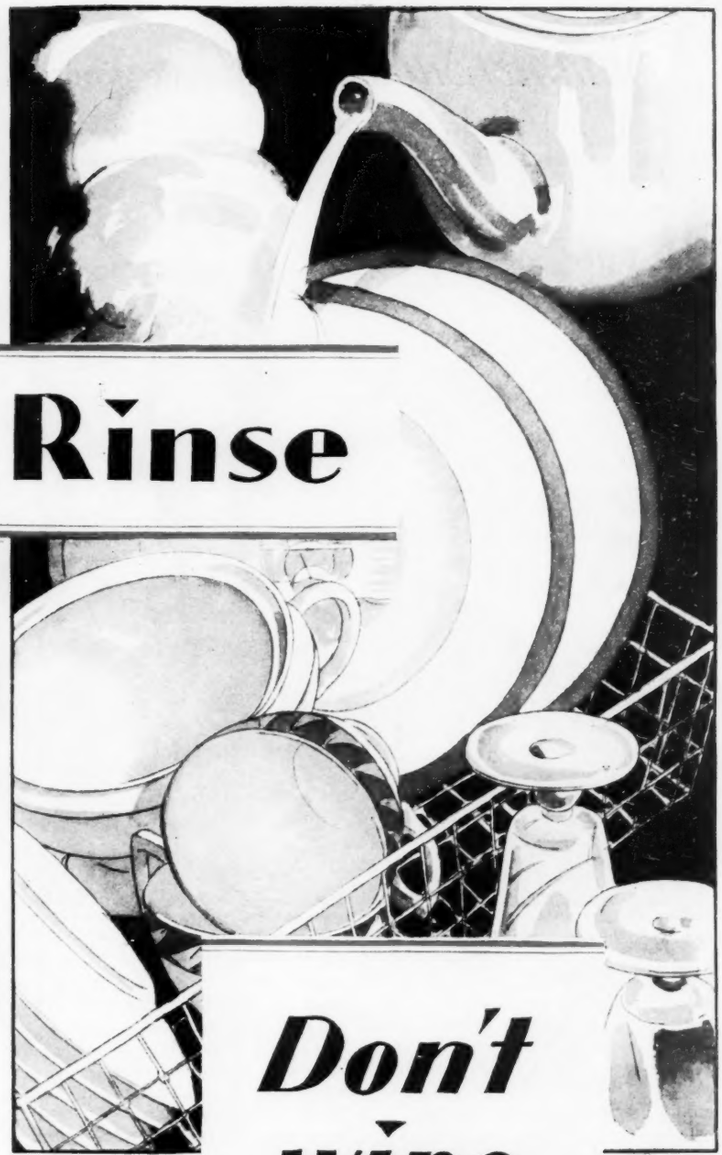
The hair pillow, while hard, is an excellent one for hot weather, as it sternly repulses any tendency on the part of the sleeper to snuggle down into its depths; so far as you'll ever know it hasn't *got* any depths, but just a firm, neat surface. (By the same token, a soft pillow is especially comforting for a sleeping porch in winter.) Hair pillows of better quality are not expensive (they are priced from $3 to $6).

Of course the layette contains one of several fluffy little down pillows with exquisite embroidered cases. But don't let the baby sleep on them. Until the child is several years old he will sleep with no pillow at all in warm weather, and with only the thinnest little down or cotton pillow in cold weather, a mere pad, really, not more than two or three inches thick, just to keep his neck warm. Keep the pretty pillows with embroidered cases to trim up his bed when he is out of it, and later to prop him up in his carriage when he first begins to sit up. And don't use a feather pillow as a mattress in his coach; it's far too soft and warm and will overheat the child's body. A hair pillow is ideal as a carriage mattress.

As important as having good springs, mattresses and pillows for all beds is having plenty of bedding in various weights; this means that each bed in the house needs a mattress protector, a minimum of six sheets and six pillow cases, one pair thin cotton blankets, a pair fleecy cotton or woolen ones, one light weight cotton-filled comfort or quilt and except in the Southern states and California, at least one warm comfort filled with cotton, lamb's wool or down. Spreads, of course, vary almost as much as the individuals whose beds they deck, and many of them are so festive that they must be tenderly folded at night, or draped carefully over the footboard, so they don't count as coverings but as decorations. A dimity or seersucker spread, in white, like those used in hospitals, or striped with a color to match the room color scheme, really should be used under the elaborate spread, partly to make the bed look less undressed when the taffeta or lace or chintz spread is taken off at night, and largely to keep the coverings well tucked in.

The great vogue for color has boldly invaded the linen closet, and while

[*Continued on page 48*]



Don't wipe

One less step in dishwashing now

New speedy beads of soap cut time in half—dishes gleam with new brilliance

LAY away your dish towels. Save those precious minutes you've been spending in three-times-a-day dishwiping. For here's a new bead form of soap called "Super Suds," which dissolves so completely that your dishes rinse soap-free . . . dry, shining, clear—*without wiping.*

Used by 1 woman in 3

Unheard of a little more than a year ago—today, in cities where Super Suds has been on the market but six months, one woman out of every three is using it. Where it's been on the market for a year, one woman in every two has turned to it.*

"Why do you prefer Super Suds?" we asked women everywhere throughout the United States.

Says a busy young mother in Ohio, "I no longer inspect each dish for stray soap flakes, nor wipe them to make sure the family won't taste soap film. Just wash. Then a hot rinse. And I'm through."

Beads—fastest form of soap

And so thousands of women told us why one woman in three uses Super Suds. "It sudses in water cool enough to keep my hands nice." "No more waiting for chips and flakes to dissolve." "Saves me three half hours of dishwiping each day."

Super Suds is not chips, nor flakes, nor powder, but *beads.* It is made by spraying melted streams of soap from towers hundreds of feet high. As the soap cools in falling it divides into millions of tiny beads; four times thinner than the thinnest machine made chip or flake. This is why Super Suds gives instant suds. Why it never sticks to dishes. Why it rinses off completely in one hot rinse, leaving even glasses shining, clear . . . without wiping.

Super Suds gives not only suds *above* but completely dissolved soap *below* where there's real work to be done. It penetrates instantly below the surface, to every drop of water in the pan. Cleaning . . . cleaning . . . everywhere at once . . . energetically . . . thoroughly . . . swiftly!

Get Super Suds today, for dishwashing tonight. Only 10c for a big box. Get one at any grocer's.

*NOTE. These figures are the result of a recent investigation conducted in principal cities throughout the United States. They are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives in conversations with them in their kitchens.

Summer Snow-peaks! . . . no words can overtell the lure of the High Sierra . . .

High Sierra glaciers and snow-pockets fascinate Southern California's summer vacationists

[Written by an Easterner who came to Southern California in 1927]

BLIZZARD-SWEPT and ice-locked, and resisting close approach, the High Sierra assume even more awesome magnificence in winter, Above ten thousand feet, from October until May, conditions resemble the Arctic.

Just after I came to Southern California I had my thrills crossing the Sierra via Tioga Pass one July day, driving through snow-pockets and fishing icy trout-abounding waters. I longed to experience the Sierra's winter moods.

So, with some eastern visitors I have been basking in the mellow winter sunshine of the little Owens Valley town of Lone Pine, watching great snow-swirls batter themselves against the shivery gray granite walls of Mt. Whitney. The contrast between the valley's sunny comfort and the mad battle on that loftiest of United States peaks (14,501 ft.) is astounding. I wish you could see it.

Glaciers and snow-pockets are usually little affected by the warmer sun, particularly above the ten thousand foot level. The photograph above was made last July. So, when you come out this summer, a few hours drive from Los Angeles will put you into the heart of thousands of square miles of scenery so faithfully expressed in the photograph.

To my never ending delight I find islands rivalling Capri rising out of the blue Pacific; for 270 miles—from Santa Barbara to San Diego—extends an American Riviera. Golden-fruited orange groves are on every side as you motor to the Old Spanish Missions. Beaches are broad and safe. You will quickly agree with me that there is no end to the new things to see and do here! It keeps you young! And, there never was a finer place for "intelligent loafing."

I like to be part of a great city, too—like to feel its throbbing pulse. Los Angeles with its Hollywood—in the very heart of this scenic wonderland—is the Pacific coast metropolis! Gay hotels, cafes, fine theatres, "Symphonies under the Stars" in Hollywood Bowl—everything! Night life, you too will find, lacks nothing. Los Angeles County's wealth ranks high. Its oil fields alone are rated at a billion dollars. Agricultural products annually approximate $95,000,000!

Hawaii is reached over the southern route from Los Angeles.

The new, authentic book "Southern California Through the Camera" pictures what I've seen here winter and summer—*surprises that await you!* Send for it.

Southern California

A TRIP ABROAD IN YOUR OWN AMERICA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 3-T, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free book "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

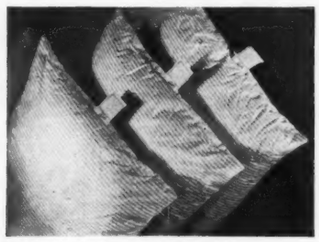
Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

PILLOWS AND BEDDING

[*Continued from page 46*]



Look for the label!

some older, more conservative housekeepers may sniff a bit and stick to their time honored white, these lovely new sheets and pillow cases fast colors all, of French, of sky blue, Nile green, maise, orchid, rose, apricot and lavender are sure to make an instant appeal to young housekeepers, who have been brought up in a more colorful world than their mothers were. Perhaps these will appeal at first for guest room use only, but as color invades the house more and more, there's a wider use of colored sheets for family use too.

What Is a Good Sheet?

LINEN sheets cost about twice as much as the cotton ones. Linen is cool and luxurious feeling, but it crumples quickly, and crumpled-looking bed linen is far from appealing. So unless you can afford to have your beds changed every day or at least every other day, cotton sheets are better for your household.

A housekeeper can only wisely select sheets and pillow slips which are made and trade marked (usually pasted or sewed on label) by a well-known company, because the sheets made by the few large recognized manufacturers of bedding are as a rule the most dependable ones offered throughout the country. Department store sales may offer "bargain" sheets from unknown makers, at lower prices than those usually quoted, but such sheets are in the main "filled" sheets, thin, uneven, poorly and loosely woven which after the first washing appear as flimsy, easily crumpled, shabby sheets. The finish and "feeling" of good sheets is evident at the department store counter, and the same quality is evident after the first washing and throughout the long life of the fabric.

Of course a store may sell its own brand of sheet or blanket that has quality, but the practice is open to much criticism because it lends itself so readily to abuses and unquestionable practices so far as the representation of meritorious merchandise is concerned. The stores represent this sheet to be as good as, or better than the well-known sheet which the prospective customer inquires for by name. Often the manufacturers who supply this trade are more than likely to manufacture to meet a price than they are to manufacture to reach a standard of perfection.

When choosing sheets the character of the hemming and the various sizes offered must be considered.

If sheets are ironed by hand, every added foot of length means more work, so two lengths of sheets seem advisable for many households; the ninety-nine inch length for the under sheet and the one hundred and eight inch length for the upper sheet; this latter length allows for turning the sheet down over the blankets and comfort at the top, and also for tucking in firmly at the bottom.

Sheet widths are commonly fifty-four inches, sixty-three inches and seventy-two inches for single beds and eighty-one or ninety inches for double beds. The fifty-four inch width will serve adequately for a cot, but is really not advisable for a bed of even three feet width, as a restless sleeper will soon have the under sheet rolled into a strip under him, with his covers sliding off. For a very few cents more you can have the sixty-three inch or even the comfortable seventy-two inch width, which tucks in generously at each side and guarantees a well-covered sleeper. Sheets last so amazingly long that it really pays in comfort and satisfaction to have them the proper length and width for adequate tucking in.

To Select Blankets

THERE was a day when a cotton blanket meant a thin affair sold usually for summer use. Today there is another variety of cotton blanket, thick and fleecy and almost as warm as wool. Every bed should have a pair of each variety—the lighter blanket for cool nights in summer, the warmer for spring, fall, even winter use. Cotton blankets range in price from $2.00 per pair for the light variety up to about $7.00 for the top quality of the warmer kind in decorative patterns. Where quality is wanted with a low price, there are excellent blankets of the part-wool variety, dainty ones in light colors such as white with borders, or the solid colors without borders in delicate pastel tints, some with the same color on both sides or a contrasting color on each side; also practical dark designs good for camp and school are offered. These are in the shops at from $4.00 to $7.00 per pair. In the heavier single blanket for couch throws, some bold designs in strong colors are very appropriate substitutes for genuine Indian blankets, for boys' school dormitory rooms. They are $3.00 and more.

All-wool blankets offer a wide variety of choice. They start at about $7.00 or $8.00 per pair for the cheaper variety, the better quality selling for from $10.00 to $15.00 per pair, and in some of the best city shops, you may pay as much as $100.00 per pair for fleecy blankets of soft white wool, satin ribbon bound.

Comforts are filled with cotton, wool or down. The latter is expensive to start with, so a down comfort is seldom covered with anything but silk or satin, making the down puffs a very de luxe article, indeed, and an especially comfortable one on a cold night. Lamb's wool is nearly as light and quite as warm, however, and is ever so much nearer the reach of the average purse, ranging in price from $5.00 to $15.00. The coverings for both lamb's wool and cotton comforts range all the way from cheap cotton and silk mull to satinette and sateen, tussah silk, satin and brocade and rayon combinations.

It is not enough to be beautiful . . .

One must be *smartly* beautiful Today

And that new
facial *smartness . . . clear, radiant—above all,* natural
. . . is so easily achieved in this delightful, new way

LOOK about you. Hats . . . snug—revealing. Frocks . . . clinging—sophisticated, with neck-lines severe and unadorned. All designed, it seems, to make the face the most important part of the smart ensemble.

And this mode for simplicity—is it not largely responsible for the naturally lovely complexions one sees everywhere, the flawless skin texture so conspicuously noticeable among well-groomed women?

Today, more than ever before, women, with their intimate knowledge of skin care, realize that if the complexion is to be kept naturally beautiful, then the skin must be always exquisitely clean. Which is why so many of them make the new Complete Woodbury *Facial* a regular part of their beauty routine.

For this new treatment—which delightfully combines the use of Woodbury's Facial Soap with the Woodbury Creams—does more than cleanse the surface of the skin. It penetrates down into the very pore-depths—awakens, stimulates the skin—leaves it translucently clear, glowing, ready to meet the eyes of an appraising world.

Such a simple treatment, too. For which you need only Woodbury's Cold Cream—soothing and caressing—to soften and dissolve the dust particles that lurk deep down in the pores. Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its bland, foamy lather to wash every vestige of soiled cream from the pore-depths. Woodbury's Facial Cream—greaseless and refreshing—to tone up the skin to a velvety softness.

Follow the three steps faithfully. You will be astonished at the immediate improvement in your complexion! And such a sense of exhilaration—such a healthy glow—such a feeling of absolute skin-cleanliness! This because the Woodbury's Creams are made especially to work in harmony with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

First, to thoroughly open the pores, use a cloth wrung from hot water. Then cover the face and neck with Woodbury's Cold Cream, massaging it well into the skin with an upward and outward movement. With searching thoroughness it penetrates every tiny pore—softening and dissolving the embedded dust and dirt particles.

Next remove the surplus cream with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Then wash the face and neck with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Work the creamy lather well into your skin to remove from the pores every vestige of soiled cream. Now a warm water rinse, and a dash of cold water—or use a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth. Immediately your skin will feel stimulated, awakened, glowing.

Your drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*. Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band that holds your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Complete Woodbury *Facial* every day for a week. After that, a *Facial* once or twice a week (with Woodbury's Facial Soap in between times, as directed in the booklet around every cake) will keep

Finally, with your fingertips, apply Woodbury's Facial Cream. Cooling and greaseless, it supplies just the right amount of natural moisture, without clogging the pores—giving that soft, velvety texture so much desired. The Complete Woodbury Facial is only a matter of minutes—make it a regular part of your beauty routine and yours will always be the natural beauty of "A skin you love to touch!"

your skin soft, clear and clean. Write today for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

Just mail the coupon for your generous trial set

THE ANDREW JERGENS COMPANY
1505 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*, and a Tressette.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1505 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

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DEMAND
Fresh Fish
IN THIS WRAPPER

Fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish

ALWAYS FRESH
FROM SEA TO YOUR DEALER
NEVER FROZEN

40-FATHOM* fish is fresh from the ocean. Heads, tails, backbones and all waste are removed, leaving only the sweet, white TENDERLOIN OF THE FISH. This is wrapped in parchment paper as illustrated above, packed in ice and rushed by fast express to your dealer. As easy to cook as bacon.

Every home in every town of any size, even a thousand miles from the ocean, can now revel in fresh 40-FATHOM fish, with all the tang and savor of the sea.

40-FATHOM fish is the "cream of the catch." Always fresh, never frozen; never preserved nor out of cold storage. Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer for 40-FATHOM fish by name. Get this tasty FISH TENDERLOIN in the above wrapper which is your protection. For fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish.

Theodore Szarvas, maitre d'hotel of the Ritz-Carlton, New York, and Louis Diat, chef de cuisine of that famous hotel, have written a booklet. It gives you their wonderful fish recipes—the ones they use in preparing 40-FATHOM fish for the guests at the Ritz-Carlton. Send coupon below for your free copy today.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BAY STATE FISHING CO. McC-3
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

Please send me free Book of Recipes for cooking 40-FATHOM fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton.

Name.....

Address.....

Photo by Barron Callen

Rosy cheeks and bright eyes are signs of health

The Pre-School Child's Health

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers" and other books on children.

ANY time before the school attendance period arrives may be rightly considered as the pre-school age, which would cover the time elapsing from birth to the sixth year. By common consent, however, we deduct the first two years of infancy. This places the pre-school age from the second to the sixth year and comprises a period of life in which most rapid development both physical and mental occurs. No matter how long a life, there is never another four-year period that has so much crowded into it. At this early period both the type of physical structure and character are in the making and rapidly.

The position of the child at the onset of the pre-school age as regards happiness and health depends primarily upon moronic man-made laws, heredity and his early environment. What then of the future—what are the agencies that fashion the body and mold the mind during the vital four years? Heredity and environment! Heredity while important is given greater prominence in influencing the child's destiny than it deserves. Providing the child is well fed and properly cared for generally, hereditary influences are largely of a physical nature. The height and weight attained, the type and form of body, face and features, the capacity for effort and in lesser degree initiative are determined in no small degree by the kind of progenitors nature supplied. Many generations of ancestors and our immediate ancestors for that matter, were the end result of a succession of environmental contacts and so are we all.

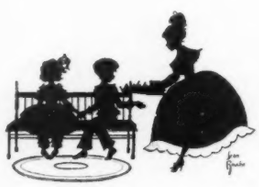
As it always has been, it is today, food, nutrition in a broad sense, is the most vital feature in human existence. At the age of two years, a small boy, naked, should weigh about twenty-eight pounds and he should be thirty-two and one-half inches tall. A small girl, naked, at two years should weigh twenty-five pounds and the height should be thirty-two and one-half inches. At the age of six years the same small boy should weigh forty-five pounds and his height should be forty-four inches, and the same small girl's weight should be forty-four pounds and the height forty-three and one-half inches. The body of the small boy or small girl has been built and will continue to be built by the food it assimilates, and small growing persons of any age cannot assimilate food that they do not get.

Importance of Diet

FIRST and foremost, humans young and old, particularly the young, require a mixed diet. Youth is not a time for dietetic fads or fancies. There have always been food faddists. Adults who from mental aberration or bodily ailment demand a narrow dietetic regime, should not be denied it. But to narrow a child's diet because of a whim or prejudice is manifestly unfair to a healthy child whose bodily needs require a mixed diet of flesh foods, eggs, milk, vegetables, cereals and fruits. The young mother learns that the principal nutritional elements in food are fat, protein and carbohydrate, that these substances are supplied from different sources and that for growing purposes the child needs a reasonable portion of these substances. Some are given in the raw state and some are cooked. She has learned that food contains certain substances known as vitamines, and that there are vitamines known as A, B, C, D and E. She may also have learned in which food these vitamines exist in greatest quantity. All of which she may forget if she chooses, for the usual mixed diet as referred to above contains fat, protein and carbohydrate with the necessary vitamines invisible but there.

The pre-school child is particularly susceptible to infections of various kinds. Infection usually means illness and illness means in the young a delay in growth, a loss of time in body building. The pre-school child should have been vaccinated against small-pox in infancy and inoculated against diphtheria at the beginning of the pre-school period and he should be protected from infection such as catarrhal colds, grippe and all contagious diseases. There is no advantage in having the child pass through the usual contagious diseases at any period and they should be postponed indefinitely if possible. We often hear it stated that the child may just as well have this or that disease while he is young and get through with it. But at the same time we overlook the fact that he may not get through with it.

It will add greatly to the child's happiness in early life as well as later if he is taught to conform to certain standards of conduct and these standards are easily established during the plastic period. For his happiness and future development there are two requirements that must be learned—obedience is the first and the second is a respect for the rights of others.



PARTIES FOR CHILDREN!

Send for our new book of ten jolly parties for the little ones, to help you celebrate their birthdays and holidays. The price of this booklet is twenty cents.

McCALL'S SERVICE EDITOR
236 W. 37th St., New York City

Now...

Tallies and Score Pads to match your Playing Cards

BE the first in your circle to introduce these smart new Congress Bridge Sets. In each gay unit is everything needed for one table—two mated packs of beautiful Congress Playing Cards; and four tallies and a score pad in harmony with the playing cards. All compactly assembled in a decorative gold-stamped box. Or three sets, all different, in a special container for large parties, gifts or prizes. Many new designs, including the modernistic. All in color with gold edges. Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us and we will tell you where these attractive sets may be seen in your city.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.
Dept. M-1, Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada

Co-sponsor with Auction Bridge Magazine, 19 West 44th Street, New York City, of

BRIDGE *by* RADIO

See newspapers for time of broadcasting, names of players and cards held, or write us for complete schedule.

Bicycle Playing Cards are available in two-pack cases, especially convenient for Bridge.

There are 56 designs in Congress Playing Cards. 16 of these designs available in Congress Bridge Sets. Other designs being added at regular intervals.

Easy lessons in Auction Bridge, 120 pages, complete instructions, and the latest official rules—10c postpaid.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.,
Dept. M-1, Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada.
Please mail postpaid the items checked.

....Name of dealer selling Congress Bridge Sets
....Bridge by Radio schedule free
....Easy Lessons in Auction Bridge 10c

Name.....

Address.....

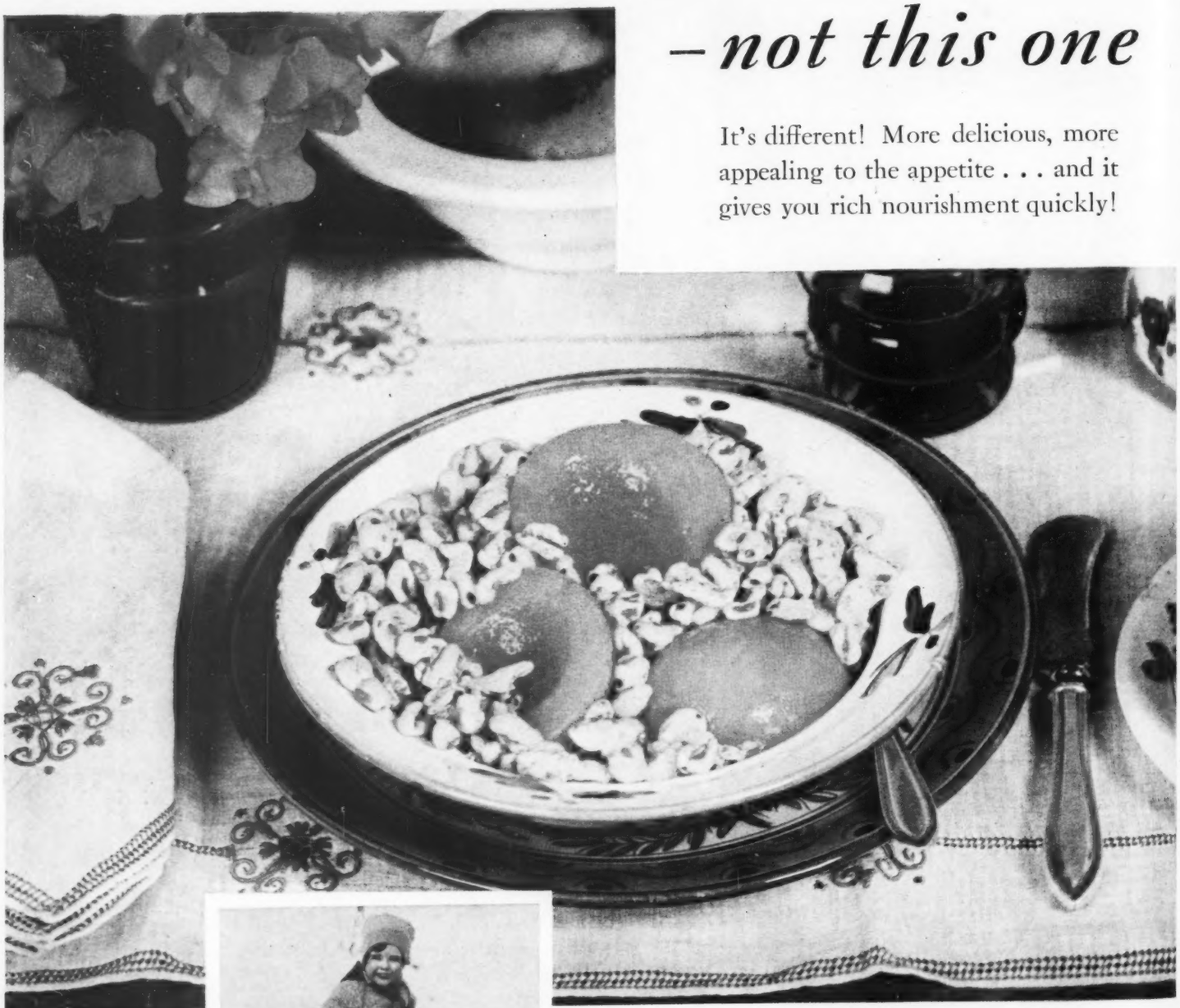
City..... State.....

CONGRESS and BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

Breakfast Monotonous?

—not this one

It's different! More delicious, more appealing to the appetite . . . and it gives you rich nourishment quickly!



With halves of peaches, Puffed Wheat is a winter favorite

His mother worried when Richard Murphy wouldn't eat his cereal. Finally she tempted him with Puffed Rice, and now it's the mainstay of his breakfast. "He is improving wonderfully, physically," she writes.

A DELIGHTFUL breakfast awakens morning appetites. Yet it has another, even more important, function. It must provide the nourishment without which no morning's work can be successful.

Here is the perfect breakfast to answer those needs: plump, delicately oven-toasted grains, made to taste like delicious nut morsels. Rich wheat and white rice, with all their wealth of nutritive value preserved and all their possibilities of good taste realized.

Because of their airy deliciousness, their toasty crunchiness, mothers have thought of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice chiefly as a "treat" for children. Yet dieticians have discovered they are virtually the same in energy value as a serving of less attractive hot cereal dishes.

What "puffing" does

If you examine rice or wheat grains under a microscope, you find them honeycombed with millions of food cells. Puffing turns the moisture in these cells into steam. 125 million explosions occur in every kernel, opening every cell, releasing rich stores of protein and carbohydrate. Thus Puffed Grains become the most completely digestible, the most readily nourishing of cereals.

Mothers need never coax to get Puffed Grains eaten, a recent home survey in 42 states proved. "What," we asked mothers, "is your child's favorite cereal?" Of 10 brands, Puffed Grains was the favorite.

Puffed Wheat—made of whole wheat—contains precious minerals to build the body and to protect health, carbohydrates to give energy and proteins to build tissue. It retains the bran for roughage.

Puffed Rice is a delicious dainty, full of ready energy. It tempts millions of appetites to better breakfasts.

Serve in wide variety

Always keep Puffed Grains in your pantry. Serve them with whole milk; with fresh fruit. Or crisp them in butter like popcorn. You will love these zestful morsels. Get, at any grocers.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

REVIEWS *of* BOOKS

For The Children

SO MANY letters have come to my desk asking for a list of good books for boys and this month my book shelves are so full of stories of adventure, biography and history, that I am going to make this boys' month and devote this page to those boys who enjoy reading, who like a book that holds their interest from one page to the next and who live the stories they read.

One of my sixteen-year-old friends, Jim Finsterwald, has read four of these books and here, in his own words, are his opinions of them.

Danger Ahead, by Ralph Henry Barbour. Fleming H. Revell Company, $2.00. *Danger Ahead,* as might be expected in a book by this author, is one of the best. Breezing Along, the apt title of the first chapter sets the tone for the adventure of two boys and a third one whom they rescue from kidnappers on a trip by automobile from Florida to Ohio. The story "breezes along" to a skillfully wrought surprise and happy ending.

The Ghost of the Glimmerglass, by Merritt P. Allen. Harper & Brothers, $1.75. This is a rattling good mystery story, interesting and exciting for boys up to sixteen years of age. Pell Fielding finds himself heir by an uncle's will to some timber land in Vermont. There is a mystery about the will and a vengeful, unpleasant, red-haired former hired man named Jake who claims the land. When all seems lost, including the timber, the mysteries are solved and our boys go back to school well equipped with money in hand and as one of them says, "Who knows how much more to come."

The Boy Who Found Out, The Story of Henri Fabre, by Mary H. Wade. D. Appleton & Company, $1.75. *The Boy Who Found Out* presents a stimulating account of struggle and success. A touching and understanding picture of Henri Fabre's childhood is followed by an interesting account of many active years of effort and achievement. His later years and his death at the age of ninety are simply told.

DOES YOUR CHILD LIKE TO READ?

We have prepared a list of recently published books for children of all ages—books on travel, history and adventure; fairy tales, poetry; and picture books and stories for the very little ones. Send a two-cent stamp for *New Books for Children.*

McCALL'S SERVICE EDITOR
236 West 37th Street
New York City

The Exciting Adventures of Captain John Smith, by Vernon Quinn. Frederick A. Stokes Company, $2.50. This is biography and adventure combined, but since John Smith's life was all adventure, the biography necessarily is not predominant. The adventure is and will prove most glorious reading for boys of any age. Pirates and Turks, slavery and encounters and adventures with our own American Indians, followed by the mutiny of his crew and his imprisonment on a French frigate, filled his life and the pages of this book.

Another book of history and adventure is *Pilgrims, Indians And Patriots,* by Randolph G. Adams. This covers the story of America from the founding of the colonies to the time of the American Revolution when we became the United States. It is illustrated with contemporary maps and drawings, many of which are amusing, while others are instructive. (Published by Little, Brown and Company, $3.00.)

Two books, especially of interest to young boys, have come in which I think I need only mention, as they are familiar to young and old. *The Last of the Mohicans,* by J. Fenimore Cooper, is published in a new edition. $1.50. This is one of The Golden Books, a series of Children's Classics, published by David McKay Company.

From the same publisher we have received a lovely new edition of *The Legend Of Sleepy Hollow,* by Washington Irving, $2.50. Arthur Rackham has illustrated this tale with beautiful colored drawings and clever and amusing black and white illustrations.

Sinbad the Sailor . . . Aladdin, with his wonderful lamp . . . and the great Calif Haroun Al Raschid, Defender of the Faith! What hours—what glamorous, unforgettable hours, that always end with Peter sound asleep in the snuggly depths of his white, soft bed!

SHEETS THAT OUTLAST

The thousand and one nights!

RIGHT now you can buy sheets for Peter's bed that will see him through his squirming era, his pirate period, even into his "grown-up" high-school days! All the Arabian nights, told and retold, cannot measure the life of Pequot sheets!

American housewives—hundreds and hundreds of them—write us that they choose Pequot sheets because they *wear longest.*

The following comments are typical: "I used six Pequot sheets the first eight years I was married"; "some of my Pequot sheets were ten years old before worn out"; "Pequot sheets don't wear out under my washer's pounding."

And America's wise homemakers do not overlook Pequot refinements. They say: "Pequot sheets remain very white"; "soft and fine in texture"; "retain their freshness"; "keep their crispness".

Ever since 1839 both the economy and luxury of Pequot sheets and pillow cases have been a family tradition. Today, *Pequot is by far the most popular sheet in America.*

* * *

Now, Pequot Sheets in Color!

Pequot now offers sheets in a choice of seven lovely colors: peach, maize, blue, pink, green, orchid, and rose—all *guaranteed fast.* You may have the sheets in snowy white with colored hem, or the entire sheet in delicate color. These sheets are hemstitched, the threads being carefully drawn *by hand.*

Pequot sheets in color have the same strong, smooth texture as white Pequot sheets. Sold in beautifully boxed sets.

Made by the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, Salem, Mass. Parker, Wilder & Company, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Boston, Selling Agents.

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

GOOD NIGHT SWEET DREAMS

"Flatters with its dashing gleam . ."

says LADY HEATH

England's Foremost Woman Aviator

Famous flyer and hunter of big game . . . Lady Heath is renowned for her beauty and great daring. She has flown from Cape Town to London and hunted big game all over the globe.

Lady Heath keeps her capable hands lovely with the new Cutex Liquid Polish . . .

LADY HEATH, now touring America to recount for us some experiences of her very enthralling life, is that delightful English combination of sportswoman and society woman everywhere admired—fearless, charming, beautiful.

As Lady Heath takes entire care of her own De Haviland Moth plane, we asked her in a recent interview whether she did not find the strenuous life she led very hard on her hands.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she answered. Lady Heath has a quick, interested way of talking which is most refreshing. "But when I am 'roughing it,' as you Americans say, a little dirt does not annoy me! And one learns ways to clean up the hands in a jiffy.

"I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle, and the Cutex Cuticle Oil to feed it, and once a week I apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish — which doesn't stain, you know.

"After a hard day I simply wash my hands in soap and water, and immediately they look quite spiffy. Really I'm quite devoted to that new Liquid Polish. It gives a dashing gleam that is very flattering to my conception of myself."

Do These Three Things

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle, bringing out the beauty of half moons.

Second, the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by the Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third — apply Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil around the cuticle and under the tip to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35¢ each. Polish and Remover together 50¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish flatters Your Nails

Special Introductory Offer—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. 9-F3
114 West 17th Street, New York.

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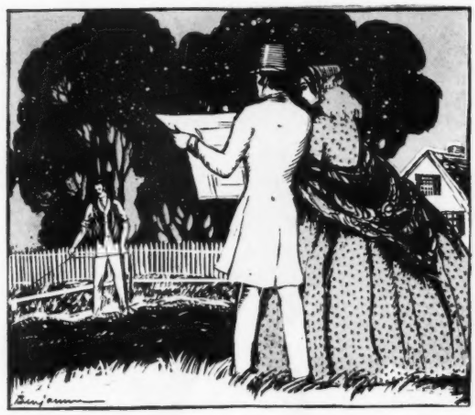


It's Time To Plan Your Garden

WHETHER your home is surrounded by acres of land or you have just a small plot of ground to call your own, the joy of planting a garden may be yours. McCall's Home Service offers you a new garden booklet, written by one of the foremost authorities on gardening. This booklet points the way to a garden that will flower all the year. It is beautifully illustrated with photographs and charts and planting plans for four different types of gardens. Send twenty cents for *Beautifying the Home Plot*, by Olive Hyde Foster, to McCall's Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York.

McCall's Home Service Booklets and Leaflets

The following is a list of booklets and leaflets to help the Homemaker on McCall Street with her entertainment and household problems.

Entertainment

Parties for Grownups. Our new party booklet which will help you plan parties for all the year. A very jolly affair for St. Patrick's Day is included. (Twenty cents.)

Parties for Children. Another new party booklet, planning jolly times for the little ones. There is also a special St. Patrick's Day Party the children will enjoy. (Twenty cents.)

A St. Patrick's Day Party. This leaflet plans a charming party for this festive day, with games, special Irish menu, decorations, etc. A party for grownups, but may easily be adapted to a children's party. (Six cents.)

"Antiques." A charming one-act play ideal for church or club production. (Ten cents.)

Parties for Young Girls. Interesting parties for girls. (Two cents.)

Bridal Showers. Five novel ways to shower the bride. (Two cents.)

Parties for the Bride. Announcement parties, more showers and a housewarming. (Two cents.)

Six Parties for the Women's Club. Stunts, a fashion-show, a hobby show and others. (Two cents.)

Club Parties. A bridge party, a music party and several money-making ideas for clubs. (Two cents.)

A Stork Shower. A charming party for the mother-to-be. (Four cents.)

Money-Making Affairs for Churches. A church supper, a new kind of fair and a carnival. (Two cents.)

Four Fairs That Make Money. Try the Dixieland Bazaar in your church and make money. (Two cents.)

Homemaking

Decorating Your Home. Color schemes for your rooms and many other important details of interior decoration. (Ten cents.)

Four Lessons in Interior Decoration. A short but instructive course for the beginner. (Twelve cents.)

The Family Budget. How to plan your income to enable you to purchase the things you want and still save money. (Ten cents.)

Cookery

The Etiquette of Afternoon Tea. What to serve and how to serve it at tea time. (Two cents.)

Time-Saving Cookery. Quickly prepared meals. (Ten cents.)

Master Recipes. Foundation recipes for hot breads, salads, cakes and many other delicacies. (Ten cents.)

Some Reasons Why in Cookery. Special information on baking, candy making at home and other fine points of cookery. (Ten cents.)

What to Serve at Parties. Refreshments and meals for festive occasions, including a special luncheon menu for St. Patrick's Day. (Ten cents.)

Problems

Everyone's life is full of them! It has been said that there is a book written on every problem in the world. Thousands of letters pour into our Service Department every month, each asking for help on some kind of problem and it is to aid these readers that McCall's Magazine has prepared two lists of helpful books: *Books You Ought to Own*, which suggests books to help the hostess, the clubwoman and anyone who is called upon to plan bazaars, pageants and other festivities, and *Books on Church and Family Problems*, which lists books on mind training for children, mental health for the sick in mind and body, how to help your church with social affairs as well as money-making enterprises, and many other subjects close to the hearts of all of us. (Eight cents each.)

Send stamps for these helpful booklets and leaflets to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

This Simple Habit

safeguards natural beauty of teeth and gums

Keeping teeth healthy and lovely is really easier than perhaps you imagine.

"Just keep them clean"—that is the simple rule which dentists urge. For clean teeth are likely to be healthy teeth. And healthy teeth are likely to be pretty teeth.

If you have any reason to feel that your teeth need treatment, see your dentist. Otherwise, do as he would have you do—brush your teeth twice a day with a safe dentifrice *that really cleans!* That, say leading dental authorities,* is the most that *you* can do to guard the natural loveliness of your teeth.

The Cleansing Dentifrice which Dentists urged!

Before we decided upon the Colgate formula, we went to leading dentists and asked this question, "What kind of dentifrice would best safeguard the health and beauty of teeth?" Their answer was simple. "A dentifrice that really cleans. Put in as much cleansing power as possible and leave out drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives—they are unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

Upon this authoritative advice we made Colgate's. We produced a toothpaste of maximum cleansing power—yet so mild and pure that it cannot harm even the most delicate teeth.

. . . . . .

—and Only 25c

Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It is today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest scientific research to safeguard quality. *Also, Colgate's is more* economical. *In the famous 25c tube, you get more toothpaste than in any other nationally advertised brand at that price.*

Since then, constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's. So scientifically correct is the Colgate formula that more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice. Largely on their advice more people today use Colgate's than any other.

Why Colgate's Cleans Better

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form. As you brush, this cleansing agent bursts into a bubbling, sparkling, delicious foam.

This foaming, searching wave carries a fine calcium carbonate powder which cleans away mucin and food deposits and polishes the enamel to shining smoothness. It penetrates between the teeth; reaches difficult surfaces—purifies and sweetens the entire mouth.

***AUTHORITY—"The dentist of today believes that there is very little curative or medicinal value in the average dentifrice. The chief function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth . . . "**

From an interview with a leading dentist in Printers' Ink, December 20, 1928.

Try it—FREE

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the teeth and mouth.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1689, 595 Fifth Ave., New York.

Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream together with the booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

No mop water coarsens hands that mop *this way*

SURELY you have wanted to own a Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop. To protect your hands as other modern women do.

With just a few turns of the handle grip this clever mop is wrung! *Your hands never touch the dirty mop water.* It's so much easier . . . nicer.

Why deny yourself a Betty Bright on another mopping day? You will find one at a local dealer's; the price is just $1. Renewal cloths, which make excellent dry floor polishers, 50c.

If your dealer hasn't Betty Bright Mops, send $1 with coupon below and we will mail you one, postpaid.

BETTY BRIGHT
SELF-WRINGING
MOP $1.00

[ADDRESS NEAREST OFFICE]

Parker-Regan Corporation, Dept. 39-E, 524 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio; 593 Market Street, San Francisco.

Please send me a Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop complete; I enclose $1 (money order, currency, check).

Name.....*Street*.....

City.....*State*.....

This store hadn't it (name and address).....

NOTE: *Betty Bright Reversible Dust Mop, $1.50; Betty Bright polish for lacquer, enamel, varnish, 30c, 60c. At dealer's or sent postpaid on request.*

Photo by ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

When you put on make-up, watch the line from chin to ear

MAKE-UP MAGIC

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCALL'S BEAUTY EDITOR

UNFORTUNATELY there are all about us evidences of widespread misconceptions about women's facial make-up. A great many of us still believe that an unhealthy or neglected skin can be kept beautiful by the use of much powder and rouge; that the best effect is gained by using more make-up than we need; that white or pink powder is the only suitable powder for blondes, that rouge with a purplish tinge is appropriate to the skin of the older woman, and that eye make-up of any kind can only be used successfully at night. And, of course, we come up frequently against that old plaint, "The constant use of make-up will in time ruin your skin!"

Powder and rouge can never take the place of proper skin care in preserving the natural functions and smooth texture of a fine, healthy skin. Make-up can do much to hide temporarily the effects of fatigue or illness; it can cover occasional blemishes. But only by wholesome living, systematic skin treatments and careful cleansing can we hope to keep our skins beautiful. No amount of the finest powder, rouge and lipstick can produce a good skin if you haven't one already.

THE best effect we can gain by make-up is to use as little as possible, but to use that little so skillfully that it does a magical job. There is no such thing as a perfectly white-as-paper skin. Yet lots of white face powder is still sold at toilet counters. Common sense should tell us that a clown-like whiteness can never be truly beautiful because it is so obviously artificial. White powder and pink should be used only in conjunction with the natural shades, which all have a creamy cast. There are rare transparent skins (often in the company of red or blonde hair) which need the most careful blending of face powder. For them pink powder on the cheeks, white powder elsewhere, with a faint blending of natural creamy powder of light texture on top of this, gives the true-to-nature effect.

Most older women choose a rouge with too much purple. The purplish tinge is typical of the flush under the older woman's skin. So if you want to look older there is nothing that will do it so successfully as purple rouge!

ARE you caring for your skin properly at this season of harsh winds, cold weather and snow? Our beauty booklet will show you the way to a beautiful skin all the year. There are chapters on hair-care, care of the hands, how to have a beautiful figure and many other subjects of vital interest to women. Send for *A Handbook of Beauty for Everywoman.* (Ten cents.)

McCall's Service Editor,
236 W. 37th St., New York City

The make-up which brings out the loveliness of eyes, lashes and brows, is perhaps the most difficult of all to accomplish. But for the girl with too pale brows and lashes it's worth the effort to learn the tricks that will make them more definite and alluring. Eyebrow pencils are obtainable in nearly all shades. Don't choose black unless it's becoming, but experiment till you find the tint that brings the most natural effect. Many blondes and red-haired girls may use shades of brown pencil that can hardly be detected.

You must be careful not to get make-up into the eye itself.

For the lashes, apply a little eye-cream or your favorite nourishing cream to upper and lower lids with your finger tip. Run the pencil just above and below the line of the lashes, then blend the penciling with finger tip wrapped tightly in cotton so that there is no perceptible line. Now with your tiny brush, on which a little brilliantine has been rubbed, brush the upper lashes up and the lower ones down. To train lashes and brows, they should be brushed this way nightly with a bit of petroleum jelly or special eyelash grower. This make-up may be achieved so skillfully that even in sunlight it does not look conspicuous or theatrical.

Mascara is usually reserved for night, for it takes great skill to apply it in the daytime so that it does not give that over-made-up look. At night, too, upper lids may be slightly shadowed with the faintest purple, blue, or brown shadow. If you go in for eye-shadows, they should enhance the depth, not make you look as if you had rubbed soot on your lids.

Make-up should only be applied to a perfectly clean skin. Whether or not you use a foundation preparation depends on your own kind of skin texture. The type of foundation, in stiff or thin cream, or lotion form, also depends on what preparation does the best job for you. In all cases the skin should not be in a relaxed state when make-up is applied. Cold water or a slightly astringent freshening lotion should be patted on the skin first lest the pores become enlarged. As for the texture of your powder—heavy, light or medium—that too, you must decide. There is no rule that applies to all types of skin.

CREAM rouge, though harder to apply, stays on longer than rouge in powder or compact form, when no foundation preparation is used. The edges of rouge should always be shaded off; nothing looks so careless or clumsy as rouge daubed on with a hard line around the edge. Look at yourself in profile before being satisfied with the blending. Powder, of course, helps to blend the edges, but the initial application of rouge should be pretty well shaded off before powder is applied. If you achieve a good, natural, softly blended effect it doesn't matter much whether you put rouge or powder on first. Powder should, of course, be brushed from eyebrows and lashes.

Some doctors and anti-make-up fanatics keep telling us gloomily that all this make-up is ruining our skins. But the sensible, sane use of rouge and powder does far less harm than bad diets and an unhealthy, indoor life. Finally all make-up *must* be removed at the end of the day; this is the first rule of beauty. The skin must renew itself naturally while we sleep.

Sweeps easier now!

New "Hi-Lo" Brush Control makes amazing difference

A NEW improvement... the "Hi-Lo" Brush Control... so greatly lessens the required handle pressure that now you just glide this magic sweeper over heavy carpets, and there is no hard bearing down on any surface.

Use the improved Bissell to sweep any floor from bare linoleum to the heaviest tufted rugs. It sweeps them *all* with greater ease. You really must see the new Bissell to appreciate the improvement.

Your leading hardware, furniture or department store will gladly demonstrate the new, improved Bissell. Why not enjoy the inexpensive pleasure of a new sweeper? A Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all Cyco models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$5.50 and up (50c more in the West and South). Ask your dealer to show you. "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free on request. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The new "Hi-Lo" brush control (Automatic)

The new

BISSELL

SWEEPER

with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

WHAT OF YOUR IRONING?

[*Continued from page 33*]

the woman doing the ironing. In these days, however, there are three-heat irons, automatic models and irons with convenient hinged plugs, or with buttons right below the handle for turning heat on and off at a touch of the finger.

The heating elements inside them are fairly well standardized. Maximum heat in minimum time and good distribution of the heat over the iron's surface with durability are the ideals. As with any other electrical device buy an iron made by a nationally known and established firm, one that will not go out of business before the iron does and leave you with no way to repair it or get new parts. A good manufacturer always signs his product and you especially need a good reputation behind an iron.

The automatic feature of electric irons is much misunderstood. The heat is automatically controlled at a certain point, which prevents the burning out of the iron under all ordinary conditions, *but will not prevent scorching fabrics under any and all circumstances*, especially if you go to the door or answer the telephone and leave the iron face down on the board.

The Useful Ironer

THE advent of the electric ironer into the home is a tremendous asset. It is the old idea that ironing machines were for rough, mass work on "flat" wash, but fine ironing must be done by hand. The heavy pressure needed for the finest of damask and the choicest sheets can't be produced by hand and the results, especially as to gloss, given by these machines exceed in quality, as well as in quantity and reduction in labor, the handwork of a most expert laundress.

The operator sits comfortably to do the ironing and uses her head and her hands to direct skilfully the machine's labors. Her part is important, but she no longer exhausts herself, especially as to back and wrist, by hard work. With the deft controls now used and the open-end rollers (some models are open at both ends), the simple dresses of today, for children or grownups, the men's shirts and collars are all handled easily. Much harm has been done to the defenceless household appliances by over-zealous salesmen who insist that you have only to press a button and let the machine do the rest. This is never true. Any machine needs to be understandingly operated. But it is true that anyone can do it with a little understanding and practice.

Here again as with the hand irons, buy of a reliable maker and make your selection as to details to suit your space, your laundry requirements and the details of operation which suit you. Machines have obligingly shrunk to fit the smallest of spaces for home use. The roller may vary from twenty-six to forty-four inches in length. It may stand on a castered claw foot and turn up endwise, to occupy only a corner when not in use. Or it may fold up in an enameled case that makes a kitchen table.

You may choose between a control by foot pressure on a long rod, or by knee-pressure on a padded lever, with buttons under your hand to start the motor and turn on the heat. Special devices make possible successful home tailoring and pressing of thin pieces and heavy ironing. However, the wise woman sorts her ironing, as well as her washing these days for efficiency and time saving.

During March only—

$79.50

buys this all-porcelain

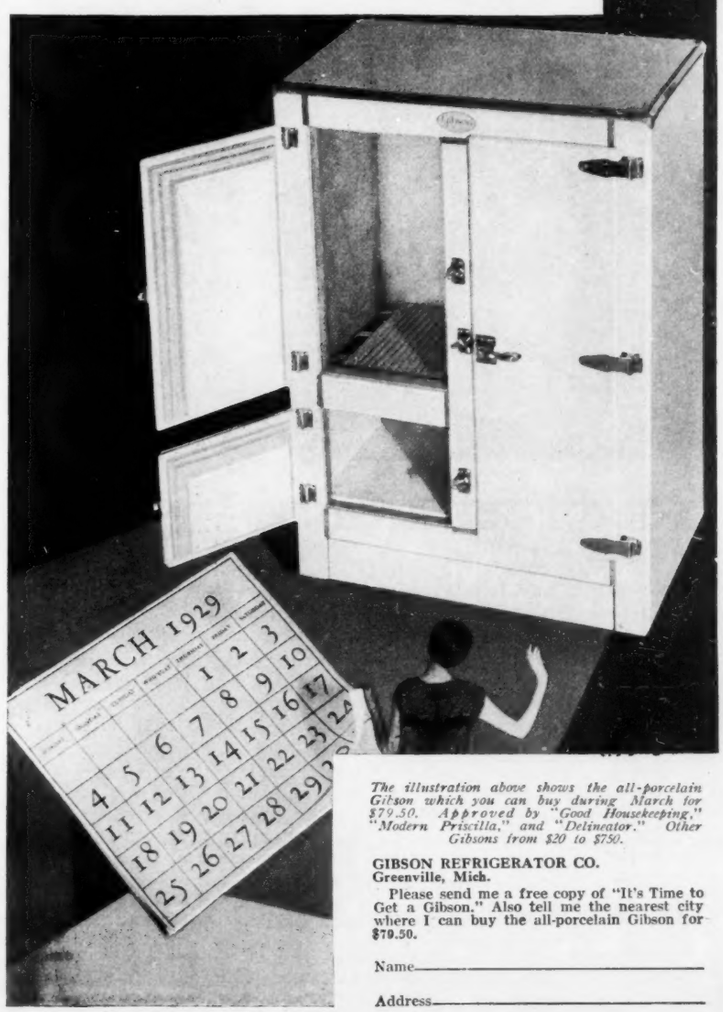
Gibson

NEVER before such a bargain as this! Think of it—a corkboard insulated Gibson — all-porcelain *outside* as well as *inside* for the unheard-of price, $79.50. Every Gibson dealer in America makes this offer, but remember — *this special price is for March only.* So act now. Put this snow-white all-porcelain Gibson in place of your old worn-out ice-box. Not only will you save money when you buy, but the Gibson will save your food and ice for years.

This all-porcelain Gibson gives your food the utmost in protection—It is insulated with that superb heat-resisting material—corkboard. It has the most efficient trap ever made . . . one-piece aluminum — unbreakable, non-rusting, non-corroding, exclusive to the Gibson. When you close the doors they lock air-tight automatically. The seamless porcelain interior has rounded corners. Always easy to clean inside and outside. The flat metal shelves, exclusive to Gibson, never rust and you can slide small dishes across them without their tipping and spilling.

Manufacturers of electrical refrigerating units approve the corkboard insulated Gibson—This specially priced Gibson comes equipped for quick and easy installation of electrical appliances. See also the new line of Gibsons built expressly for electrical or gas refrigeration. A compartment at the base can be used to house your unit or for dry vegetables. Also beautiful models—oak-finished ash cabinets and snow-white enameled all-steel refrigerators. All prices. Send the coupon for a free copy of "It's Time to Get a Gibson." Gibson Refrigerator Co., Greenville, Mich.

Gibson
REFRIGERATOR



The illustration above shows the all-porcelain Gibson which you can buy during March for $79.50. Approved by "Good Housekeeping," "Modern Priscilla," and "Delineator." Other Gibsons from $20 to $750.

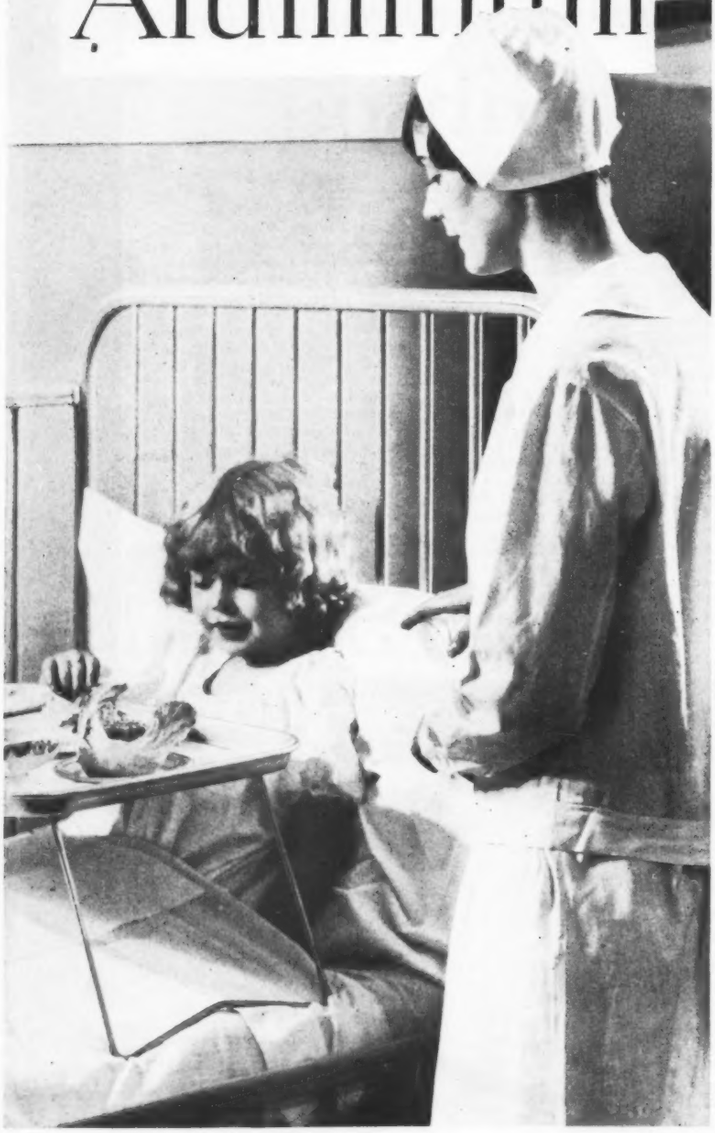
GIBSON REFRIGERATOR CO.
Greenville, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of "It's Time to Get a Gibson." Also tell me the nearest city where I can buy the all-porcelain Gibson for $79.50.

Name_____

Address_____

The BEST COOKS *use* Aluminum



Good Food is Good Medicine

Hospitals know that surgical skill and patient expert nursing are only part of the program. *Appetite* must be revived. And that means good food, well cooked. And *that* means, in the majority of hospitals, food cooked in *aluminum*.

St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn., where the Mayos work; the new Medical Center of New York, world's greatest cooperative hospital project; Battle Creek Sanitarium; Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago—these are only a few of countless institutions where aluminum does the cooking.

Good food is good medicine at home, too. If you would follow the lead of highest authority, make aluminum the *foundation equipment* of your kitchen. Because it cooks everything well; because it is light and manageable; because it is so easy to keep hygienically clean; because it is durable, economical, *beautiful*.

No wonder the best cooks use it!

MAIL COUPON FOR BOOKLET

ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION
Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below:

ADVENTURES IN RELIGION

[*Continued from page 7*]

it, and that nowadays it did more harm than good. For a people who had conducted the great war with so much chivalry to enemies on all sides this record of bloodshed, treachery and vindictiveness was too much of a shock. For years he had been making a bogey of this shock, till he now caught a glimpse of a drama cosmic in its immensity.

HE himself invited the boy's questions by bringing home a Bible containing maps, comments and all sorts of data to make the reading of it more comprehensible. Bobby accepted it with the interest he gave to all his preparations for boarding school, but for a day of two he said nothing. Then one afternoon when they were again alone together he brought up his first question out of a spell of profound meditation.

"Father, what's the Bible for?"

Leroy lowered the paper which hid his face. "Do you remember what I said about religion a few days ago?"

"Yes, you said it was a bond, and the syllable *l-i-g* stood for its real meaning. You said it was the ligament that bound men to God and God to men and men to each other."

"Well, then, the Bible is the history of how we found that out. It isn't the history of religion. It's the history of men while they were discovering the purpose of religion."

"Is it true history?"

"It's true history to the extent that men of two thousand and sometimes of three thousand years ago understood the truth. Truth never changes, but our understanding of it does. The world changes so quickly that an old-fashioned history is almost as out of date as an old-fashioned novel."

"And is the Bible an old-fashioned history?"

"It might be, except for its absolute sincerity. Whatever it says is true to truth as truth was understood at the time of writing. It may not be true to what we understand as facts today, but it's true as to what were understood as facts a great many centuries ago. Facts take a different look according as they're viewed by different ages. We can see that even among ourselves. Ellie at seven hasn't the same comprehension of facts that you have at twelve; and you at twelve haven't the same comprehension of facts as I have at thirty-six. Now the writers of the Bible, of whom there were a great many, were as wide apart in their development as Ellie and you and I. Some of them were at my stage; some of them at yours; some of them at Ellie's; and some go far, far back into the prehistoric. Do you know what the prehistoric is?"

The boy shook his head. "I'm not sure that I do."

"*Pre* means before. Sometimes you see an old building of which you're told that it's pre-Revolutionary. That means—"

"That it was built before the Revolution. Yes, I see."

"And the prehistoric came—"

"Before there was any history. But why wasn't there a history?"

Leroy explained that as soon as men secured a supply of pens, ink and paper, they set themselves to preserve that mass of prehistoric knowledge which had come to them by word of mouth. Not only one person did it, but a number. The prehistoric knowledge did not belong to the Hebrews alone; it seems to have been general. The Assyrians and Babylonians certainly possessed it in substance similar to that handed down among the Hebrews. Such variations as there were could be attributed to the differing mentalities of those who repeated the tradition. If Bobby would bring him his Bible he would show him that there were three right at the beginning of the Book of Genesis.

Bobby having returned with his volume Leroy pointed out to him the double account of Creation given in the first two chapters of Genesis, with a third account beginning with chapter five. This was evidence at once that the book was a compilation not an original document.

From something said by one of his chums at school a doubt as to the value of these chapters had lodged in Bobby's mind. "But is it all true?"

"I should say," his father endeavored to explain, "that it was condensed truth. The knowledge that had been accumulating for perhaps six or eight thousand years, during which time nothing could be written down, would have to be condensed in order to allow the mind to deal with it. To me the marvelous thing is that this outline follows so closely that which modern science has traced for us."

Bobby brought his skepticism further into play. "But the world wasn't made in six days, was it?"

LEROY replied that it seemed to him that people had been making of those six days an unnecessary bugbear. If we had to go to the Bible for scientific knowledge it would be quite another thing. But we went to the Bible to find the laws of the spiritual life as the ages had discovered them. What did it matter if prehistoric man measured the stages through which Creation took place with a morning and evening or by eons of ages, when he knew that God had evoked it? What it really amounted to was that the week of seven days, with the seventh day as one of rest, had been observed from immemorial time and this connection of each day with a cycle of creative development was meant as a kind of consecration. When you came to think of it, it was a noble idea, rich in poetry. When it came to magnificent beauty if Bobby would only listen while he read the opening words of the Bible he would see for himself how sonorous language could become when infused with a majestic thought.

Leroy read slowly and impressively:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light; and there was light. And God saw the light that it was good."

Bobby's eyes glistened. "Fine, isn't it? But it's the way you read it, father."

"It reads itself. It can't be read in any other way. And what I want you to remember is that this is not science; it is beauty. We go to the Bible not to

[*Continued on page 60*]

"Beauty Care *right in your own dishpan,*"

say 305 famous Beauty Shops

"With all our experience," these beauty experts find, "we cannot distinguish between hands that never wash dishes and hands that use Lux in the dishpan."

Famous Beauty Schools

also find Lux gentlest to the hands! After tests, the National Schools of Cosmeticians chose Lux for use in manicuring! "There is no better beauty aid for the housewife than Lux in washing dishes," they add.

Good for your hands to wash dishes? . . . Yes, if you use Lux! Read what beauty experts say!

NOBODY in the world has a better chance to compare women's hands than the experts in famous beauty shops in cities all over the country!

And 305 of the finest beauty salons in the United States agree that—

"Lux for dishes means hands that are truly lovely—as soft and white as the hands of leisure."

Here is beauty care *in your dishpan!*

How dishwashing has changed! No longer mere drudgery! While you are washing dishes with the gentle soothing Lux suds, your hands are gaining a wonderful half-hour, or more, of real *beauty care!*

The secret is this:

Lux is quite different from other soaps! It cherishes the delicate oils of the skin, while so many soaps pitilessly dry these beauty oils—leave the skin roughened and red and drawn looking.

Best of all, this wise, simple beauty care costs almost nothing. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day! The big package lasts through 6 weeks' dishwashing.

Here is the wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known—right in your own dishpan!

Modern Brides

96 out of every 100 interviewed in 11 great cities are using Lux for their dishes, to keep their hands truly lovely! These modern girls mean to keep house without losing a bit of youthful charm.

These Famous Hands

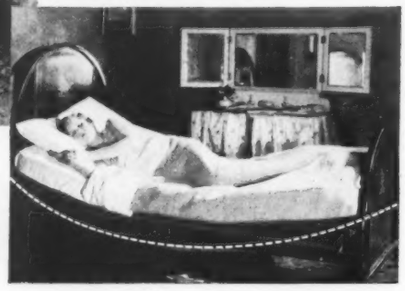
of Miss Irma Wright, world champion amateur typist, delight big audiences with their speed! "Lux in my dishpan keeps my hands supple and white, in spite of my housekeeping cares," Miss Wright enthusiastically says!

Less than 1¢ a day

Of course dishes shine, glasses sparkle, with the lovely Lux suds—instantly sparkling, even in hard water! And Lux for dishes costs so little! The big package will wash 6 weeks' dishes—lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day!

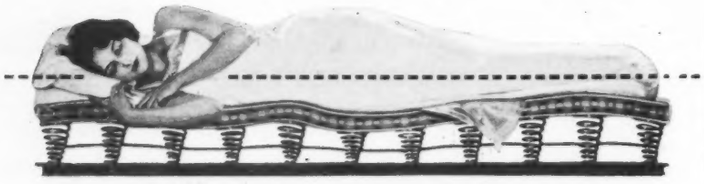
You can't RELAX in such positions

You know how stiff and uncomfortable you feel after dozing in a chair. That is because your body is not supported properly. Your spine is bent, your nerves and muscles strained and your vital organs cramped.



Perhaps habit has made you used to a bedspring that sags or one that is too stiff. But strained sleeping positions are unavoidable on such a bedspring. No wonder you awake so often with that tired unrested feeling.

Only a bedspring that supports your body naturally can give refreshing sleep



WHEN you sleep on a Rome De Luxe Spring your spine lies straight and natural; your body fully relaxed.

UNLESS you are one of the many thousands who already enjoy the comfort of a Rome De Luxe Bedspring, there is a new treat in store for you. For its unique free-coil construction gives more comfortable, more refreshing sleep than any other type bedspring in the world!

That is because every single coil moves with absolute freedom, independently of surrounding coils.

Thus, this spring yields freely to the pressure of your hips and shoulders, yet rises to relieve all strain on the vital organs between. Your spine lies straight and natural; your nerves and muscles are entirely relaxed and free from strain. No wonder sleep comes quicker and is deeper, more refreshing on such a bedspring!

Don't let habit cheat you of this natural, healthful sleep any longer. Go to your furniture or department store, today, and arrange for a De Luxe trial. And be sure you get a genuine Rome De Luxe. Its special free-coil movement is found in no other bedspring.

Send for Dr. Royal S. Copeland's booklet: *"How Better Sleep Builds Better Health"*. Free.

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Here is the new Rome DeLuxe Slip Cover. Gives the tailored appearance of a box spring, yet costs but little. Its Talon "Hookless Fastener" makes this slip cover fit better and handle easier

The De Luxe label attached to the slats of every genuine Rome De Luxe Spring is your guarantee of getting all the quality points that only this spring offers you. Look for it and be sure. You can now have your choice of two beautiful and practical colors. Orchid or French Gray

The ROME Company

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ADVENTURES IN RELIGION

[*Continued from page 58*]

learn whether the world was made in six days or in cycles of ten thousand years apiece. We go to learn that it was made by God. God is bound to it; it is bound to God; and the expression of that bond is—what now?"

"It's religion, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's religion. Not this religion or that religion, but religion in general."

Bobby showed that his knowledge of the Bible went further than his father had supposed. "But there never was an Adam and Eve and a serpent that talked to them, now was there?"

IT WAS a pity, Leroy explained, that the terms Adam and Eve had been taken by our translators to be proper names. In reality they were not names at all. Adam was simply Man; Eve was Life or Woman or Mother according to the shade of significance you attached to the word. The prehistoric bards who, to keep this ancient knowledge from being lost, first told the tale around the primitive campfires used the method we now know as personification in order to get conciseness. Knowing already what conciseness was Bobby was asked for examples of personification and produced John Bull and Uncle Sam. These suited his father.

"You see Uncle Sam is not one American—he's every American. And John Bull is not one Englishman, but all Englishmen taken together. In the same way, Adam was not an individual man; he was mankind in general, while the chronicle expressly says that Man called his wife's name Life or Mother because she was the source of life to everyone born. So what we meet in the opening pages of the Old Testament," he concluded, "is not a pair of individuals, but the entire human race."

"The Bible," Leroy continued further, "introduces us to the human race just at the point where it begins its great spiritual struggle. Evil suggestion, too, is personified; and nothing more expressive of subtle insinuation than a serpent could have been selected. The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil becomes, according to this sinister suggestion, the Tree to be Desired to Make One Wise. That, too, was exactly to the point. You can see that temptation often comes in the guise of adding to one's experience."

Now if Bobby were to take his Bible and read this story as the starting point of the long spiritual fight on which the human race is still engaged it would make everything else in the Old Testament fall relatively into place. The human race would be shown as doing a great many evil things as well as some good ones, but the general effect would be forward. It was made to advance, and with all its progress God was closely connected. He was loving in little things as well as in great ones. As Man and Woman began their age-long struggle toward Him He not only promised them ultimate spiritual victory, but in their immediate helplessness He showed them the benefits to be found in work and clad them in coats of skin. He corrected them, but He never deserted them.

"We see that further," he went on to Bobby, "in the story of the conflict between the pastoral and agricultural activities of mankind which is given in the Bible under the personified names of Cain and Abel. This is not a tale of the murder of one man by another. To consider it that is to dwarf it and deprive it of its significance. It initiates the contest between the two classes for the domination of their time. Cain was a tiller of the ground, Abel a keeper of sheep.

"As usual God was claimed by the ultra-conservative. 'He had respect unto Abel and his offering, but unto Cain and his offering he had no respect.' As life became more settled and the new industry of the farmer killed the earlier one of the herdsman, God was invoked to dispossess the agriculturalist. This He is shown as doing by checking the tendency to a settled life and sending Cain, its representative, into the land of Nod, which means a life of wandering. Wandering and agriculture being incompatible, the herdsman class was supposed to be avenged."

Cain and Abel represented material interests, with the inception of that industrial warfare which is still a prime element in social life. But there was a third blend in the human consciousness—the intellectual and spiritual—personified by a third son. Seth, otherwise the appointed one, represented that. Seth was the beginning of spiritual development. His son was Enoch, another word for Man, and practically the equivalent of Adam. That is to say, a new type of man came to birth in the world—one which cared more for the spiritual than for the material. This man having come, then, the Bible goes on, "Men began to call on the name of the Lord." God having so closely associated Himself with Man, Man began to associate himself with God.

Leroy explained to Bobby that he had lingered over these opening pages of the Bible because they seemed to him the most important.

"They strike the keynote. They lay down the theme on which all the rest of the Old Testament is but an elaboration. That theme might be said to be Man's long, slow fight to conquer himself, to conquer the world of nature, to attain to God. These fragments of the prehistoric show us how he began. They show us, too, that he must have had the seed of great things in himself to have begun at all.

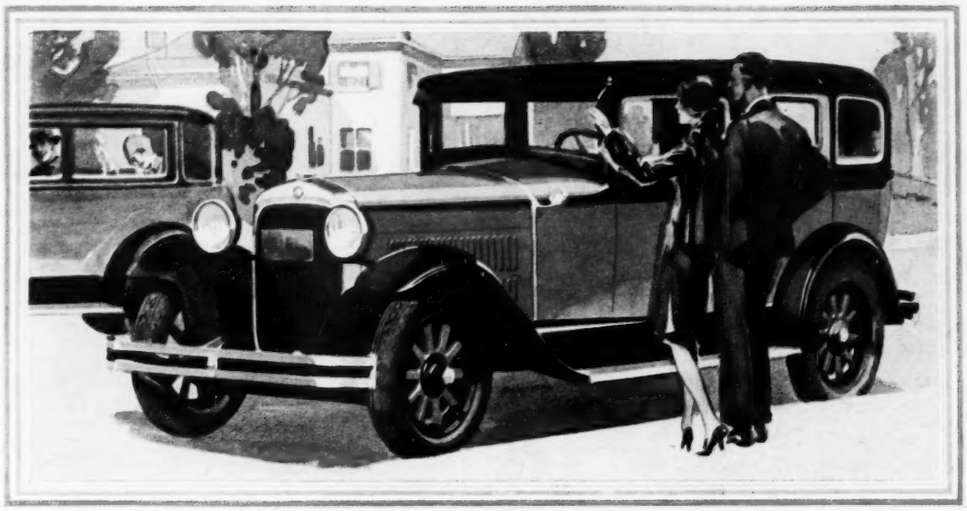
Adventures In Religion

THIS series of articles, which began in the February issue with "What Is Religion?" is arousing wide interest, convincing the editors that one of the most vital questions facing parents today is that of religious instruction. There are nine articles in the group—written by Basil King shortly before his death.

IF YOU had to find a title that would cover the whole of the Old Testament, putting its meaning into two or three words, you might call it *The Way Up*. It is not a way that Man follows without many a slip backward or without many a spell of turning altogether aside from it. But with all kinds of sins and sorrows the struggle is forever taken up again toward a great Further On. We've come a long way already and we've a longer still to go, but we'll get there in the end."

When Leroy had ceased speaking Bobby remained for some time absorbed in his own meditations. "But why," he asked then, "didn't God make us so that we'd be there already, without the trouble of fighting our own way?"

"And take from us the biggest fun of existence? It isn't having things, you know, that gives the zest to life. It's working hard to get them."



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The qualities responsible for the wide Essex preference among women—Appearance, Comfort, Convenience and Safety—are those which stand most brilliantly enhanced in the 76 improvements of Essex the Challenger.

Bodies are more beautiful, longer, wider. Rear seats are ample for three adults. Four hydraulic shock absorbers add to riding ease and insure roadability under the higher speeds provided by Essex the Challenger.

Essex double action four-wheel brakes are effective at the lightest touch. Their efficiency is not affected by water, mud, etc.

In operation every convenience is provided. For instance, a button on the dash starts the motor. Another dash-button records the amount of fuel and oil you have. Electro-lock saves soiling gloves on greasy floor locks.

In finish and upholstery Essex the Challenger is sure to delight you. Just try a ride —and remember the price.

Among the 76 New Improvements

24% Greater Power.
Over 70 Miles an Hour.
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Four Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.
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HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Here's a promise for cake-makers

WOULD you like to make a luscious, golden spice cake, just like the one you see here? *You can!*—and this is no idle promise—if you follow the *Swans Down* way to success. Simply follow the directions given here, exactly . . . .

Swans Down assures the most perfect success. It is made *especially* for cakes and pastry. That doesn't mean there's anything magic in Swans Down Cake Flour. It is flour alone. But it is flour made from the choicest kernels of selected soft winter wheat . . . . and Swans Down is sifted through finest silk, until it is *27 times as fine as ordinary flour.* That's why it brings unequalled perfection to all kinds of cakes and pastries!

It's a true economy to use Swans Down for *all* your cakes. It costs only a trifle more than ordinary flour—only 3½ cents more per cake—and it makes even the plainest one-egg cake a triumph of culinary art!

Golden Spice Cake

(ONE EGG)

(All measurements are level)

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon mace
½ teaspoon allspice
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1¼ cups brown sugar
1 egg, beaten light
¾ cup milk
1 cup raisins, puffed in oven, then floured

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and spices and sift three times. Cream butter; add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly. Add egg, then flour and milk alternately, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Pour batter in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, reserving a small amount. Sprinkle raisins over batter and cover with remaining batter. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 50 minutes. Cover top and sides with boiled white frosting.

May also be made without raisins.

. . . and a way to make it come true!

. . . *Send* 10 *cents*

for the most famous book of its kind in the world—revised—expanded, and a generous trial package of Swans Down Cake Flour.

Mail the coupon today for your copy of our brand-new edition of "Cake Secrets", and the trial package of Swans Down Cake Flour—*enough to make one butter cake or two sponge cakes!* They'll repay you a thousand times for your trouble.

"Cake Secrets" is new, and better than ever! A bookful of "secrets" costing thousands of dollars and years of effort! Learn to make wonderful layer cakes, cup cakes, Angel Foods—just as they look in the tempting illustrations. Cookies and pastries, quick breads and frostings. You'll know the pride that comes with home-made cakes and pastries—*perfectly made*—for "Cake Secrets" will show you the Swans Down way to success!

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Please send me a copy of the new edition of "Cake Secrets," and a sample of Swans Down Cake Flour, for which I enclose 10c (stamps or coin).

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Fill in completely—print name and address.

SWANS DOWN
CAKE FLOUR

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., Evansville, Ind.
Established 1856

HIDE IN THE DARK

[*Continued from page 14*]

Seated on the far corner of the great couch in front of the fire, her hands still linked about the little fur cap on her knee, her bare head bright, sits Jill Leighton, the sister of that Sylvia who had been the twelfth of this group and had died so many years ago. Jill Leighton is one of those lucky people who wear charm and distinction as obviously printed on their faces as visas on the passport to good fortune.

Lindy Marsden is seated a handbreadth from her, small, velvet-eyed and velvet-voiced, as dark as Jill is fair, and most lovely to look at with her warm white skin and shadowy lashes. Lindy, with her exquisite voice, her exquisite manners and her exquisite hands, is very southern and very feminine; she is also a romanticist, flagrant and unashamed. Byron is still her hero, as he was her grandmother's. Orphaned at the age of six by a railroad accident, brought up by two great-aunts, she has learned early what loneliness means. The nice boy that she married on a frantic impulse that bitter January morning ten years ago, has left her enough money to gratify every whim, and Lindy has whims enough. She fits as perfectly into the great shadowy room as did the dark-eyed girl for whom it was built, dead and gone a hundred years before. It is from her that she has inherited other treasures—the slim, lovely hands, the delicate and elusive smile and the languid grace as sure and unpremeditated as a flower's.

She is bestowing that smile now on the red-headed young man known as Kit, who is seated beside her on the arm of the couch. Kit Baird is the handsomest man in the room, thoroughly aware of the fact and most contemptuously indifferent to it. Well over six feet tall, broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped and long-fingered, he is the ungrateful possessor of eyes so darkly blue that you might mistake them for black, hair so darkly red that you might mistake it for copper, eye lashes long enough for a movie actress, close-set ears peaked like a fawn's and a fine, arrogant mouth that he has learned to keep fast closed whenever it pleases him—which is frequently.

NONE of the people in the room know a great deal about him—his age, lineage, past life, present occupation and future intentions are his own secret. He drifted into Joel Hardy in the State Department a year or so before the war with an infectiously enthusiastic letter of introduction from Joel's roommate at Yale, who had been sharing a peculiarly boring revolution with him in Venezuela and who urged vehemently that Joel should induce Mr. Baird into the consular service. Joel, properly impressed and immensely intrigued by the cool and casual young man, promptly maneuvered him into an obscure position in his office and a more prominent one in the apartment that he and Larry Redmond shared together in Wyoming Avenue.

The fact that Kit Baird could dance better than any other man in Washington proved an open sesame from then until the day that the declaration of war saw him enlisted in the Marine Corps. For a year he lingered on at Quantico, a fever of restless unease burning behind mocking, indifferent eyes; then the war swept him off, too, and the March Hares had seen him no more. Only a week ago he had run into Trudi Sheridan in a night club in New York, and now once more he is sitting in the old charmed circle, as carelessly at ease as though it had been ten minutes instead of ten years since he had last flung a possessive arm across the back of the old sofa and smiled down into Lindy Marsden's lifted eyes.

THE two remaining men standing within convenient reach of Sherry's hospitable ministrations, are Larry Redmond and Doug King. Larry is an agreeable looking young man, tall and lean and brown, with a good hard jaw, a good straight eye and hair that you might call bronze if you were romantically inclined and brown if you weren't. He is the president of a small, solid conservative bank in Boston—a man's man and therefore women like him—and children, too, —and dogs.

In the old days before the almost forgotten war he was rumored engaged to Jill Leighton, but rumor was apparently as inaccurate as usual, since they have not seen each other since he sailed for France and he has scarcely glanced in her direction since they entered the room. His warm, friendly smile is at present resting on Doug King, who is holding forth hilariously.

In more homely circles King would undoubtedly be known as the life of the party. Tall, genial, blondly handsome, and so richly endowed with animal spirits and a carefree and infectious laugh that his enthusiasm winds up by being extremely contagious. He is the original founder and moving spirit of the March Hares, and there is undoubtedly no better raconteur within a hundred miles of any place that he stands. He is interested in real estate—he has been interested in it ever since he invaded Washington twelve years before with a grandiose project in Panama in which he optimistically hoped to interest an unduly phlegmatic government. The war proved not too rude an interruption to him as the adaptable and assiduous aid of a very prominent general.

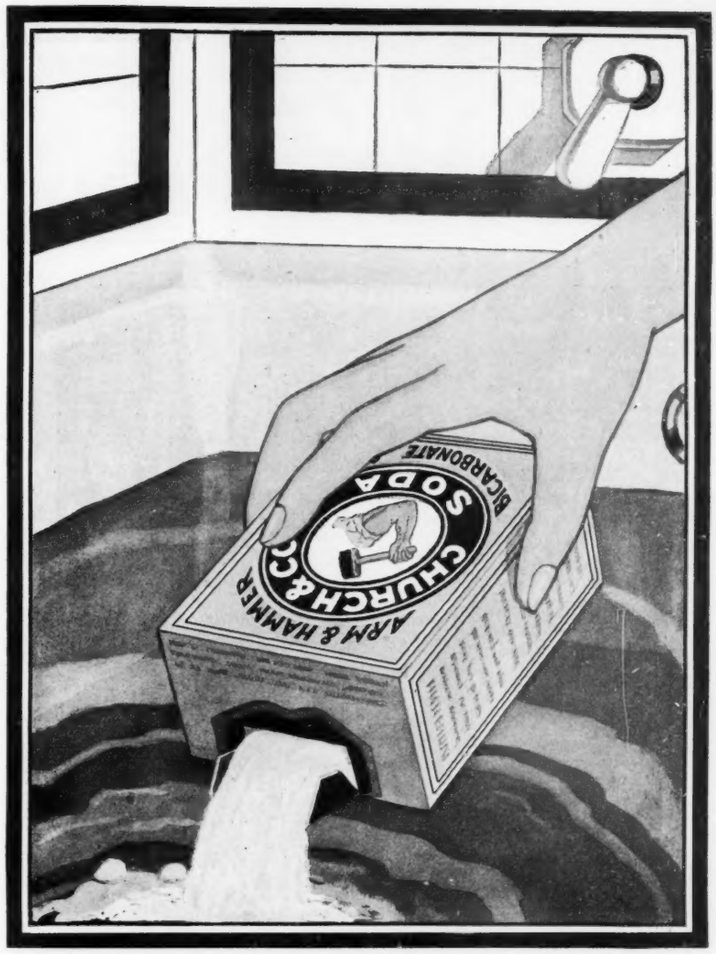
Lindy and the Sheridans frequent the same ambulatory set that nominally constitutes New York society and that actually spends four or five weeks of the year there. Lindy is too lazy and too fastidious to keep up with it continually; she drops out for long weeks of dreaming before the great fires of her Georgetown house or under the horse-chestnuts of her little walled garden in Fontainebleau, but Trudi Sherry and Doug never get out of step.

Just at present, Doug is in an even higher state of elation than usual, and already he is pawing the air like an old war horse who sniffs powder freshening on the breeze.

"This is the life, children, this indubitably is the life! Here's where we make every party that we ever had before seem like a rehearsal for this one. How come the gorgeous inspiration, Lindy?"

"Thank Trudi. She ran into Kit at a delightful little haunt of hers called the Silver Stallion in New York last week and wrote me that she thought

[*Continued on page 64*]



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IF you've never tried a Baking Soda bath do it today and learn how healthfully invigorating a bath can be. Here's how:

Fill a tub with warm water—warm enough to make your muscles relax. Then dissolve a half-pound of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) in the water and jump in. No need to rub and scrub. The Baking Soda is cleansing. Just relax. Lie back and let the soda bring relief to your tired nerves and muscles. It will wash away the oils that clog your pores and give your skin a chance to *breathe*.

Have the ingredients for this rest-bringing bath always at hand. Keep a package of Baking Soda in the bathroom. Buy it from your grocer. To be sure of the highest quality insist on either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. Both have been made by the same company for over 80 years.

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ARM & HAMMER AND COW BRAND BAKING SODA ARE IDENTICAL. BOTH ARE BICARBONATE OF SODA IN ITS PUREST FORM, EXCEEDING THE U. S. P. STANDARDS.

Provides an effective cover—easily opened and closed

68 uses

Dentists recommend Arm & Hammer Baking Soda as an ideal dentifrice. It both cleans teeth and protects them from decay.

FREE! Send the coupon for booklet

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Here's happy news for homemakers! In the largest refrigerator factory in the world, Leonard has installed the modern progressive-system of large-volume manufacture, making possible a good ice refrigerator for every home in America!

Now, for as little as $35 you can buy a genuine Leonard, with all the worth that name implies . . . insulated with solid compressed corkboard, the greatest ice and food saver known to science . . . and approved by the National Association of Ice Industries, after thorough temperature tests at Columbia University.

The Leonard Line is most complete . . . refrigerators for homes, apartments, restaurants, groceries, markets; in all styles, sizes and finishes; adapted to ice, electric or gas refrigeration. See the Leonard dealer's display in your city or write to us for a book of styles. Leonard Refrigerator Company, 403 Clyde Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

LEONARD
REFRIGERATORS

HIDE IN THE DARK

[*Continued from page 63*]

we ought to celebrate the prodigal's return properly. So here we are!"

"Did you come down here often?" inquired Ray over the jubilant clamor. "All of you, I mean? It must seem too wonderful to be back."

"Oh, it does!" cried Chatty Ross exultantly. "We came down dozens of times, didn't we Lindy? In 1916 and 1917 we did it over every holiday and even in 1918 the men came up from Quantico and Mead and Fort Myers for over New Year's—"

"That was the last party," said Lindy. "No one's been in it since then but Sam. He lights the fires now and then during the winter to keep the whole thing from molding away."

"Don't you ever come down?"

NO, NOT ever," she replied softly. "Of course, the house has been in the family nearly two hundred years, but it's been fifty since any of us have really lived in it. Too far from either Washington or Baltimore, you see. And the roads are nightmares."

"You flatter them," remarked Kit Baird drily. "Those last six miles made the river beds that I used to ride in France seem like the Lincoln Highway. That motor bike of mine was crying like a child all that last stretch from the creek."

"Did you go in for dispatch riding in France, too?" asked Ray. "I thought Joel said Poland—"

"I said he broke his leg in Poland. Ray," added Joel mildly, "never does listen to more than one word out of every three that I say. Sometimes it's the right one and sometimes it isn't."

"Do you know he says that you're the only one he wrote to in ten years, Joel?"

"Well, I wasn't exactly stupefied with pride over the letter," Joel grinned reminiscently from the settee. "Sixteen words telling me that he and his leg were broke as hell in Warsaw and asking me to sell three hundred shares of oil stock he'd left with me. He's a swell correspondent!"

"Have you been in Poland ever since, Kit?"

"No, lady. Giving you a civil answer to a civil question, I have not been in Poland ever since."

Lindy, looking diverted with her mouth and apprehensive with her eyes, continued dauntlessly: "Well, then, where have you been?"

"Ah, where haven't I? If you've got an Atlas around I'll show you a place in Peru that I didn't come within two hundred miles of, and there was another one near Patras and a mining camp somewhere in Nevada. Outside of those, I think I can truthfully say that I've hit them all. Quite a gypsy in my quiet way."

"And that," said Joel Hardy admiringly, "is about all the information you're going to get out of young Mr. Baird during your lifetime, my child."

"Are you brave lads going to do anything about hauling in the Yule log?" demanded Trudi Sheridan sternly.

"How about it, boys? Shall we give these little hothouse flowers a great big fire for an All Hallowe'en present?" Doug's ruddy countenance beamed invitingly on the somewhat less responsive visages of his comrades, who under his insistent glow reluctantly shrugged themselves into coats and mufflers with anticipatory groans.

"If you gals think it's cold in here," said Joel Hardy, "I'd thank you to incline an ear to that wind that's been yowling for the last five minutes around the north corner of this house." The wind whipped as the door opened.

"The quickest way is down through the cedars behind the little graveyard," called Lindy after the retreating figures. "Do hurry—it really is dreadful in here."

"Through the cedars behind the little graveyard," repeated Ray in an awe-stricken undertone. "I shall die before I get out of this place!"

Trudi remarked sepulchrally over her shoulder, in the direction of the pallid Ray: "Girl, you ain't heard nuffin'. Wait till Lindy tells you about the old boy who inaugurated the graveyard."

"Wh-what happened to him?"

"Trudi, you're spoiling everything! It's despicable to tell a murder story with the lights on."

"Murder?" echoed Ray hollowly. "Here? You're making up."

Trudi, half way to the hall, uttered a sinister laugh.

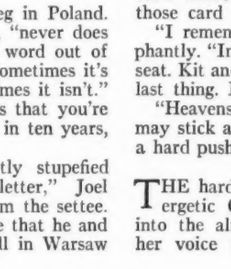
"Ha! Wait a bit—that's all I say—wait a bit. Lindy, are we going to eat in here?"

"Yes—card tables in front of the fire, don't you say? Just picnic tonight, I thought, because it's so late. Most of the things to eat are in those hampers. Now where in the world did we leave those card tables?"

"I remember!" cried Chatty triumphantly. "In the closet back of the loveseat. Kit and I folded them up the very last thing. Is it locked, Lindy?"

"Heavens, no; nothing's locked. It may stick a little, though. Just give it a hard push."

THE hard push precipitated the energetic Chatty somewhat abruptly into the already crowded closet, but her voice rose triumphantly.



"Oh, there's everything! The tables and the graphophone and the floor cushions—and Kit's Spanish guitar and the ping-pong rackets—and that terrible old cap of Sherry's and both the targets and all the Hallowe'en things. Jill, come and help—I can't wiggle these tables out all alone."

Jill, who had been sitting so still in the far corner of the sofa, slipped readily to her feet and the rescue.

"Twist them sideways. Never mind the hampers now, Trudi, let's get these set up. Look out, Chatty—there goes the graphophone!"

"D'you think it's broken anything?" inquired Chatty, placing it gently on a stand, all contrite solicitude. "Oh, look—it's still got a record on it! Now why that didn't smash! Look, it winds all right—and it plays all right, too, thank Heaven! Listen to that—does it make you feel a hundred and fifty-two or doesn't it? 'Underneath the Stars'——I wonder how many hundred miles we danced to that?"

Jill Leighton, her face bent over the recalcitrant catches of the card table, pushed it abruptly from her and crossed the room toward the hall, saying without turning her head: "Which room am I having, Lindy? There's something I was to get—"

"Journey's End, darling; need any help?"

"Thanks, no. I won't be a minute."

[*Continued on page 66*]

"Large cups of fragrant coffee," says Mrs. Douglas MacArthur planning her famous Maryland suppers

FROM THIS GENEROUS COFFEE URN OF SILVER Mrs. MacArthur herself draws the large cups of delicious coffee which are as much a part of her suppers as the broiled chicken, oysters and beaten biscuits . . . Classic dignity and formality of line distinguish the MacArthur residence and are felt also in the stately yet charming elegance of the furnishings. Against this background the guests chatting so genially over the coffee cups present a picture worthy of the finest tradition of Southern hospitality.

LIKE an oasis in the pressure of busy official and diplomatic life in Washington comes an invitation to Sunday evening supper at Rainbow Hill—Mrs. Douglas MacArthur's beautiful home in the lovely Green Spring Valley outside of Baltimore.

Knowingly provided, from her wide experience in entertaining, are those "large cups of fragrant coffee." Like others of America's most brilliant hostesses, she serves Maxwell House.

No other coffee flavor is like that of Maxwell House. For Maxwell House Coffee is not a single flavor, but a rich, sparkling blend of selected coffees grown in many lands. It appeals to men and women alike, coming to the most critical palate as a different and deeply satisfying experience.

Maxwell House Coffee takes its rightful place in scenes of Southern hospitality. Years ago a fine hotel in the Old South became famous for its superlative coffee . . . . Travelers from all parts of the United States came to taste and remained to praise the rich mellow flavor of Maxwell House Coffee.

Southerners themselves boasted of it. They said no single coffee grown could taste quite so delicious. And they were right.

The flavor of Maxwell House is a blend of many different coffee flavors, each selected for a special excellence. A Southern gentleman—an expert in coffees with a talent for good living—first worked out this choice blend, which ever since has appealed unfailingly to other men and women who know good food.

North, South, East and West,—Maxwell House is accepted today as the fine coffee served in America's foremost homes—preferred by America's most famous hostesses. Let your own family and your friends enjoy this delicious coffee at your table. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee.

"I think of all the parties I give at my Maryland house, the most popular and informal is my Sunday evening Maryland Supper. I always serve the coffee in large cups for somehow those large cups of fragrant coffee seem unfailingly to knit a group of diverse individuals into a cordial company. For many years the mellow blended flavor of Maxwell House Coffee has been identified with the gayest, most charming aspects of life in the Old South."

Louise MacArthur

THE GENIUS OF ONE MAN gave America its ideal coffee. Only after countless, patient experiments was the mellow, full-bodied flavor of Maxwell House Coffee achieved.

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Delightful weekly radio programs are broadcast by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra, from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, KOA, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Coffee Program.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

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You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

In Winter Wind or Burning Sun

it keeps your skin flower-soft, snow-white

TRAVEL is *always* harder on a woman's skin than staying at home. But you can triumph over all its discomforts by tucking a bottle of Jergens Lotion into your travelling-bag. Use it for cleansing when the water is hard. Use it whenever your skin feels dry and irritated. It is healing, comforting, deliciously soothing. It keeps your skin smooth and velvety through every change of weather and climate.

Because of two wonderful healing ingredients — it instantly soothes

SOOTHING, healing, restorative—Jergens Lotion stands by your skin in all kinds of weather.

It makes winter a season of delight, since you no longer have to struggle with chapped hands, a rough, harsh skin, fingers that catch disagreeably on silk or wool when you sew.

It keeps your skin smooth and supple in summer, taking the fever out of a hot parched skin, soothing and healing it when you have been too long in the sun.

Jergens Lotion owes its wonderful restorative power to two famous ingredients long known to medicine for their beneficient, healing action on the skin. Combined with other healing elements in Jergens Lotion they form a deliciously soothing, fragrant liquid—easy to apply, leaving not a trace of stickiness.

Use Jergens Lotion regularly through the day—take it with you when you travel. It will do wonders in keeping your skin fresh, youthful, lovely to look at and touch.

You can get it for 50 cents at any drug store, any toilet goods counter.

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A new trial bottle · A beautiful booklet!

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Made by the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap

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Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

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In Canada, send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3505 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

HIDE IN THE DARK

[*Continued from page 64*]

Chatty, following the progress of the slight figure across the hall with stricken eyes, murmured, "Oh, Lindy, I'm so frightfully sorry. Honestly and truly I forgot—honestly I did!"

"Of course you did, darling. Never mind; just go on with the tables. She'll be back in a minute."

Chatty made a panic-stricken gesture in the direction of the little whirling disk, that oblivious of time and memory was spinning out its old tale of magic and romance and stars on a summer night.

"Don't turn it off, you little dumbbell," adjured Trudi, flinging a consoling arm about the culprit's shoulders. "It'll make her much more comfortable if we pretend not to notice anything. Just forget it! After all, ten years is ten years," she said with a shrug.

"I'd like awfully to be tactful and discreet and dignified," remarked Ray Hardy wistfully over the pile of floor cushions that she was distributing in a semi-circle. "I know it's none of my business and that I ought to keep my mouth shut and my nose out of it and that I haven't any finer feelings, but I'll lie right down here and die if somebody doesn't tell me what it is we're to pretend not to notice and to forget because ten years is ten years."

"It isn't half as mysterious as it sounds," Lindy said. "'Underneath the Stars' was Sunny's favorite tune, that's all; she put it on the phonograph herself on the last party that we had."

"Sunny?" repeated Ray, her eyes still bright with unanswered questions. "Oh, that was Jill Leighton's sister Sylvia, wasn't it? The one that died?"

"The one that died. Hanna, if you'll fix the china, I'll tend to the glasses. We can use that long table against the wall as a sort of buffet and just stack the plates and the silver on it."

WELL, but how did she die?" inquired Ray, humbly but firmly. "She was awfully young, wasn't she?"

"Nineteen," said Lindy. "My age. She was my roommate at school, you know. She was drowned."

"Drowned? Here—in Washington?"

"Drowned here in Washington."

"Joel never told me anything about her except that she was simply lovely," said Ray in a small, subdued voice. "Was she so lovely?"

"Lovely enough to send Joel and Sherry and Doug and Kit and every man within a hundred miles of her clean off his head."

Ray, a little shiver in her voice, asked desolately, "And she was drowned when she was nineteen?"

It seemed suddenly strange to be alive, with all that loveliness dead.

"She drowned herself, when she was nineteen," said Trudi, her face abruptly grim and tired.

"Oh, Trudi, no one ever really knew!" murmured Hanna. "She might have fallen—there's an awfully sharp drop just below the falls, isn't there, Lindy?"

Lindy, her face turned to the shadows said in a voice so low that it was almost lost, "Yes."

"I thought that you had all grown up by now," commented Trudi, ruthless and scornful. "Lindy, do you think she stepped off that nice sharp drop?"

"Was she Jill's younger sister?" interrupted Ray, her voice still desolate. It would have been a pleasanter world with Sunny in it.

"She was a year younger, but she wasn't her sister, as a matter of fact. Step-sister, though hardly anyone knew it then. Jill idolized her, and I suppose that none of them wanted the ravishing Mrs. Leighton's past affairs explored more than necessary," Trudi continued with her story. "But there's no use adding to the mystery!"

"I think a lot of that may have been very unfair gossip," murmured Hanna, her lovely, tranquil eyes concerned.

GOSSIP my eye! It wasn't gossip that Jill's real name was Cavendish and that Mrs. Cavendish ran off to South America with an Englishman, with Jill tucked under her arm when the wretched mite was six months old, was it? It wasn't gossip that young Cavendish blew out his brains and left her free to marry Leighton, was it? It wasn't gossip that Leighton was killed in a railroad accident; that when Cavendish's old father died he left every cent of his fortune to Jill and that Sunny and Mrs. Leighton were as dependent on Jill as though they were paupers? That wasn't gossip was it?"

"No," said Lindy from the shadows, "that wasn't gossip."

"But I'll wager that everyone in Washington but Lindy thought that Sunny was Jill's own sister till they dug all this up at the inquest. I know that I did, and I," confessed Mrs. Sheridan, "am not one of those little Japanese monkeys that speak no evil, hear no evil and see no evil. If any gossip is flying around I'm crouched right in the vicinity, all ready to sink my teeth in it and worry it like a bone. Now, if it's all right with you, Ray, and seeing as how this is supposed to be a bright, giddy, hilarious reunion, suppose we pass lightly on to another topic? Such as what in Hades is keeping those brave lads out there with their treasure trove!"

"I see them!" announced Chatty triumphantly, her snub nose pressed against the window pane. "They're just coming around the corner. Mercy, they've brought the woodpile with them! Listen, they're singing—"

They were in the room, with the wind at their heels, prancing, exultant, crimson-faced, the frosty air still in their eyes.

"When I walks dat levee round,
round, round, round——"

"Come along, girls. Step lively, there Ray—Everybody in, high wide and fancy does it—"

"When I walks dat levee round
round—"

Ray lifted her voice valiantly, stamping and shouting with the best of them.

"I'm looking for dat bully and
he can't be found—"

"Jill Leighton, whatever in the world—here, give her a hand, Doug! What in the world is it?"

"It's the tub for the apples!" Jill was as rosy and breathless as any of them. "I found it in the telephone closet under the stairs."

"Oh, Kit," cried Chatty exultantly.

[*Continued on page 68*]

Easter

ONE of the most appealing bits of short fiction in the April issue will be an Easter story, "In the Garden," by Agnes Sligh Turnbull, whose Christmas story, "Holly at the Door," is, after two years, still commented upon with enthusiasm by our readers.

The Gifted Women who Set The Mode . .

—those charming creatures who are the outstanding personalities in any gathering—are drawn unerringly to the new Arch Preserver Shoes.

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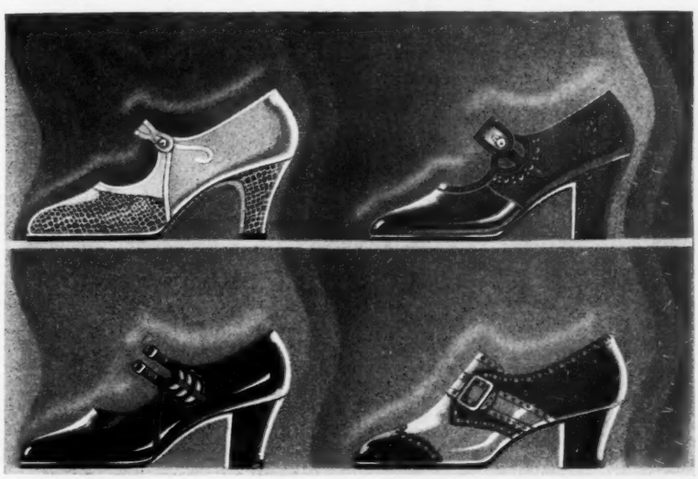
Although Arch Preserver Shoe heels are raised as high as the mode demands, there can be no painful sagging of the foot, no discomfort anywhere. The famous hidden arch bridge takes all strain off the arch and preserves the foot's chief beauty—the lovely curve of the instep. The flat inner sole prevents pinching. The metatarsal support puts new life into every step.

And the final touch of smartness that the woman of fashion demands is conferred by the exclusive Arch Preserver method of fitting by heel-to-ball measuring, so that every Arch Preserver Shoe appears to be custom tailored just for the foot it adorns!

THE JOAN—*Vamp of ivory genuine watersnake; Lido sand kid quarter; beige kid trim.*

THE MANHATTAN—*Marron glace kid vamp and trim; beige suede quarter; wide strap button.*



THE ASTRAL—*Patent leather in a smart two-strap buckle model; dull kid trim.*

THE SARATOGA—*Wide Strap Sport Oxford of sunburn calf; with trotteur tan calf trim.*

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THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

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Please send me, postpaid, your new booklet No. M-20, and advance pictures of the new shoe styles from your Paris and New York studios.

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Everybody uses it!

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From Little Elmer to Big Manufacturers

YOU SEE the familiar jar or tube everywhere. In bathroom cabinets. On kitchen shelves. On dressing tables. Hardly a home without it. And out in the professional and business world as well, you find "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly in constant use.

Visit the magnificent new building of the National Broadcasting Company on Fifth Avenue. In their vast soundproof studios, where a tickling cough might ruin a program for millions of listeners, or a husky voice spoil an important announcement, the radio artists know the value of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Just ask any of the people who broadcast "Real Folks" every Monday night. A spoonful now and then to soothe the throat; a bit snuffed up the nose to clear the head. Motor car and battery manufacturers, leading garages, advocate the use of "Vaseline" Jelly—for widely different purposes. They find it prevents rust on important machine parts and corrosion on battery terminals.

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Remember when you buy that the trademark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.

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Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

HIDE IN THE DARK

[*Continued from page 66*]

"I found your guitar. It still has the red ribbons on it—look. Let's have one song before we get ready for supper, Lindy—Lindy, can't we?"

"Oh, let's have two; that's inspiration. Want matches, Kit?"

The fire builder from his knees on the hearth shook his head.

"Thanks. I'm amply provided with everything, apparently, including a guitar. There—is that the best fire since the little affair in Chicago, or isn't it?"

"Quick, someone turn out the lights. Cushions, everyone!"

In the friendly darkness a voice at Jill Leighton's elbow asked quietly: "Another cushion, Jill?"

She turned her face toward the direction from which it came, saying in a voice so low that it was barely audible: "No." After a long moment she spoke again, lower still, "Larry, if I had known that you were going to be here, I should never have come."

The man spoke quietly. "I know. That's why I told Lindy that I wasn't coming."

Across the room someone called impatiently, "Got the guitar, Kit?"

The guitar itself answered, a small silvery plaint at the touch of fingers long forgotten.

"Oh, Kit, the one about the Jack of Diamonds!"

"All in good time," said the red-headed young man. "In good time, if and when you behave yourselves. In the meantime, peace and be still. Want your song, Lindy?"

"Yes, please," said a shadowy voice.

"All right—catch!" He leaned his head against the corner of the mantel and lifted his voice—a voice as effortless, as careless, as haunting as the tune, drifting up across the years and the mountains to ring once more through Lindy's room.

"Down in the valley,
The valley below—
Lean your head over,
Hear the wind blow—"

FROM what far hills did it come, the little song? What far-off girl had bent her head at its behest?

"If you don't love me,
Love whom you please—
Put your arms 'round me
Give my heart ease—"

Against the coolness of the marble his hair burned like bright coals, his eyes like dark ones.

"Put your arms 'round me
Ere it's too late—
Put your arms 'round me,
Feel my heart break."

"Feel it break, feel it break," sang the guitar, all the forlorn gallantry in the world turning its silvery mockery to tears.

"Roses love sunlight," sang Kit Baird, his eyes on those far-off hills.

"Violets love dew.
Angels in Heaven
Knows I love you—
Knows I love you, dear,
Knows I love you.
Angels in Heaven
Knows—I—love—you——"

It drifted off as lightly and aimlessly as it had come, leaving not even an echo behind it in the great room. It was the singer who broke the spell.

"That's that!" he said briefly, swinging to his feet. "The rest will keep till after supper; they've kept ten years. Are we dressing, Lindy?"

"Of course we're dressing," said Trudi sternly. "How is anyone going to know what perfectly divine clothes we've got if we don't dress? The March Hares never go native, and I've got a lacquer-red brocade dinner dress that is calculated to make strong men shriek and clutch at their hearts."

"Me too!" concurred Chatty blithely. "Only mine are going to shriek with horror and surprise. Outside of the fact that it isn't red and isn't brocade and that it looks more like a bungalow apron than a dinner dress it's a perfectly lovely little affair."

IF SHE had turned her curly head an inch she would have encountered something in the tense whiteness of Tom's face that would have given her pause; but it was Trudi who turned—and then averted her eyes quickly as though she had cheated.

"Oh, you've got curly hair," she replied, swiftly careless. "Come on, Sheridan—if someone doesn't get started we'll all be drifting back in time for a nice late breakfast. Where do we go, Lindy?"

"East India room. You have the Half Moon, Doug, Joel and Ray in the Cubby Hole and the Darts in Seventh Heaven. Kit, you and Larry have the Ghost's Walk, because I don't dare put anyone else in it. That's all of us, isn't it?"

"Oh, Lindy, are you taking the Priest's room?" Chatty's guileless voice lifted in amazement. "That's always been Jill's and—"

"I know—I'm being selfish." Lindy's soft serenity bridged the stricken pause. "I've always coveted it and I'm too old now to be a perfect hostess. Jill has Journey's End. Help me with this bag, will you, Doug? Coming, Kit?"

"As soon as I get this built up. My professional pride isn't satisfied. By the time you Sybarites get back you'll be needing ice packs and palm leaf fans." He knelt on the hearth, flinging a last smile over his shoulder into the jubilant tumult that was dissolving itself into a confusion of racing footsteps, slamming doors and receding clamor. Deep as he was in his task, at the light step behind him he lifted his head and turned to flash the girl in the shadows that unforgotten smile. And as of old, she stopped to greet it, hand against her heart, suddenly and startlingly pale.

He asked easily, "Forgotten something, little Lindy?"

Lindy, steadying herself against the end of the couch, replied as easily in her velvety little voice, "Yes—gloves and purse. Seen them anywhere?"

Kit, leaning against the mantel asked in that mocking tone that was still a caress, "Let's see—your purse and gloves—— D' you put them on when you fix your hair? Or did you want to buy something before dinner?"

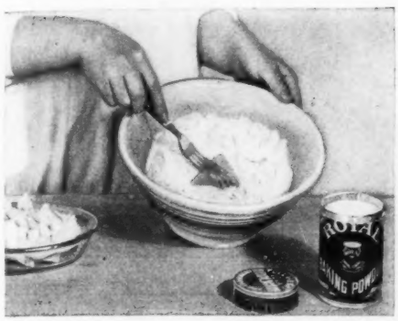
Even that did not color the small face. She said tranquilly, "It has my powder. It—look, that's a strange sky, isn't it? What does it mean?"

"Trouble," he said, not stirring. "Storm. There's been a wind rising ever since we got here."

"That's why it got so inky dark a little while ago, isn't it? See, that jagged streak behind the cedars is as red as fire."

[*Continued on page 70*]

Measure sifted flour, Royal Baking Powder and salt into sifter. Sift into mixing bowl.



Using steel fork, mix shortening lightly and thoroughly with sifted dry ingredients. Add milk slowly to make soft dough. Mix lightly with fork. Toss dough onto slightly floured board.

Pat dough out lightly with hands to about one-half inch thick. Cut out with biscuit cutter dipped in flour. Place on greased pan, far apart if a crusty biscuit is desired, close together if you prefer a thicker and softer biscuit. Bake in hot oven at 475° F. about 12 minutes. Makes 14 biscuits.

Yes, you can actually taste the difference!

It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that does it

WITH the first taste you notice the difference! Royal biscuits have the quality that has made "Cream of Tartar Biscuits" famous—an unmistakable delicacy that satisfies your critical taste . . . It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that makes the difference between "just biscuits" and biscuits that are marvels of lightness . . . of flaky texture . . . of delicious flavor.

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Royal Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup milk or half milk and half water

If a shorter biscuit is desired, use 3 or 4 tablespoons shortening. For mixing and baking directions see "motion pictures" above. Royal Biscuits can be baked immediately or they can be covered and set aside in a cool place for baking several hours later or even next day. If kept in ice box, allow to stand in kitchen a few minutes before baking.

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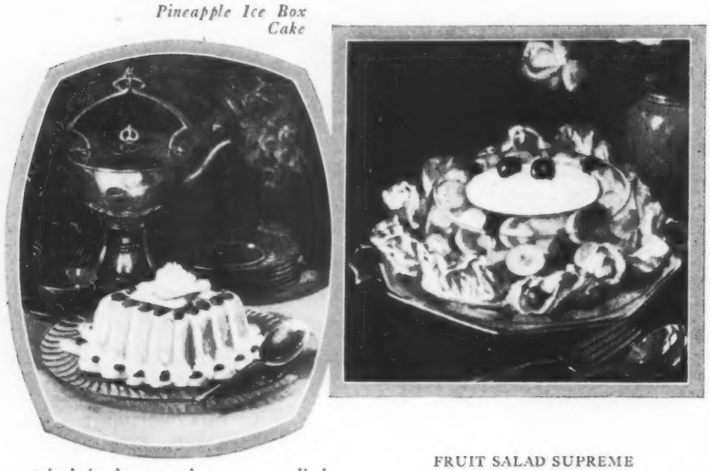
ROYAL *The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder*

Isn't there a Thrill in being Praised for serving "Something Special"?

Pineapple Ice Box Cake



AND isn't it also true that you are all the prouder if that special dish was easy and not too expensive to make?

Just read these two Knox Gelatine recipes. It does not seem possible that such a tempting salad and dessert could be made with such familiar, wholesome ingredients so easily. But it certainly is true.

The economy and many uses of Knox Sparkling Gelatine are indeed amazing. *One package makes four different salads or desserts of six generous servings each.* The Knox recipe books have a wealth of suggestions for every course in your menus. Best of all, Knox dishes can be prepared in your leisure time and put in your refrigerator. And because Knox Sparkling Gelatine is a pure protein it is a perfect food. When combined with wholesome ingredients of your own selection, Knox dishes promote health, in addition to delighting the taste. Wonderfully good for children.

Ask your grocer for Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Recipes are in every package. The Knox recipe books will be sent you free. When writing please give us the name of your grocer. Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

FRUIT SALAD SUPREME

(6 *servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine

½ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup lemon juice or mild vinegar
1/3 cup sugar
1½ cups of fresh or canned fruits
½ teaspoonful salt

Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes and dissolve in boiling water; add sugar and stir in until dissolved. Add vinegar or lemon juice and salt. When jelly begins to thicken add fruit drained of juice—cherries, oranges, grapes, bananas or pineapple—alone or in combination. Turn into wet mold and chill. Remove from mold and serve on lettuce garnished with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing. Note—If canned fruits are used, ½ cup of fruit juice may be used in place of ½ cup boiling water.

PINEAPPLE ICE BOX CAKE

(6 *servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine

¼ cup cold water
½ can crushed pineapple
Pinch salt
¼ cup sugar
½ tablespoonful lemon juice
¾ cup cream, whipped
Lady fingers or stale sponge cake

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve over hot water and add pineapple, sugar, salt and lemon juice. Stir until all gelatine and sugar have dissolved. When it begins to thicken, beat and fold in cream or evaporated milk. Line sides and bottom of large square or round mold with lady fingers. Cover with pineapple cream mixture, then alternate cakes and cream until mold is full. Place in ice box and let stand three or four hours. Unmold on a large cake plate and garnish with whipped cream and strawberries in season.

The fresh fruits and vegetables in your market can be deliciously combined with Knox Sparkling Gelatine

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

HIDE IN THE DARK

[*Continued from page 68*]

"Oh, redder! Red as blood." And as the slim hand on the dim brocade tightened, he laughed. "Still hate blood, Lindy?"

"Oh, it's worse than hating. I can't stand it. That sounds idiotic, but it's really an understatement. Something in me dies every time I hear the word."

"Remember the time I cut my wrist in Rock Creek?"

"Yes," said Lindy, her eyes still on the strange streak in the sky. "I remember."

"You very nearly scared the lights out of me," murmured Kit, tilting his red head back against the mantel and drawing a long, luxurious breath of the aromatic smell of dancing flame."

KIT, this catch is stuck—help me, won't you? I want to smell the frost in the box trees."

"No frost tonight, my lamb. Not with that wind. Still, anything to help a lady—" He was at her side in three long strides; a second later the wind, cold and sweet and wild, was all about them.

"The last time I saw you we were standing here." The little voice was suddenly edged with magic. "Right here, only you were—closer. It was a green sky—so still and clear and sad, and there was one star. I wished on it—"

Suddenly his fingers were linked about hers, careless and possessive, his low laughter was in her ears.

"Lindy — Lindy — those gloves — wherever did you put those gloves?"

"You knew all the time, didn't you, Kit? Did it amuse you that I was so shameless as to leave them? So shameless as to come back? They're on the couch, in the left-hand corner. Get them, will you?"

He said, still laughing, "No."

"Ten years ago," she whispered, "the star was right over those holly trees—I thought that you were going to kiss me."

"I thought so, too," he told her. "What did you wish on the star, little Lindy?"

"I wished that you would kiss me," said the small, lovely voice.

"Let's find the star again, Lindy—Look, over the holly—isn't that something shining?"

"You were bending your head," the dreaming voice told him. "And I was lifting mine. And then, in the hall, someone started playing 'Underneath the Stars'—and that was that."

"And that," said Kit Baird, slowly and evenly as their hands swung apart, "was that. Not forgotten Sunny yet, Lindy?"

Lindy, pale in the shadows, pulled the dark furs closer.

"It's cold. Close the window and come back to the fire." After a long moment she said, in a stilled tone of wonder, as though the question itself were a reply, "Forgotten Sunny?" And after a longer moment still, with her hands stretched out to the dancing flames: "Have you, Kit?"

He said, "No. Not in this world. Nor the next either, if the devil gives us one to play with . . . . Pretty hands you've got, little Lindy."

She looked at them as though she were seeing them for the first time, wrung them hard together, and asked in a small voice shaken with something deeper than terror, "Was it you that made Sunny kill herself, Kit?"

"I made Sunny kill herself?" He stared down at her, his face frozen to a white mask of incredulity. "I? Sunny never looked at me, never thought of me, never knew I was there unless there was music playing. What in God's name made you think that?"

"Something—something I heard. . . . Were you in Baltimore the Saturday before Sunny died, Kit?"

"Yes, I was there with—" He pulled up abruptly. "Let's get this straight. Someone told you that I was there with Sunny?"

"Sunny was there, Kit. She was there with a man. She motored over from Washington to meet him—she thought he was going to marry her. It wasn't you?"

He said, "No. How did you know all this, Lindy?"

"She wrote me a letter to Richmond the day before. She always told me everything and she didn't want Jill to know, because she was afraid that Mrs. Leighton would be angry with Jill if she thought that she'd helped her. Mrs. Leighton didn't like the man, Sunny said. She didn't like you, either, did she, Kit?"

IN SPITE of the concentration that was carving lines between his eyes he permitted himself a grim little smile.

"Mrs. Leighton didn't like anyone who preferred her charming daughters to her charming self. You're quite right—she didn't like me a bit. Didn't Sunny tell you the man's name, Lindy?"

"No; she wanted it to be a surprise. She said that he was the most wonderful man in the world."

"So you thought that it must be I? The grim smile deepened. "Very, very flattering, but the description happens to be misleading."

"Kit, that letter—Afterward I used to cry until morning remembering it. So wild with joy and life and adventure. It wasn't like a letter, it was like a bird singing."

He said, suddenly and strongly," Don't."

After a moment he added equably, "Sorry, don't mind me. I'm more kinds of a fool than even I realized. You see, I did see Sunny in Baltimore that Saturday, Lindy. I'd come up from Quantico to usher at a wedding in Wilmington. Larry had come up from Mead to be an usher, too, and after it was over the two of us ducked out and headed back for Washington in his roadster. Just outside of Baltimore we heard that the road was torn up, so we decided to stop at the hotel and pick up some information about detours. Larry went to the desk to find out and I stepped out for a moment. When I got back he wasn't there, and I thought that he was probably telephoning Joel in Washington that we'd be late for dinner. I started off toward the telephone booths. There was a long string of them and outside the last one, I saw Sunny—" He put one hand over his eyes and said despairingly, "Lindy, I can see her now!"

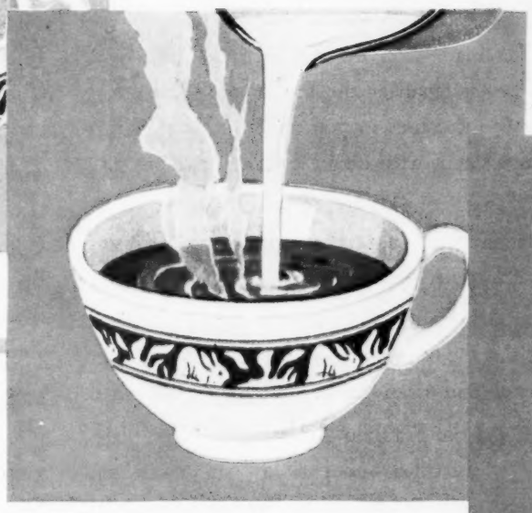
"Kit, don't talk about it if it makes you so wretched—don't!"

"Lindy, she had on that little gray

[*Continued on page 73*]

take these three steps

1 *A teaspoonful of Instant Postum in the cup –*



2 *Fill cup with hot (not boiled) milk – . . . .*

3 *Stir, and sweeten to taste . . . . . and it's ready!*

and you have a drink which is building health for thousands of children! . . . . .

WHAT could be simpler – a drink you can prepare right at the table! A drink that brings all the body-building nourishment of milk, plus wholesome elements of whole wheat and bran! A drink with a rich, smooth flavor which children *immediately* like – even children who do not like milk alone!

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Coconut Fruit Compote

1 cup Baker's Coconut
2 oranges, free from membrane and cut into small pieces
2 tart apples, pared, cored, and diced
2 bananas, sliced
½ cup dates, chopped
8 marshmallows, quartered

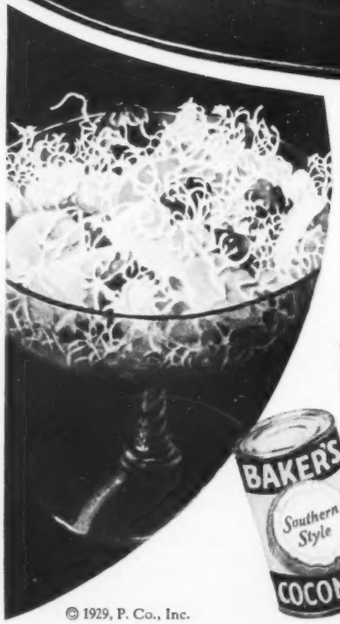
Mix coconut, fruits, and marshmallows together lightly. Chill. Serves 6.

Chilled Coconut Fruit

6 slices pineapple, diced
1 grapefruit, free from membrane and diced
2 oranges, free from membrane and diced
1 cup Malaga grapes, halved and seeded
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar
1 cup Baker's Coconut
6 maraschino cherries

Combine fruits, fruit juice, sugar, and coconut. Chill. Top each serving with a cherry. Serves 6.

All measurements are level.



Hawaiian Fruit Pie

Combine ⅓ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour, 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt. Add 2 cups scalded milk gradually, place in double boiler; cook until thickened; stir constantly. Pour small amount over 3 slightly beaten yolks; return to double boiler, cook 3 to 4 min. Add 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1½ cups grated pineapple, 1 cup Baker's Coconut. Cool. Pour into 9-inch crust. Top with meringue made by folding 6 tablespoons sugar into 3 stiffly beaten whites. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 min.

All measurements are level.

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HIDE IN THE DARK

[Continued from page 70]

squirrel cap—the one that made her hair look like gold bubbles—and the big gray fur cape and a muff no bigger than my hands. She was standing there turned away a little with the muff up against her face, and I started over across to her.

"I was halfway there before she saw me, and when she did she put out both hands as though she were trying to push me away and—I saw her face. It wasn't Sunny's face at all—it belonged to some beaten, starved, tortured child. She stood there with the tears running down over it, washing out all its loveliness, all its gayety, shaking her head at me—shaking it and pushing me away. Someone in the telephone booth must have spoken to her, because she moved closer to it and said something, still shaking her head with the muff up to her face. I swung around and went back to the desk. Larry joined me there and we went on to Washington. I never saw her again."

I DID," said Lindy Marsden.

"You? I thought you said that you were in Richmond?"

"Jill telephoned me the next day that they were all dreadfully upset about Sunny, that apparently she'd had a shock of some kind and that they couldn't find out what it was. I knew then that something had gone wrong in Baltimore and I took the next train. I didn't even wait to pack a bag. Sunny was up in her bedroom. She was sitting all huddled up in a blue quilted wrapper in a big chair by the window. Her eyes were wide open, but she looked—she looked as though she were asleep. When she saw me, she said, 'Oh, it's you! You're the one that knows.'

"I said, 'Darling, anything that you don't want me to know is forgotten.' She stared at me with the strangest, hardest little smile and said, 'Oh, but you can't forget. Didn't you know that? You can't ever forget. That's it.' And suddenly I was dreadfully frightened. I came over and took hold of her and said, 'Sunny, it's me. It's Lindy, who loves you.' And she put both hands over her ears and screamed out like a child in a nightmare. 'Lindy, he didn't want me — Lindy, Lindy, don't tell them—he didn't want me!'

"I stayed with her all that night. She never stopped shivering for one minute, but I didn't find out much more. Apparently she'd met him as they arranged and everything was beautiful until he remarked that he had hesitated to ask her to marry him before because he hadn't wanted her money to be a barrier between them. And of course she joyfully told him that there wasn't any money to be a barrier, that it all belonged to Jill. Kit, he didn't even bring her back. He telephoned the garage for her roadster and told her that if she hurried she could make it by dark."

"I've never killed a man yet—with any particular pleasure," said Kit Baird evenly. "But I'm beginning to see now that it might be as agreeable a way to spend an evening as you could think of. But let's not talk about her, do you mind? I know that I'm a fool, but I honestly can't stand much more. Here, give me those ridiculous hands and I'll get them warm for you. And while I'm doing it you can tell me what you've been doing with yourself all these years. Still breaking hearts right and left?"

"And north and south," she assented lightly, her teeth in her lip.

"Half a dozen violent affairs a year?"

"Oh, half a hundred!"

Kit, looking down at her with eyes suddenly gentle, said: "I was so sorry about Marsden, Lindy dear. He must have been the finest kind of a fellow. I hoped that you two were going to live happily ever after."

Lindy said very simply, "I do think he was awfully happy for those few days. Only five days—just think, Kit. And now all that I can remember is how brown his hands were and the way his eyes crinkled up when he laughed—he had the youngest laugh! He wasn't twenty-four—he wouldn't have been twenty-four until November, but now I can't even remember what day. I wish—oh, I wish that I could remember what day—"

Kit said, "It's better to remember how he laughed. And five days is rather a lot to be happy, isn't it?"

"Quite, quite a lot." She stood staring down at the red caverns in the fire, her hands quiet in his. After a moment she said, "No one thought that I loved him, but he thought so. The others all believed it was his money."

"Not I," said he.

"Didn't you, Kit? You were right. It wasn't his money. I never cared a great deal about money—it's nice, but not very interesting. And they were right, too. I never loved him—never, never at all."

And Kit, who knew when to say nothing, said nothing.

FOR a moment silence hung about them, dark and kind and friendly. It was Lindy who broke it, freeing her hands very gently and speaking more gently still. "Kit, do you know why I got up this party?"

"Because you are a good child and wanted even the bad ones to have one more good time to remember."

"No. I got it up because there was something I had to ask you—and something I had to tell you. I waited for ten years for a chance."

He said, "You wanted to ask me whether I were responsible for Sunny Leighton's death?"

"Yes. But even if you had told me that you were, I still had something to tell you. That's why I came back to Lady Court—why I came back for the gloves."

"Lindy, Lindy, can it be that you're leading me on?"

"Kit, don't laugh. I came back to tell you that I love you. I've always loved you. I love you so that I can't stand it any more. Are you laughing?"

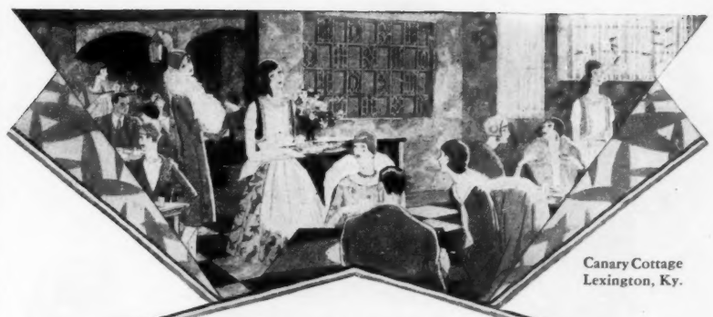
He said, "Lindy, you darling little fool!" His arms were about her; he could feel her tears on his hand.

"Want the truth, Lindy?"

The small, terrified voice whispered, "No!"

"You'll have to take it, darling. It's all I have to give you. I've never loved anyone in my life but Sunny Leighton. I never shall. Lindy, don't pull away—stay this way just a minute longer, will you?" He laid his cheek against the little velvet darkness that was her

Continued on page 74]



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It has many important uses, and is a delightful product to take.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

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The new breakfast sets by Heywood-Wakefield furnish that cheery, colorful atmosphere necessary to the modern home. The new finishes and designs now on display at your dealer's are unusually striking. The prices, too, are pleasing.

Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Company, 209 Washington St., Boston, Mass., to cover mailing our new edition of "Color Furniture in the Home," a book on interior decoration.

HIDE IN THE DARK

[*Continued from page 73*]

hair and said in a voice that broke abruptly and amazingly, "It's so sweet to know you care a little."

The small voice against his heart said fiercely, "I don't care a little. I love you so that it kills me."

He brushed her hair with his lips, loosed the hands about his neck and stood away from her, his eyes on the fire. Lindy, I don't go in much for talk about myself, do I?"

"Not ever," said the desolate small voice.

"Well, this time I'm going to—for a good three minutes. I'm a rum runner," he informed her amiably, his hands in his pockets. "The best rum runner in the world, if you ask me. I've got as good a little ship as ever you saw waiting for me off the Jersey Coast this minute. We're overdue at Las Cayas in the Bahamas now, because I thought I'd like one more tune with Joel Hardy. I've got a gang on her of thirty men that think that Beezlebub's my understudy, and they're the boys that ought to know! This is what I do when I'm respectable. Heard enough, Lindy?"

"Las Cayas in the Bahamas," murmured the girl beside him. "Oh, that has a magic sound! Las Cayas—sunlight on golden sands—palms like green feathers against dark blue skies—starlight—starlight—all the stars in the world to wish on. Would you kiss me, Kit?"

"I'll kiss you now. Darling, darling. I don't love you, but I love your eyes and that absurd little curly mouth! Lindy—"

After a long silence he said slowly, "Larry Redmond has a job for me—rather an important piece of investigating in Poland. Shall I take it and let the ship sail?"

"Can I come, too?"

"No, you small maniac, you cannot come, too. I'd love to drag you all over Poland in little fur boots with silver sleigh-bells in your ears, but I'm afraid that it wouldn't work out. Lindy, don't you mind that Sunny's the one I loved?"

"I mind—frightfully. I loved her, too. I'd bring her back for you if I could, Kit. Truly, truly——Only since I can't do that, wouldn't I be better than nothing?"

"If it weren't so late," he said, unsteadily, "if there wasn't someone on the stairs out there, I'd go down on my knees and kiss your feet. As it is, I'll just bend over and put another log on the fire, very casual and detached like. Hello, there, Larry Redmond. Give us a hand with this log, will you, old man?"

LARRY, hurling his cigarette in a wide arc into the fire, took hold nobly, remarking over his shoulder: "I suppose you two magpies know that the rest of this crew will be down in a minute or so, howling like banshees for refreshments?"

"Oh, heavens," wailed Lindy, all soft contrition. "Is it so late, honestly? Larry, I ought to be destroyed! It's all my fault—I absolutely hung on to Kit, because it was such—such fun talking over old times. I'll hurry like mad—Kit, you must, too." She was gone in a flurry of skirts and laughter, and the men by the fire smiled companionably at the sound of her light feet racing up the steps, her light voice echoing along the empty halls.

"Jill—Jill Leighton! Hurry up and get at those hampers, will you, darling? Nobody's done anything at all and it's getting frightfully late—" A door slammed sharply across her invocations and Larry, bending his head over another cigarette, said with conviction: "There's a beguiling creature! All Marsden's millions don't seem to affect her more than a very thin dime. Looks younger than she did ten years ago, doesn't she?"

"She does," agreed Kit absently. "It's a trick they seem to acquire these days. Still think I could handle that Polish job, Larry?"

NONE better. You're absolutely familiar with the terrain, and your knowledge of Polish would be invaluable, leaving aside the French and German. You can keep your mouth shut and your eyes open. If you're asking me, you're our man."

"I'm no good, you know," said Kit.

"I never knew a man that was to admit it," remarked Larry pensively. "You'll do, my lad. The job's yours if you want it."

"You and Joel," said the red-headed young man a little thickly, "you two—" He broke off abruptly and moved toward the door. "I've missed you two like the devil. If I stick around much longer I'll be crying on your shoulder. What in ——Sorry, Jill, it's idle to pretend that I was looking where I was going. See you later—"

Jill Leighton paused uncertainly in her light advance down the room, peering into the fire-lit shadows.

"Lindy said no one was down yet. How in the world do you turn on these lights?" Almost before the words were off her lips light flooded about her and she saw him. "Oh," she said, her face hardening to a delicate mask of contempt, no trace of the sick panic that consumed her in the clear, disdainful voice, "it's you!"

"None other, Jill." He did not move from the threshold, his face hard, too, his voice harder. "I am obviously Heaven's favorite child tonight. I'd been wondering a bit how I was going to obtain this coveted interview, short of abduction, and here, no less, you come as conveniently as though I'd whistled."

Jill, looking like a strayed dryad in her floating green and silver, permitted the contempt to become a trifle more open. "Do you consider yourself amusing?"

"Candidly, I don't. The faintly implied rebuke in your tone is justified. Unlike some of your friends, I have no particular aptitude for clowning. The good, solid, old-fashioned American business man, with no nonsense about him—that's me. So let's get down to business." He took a step toward her, his pleasant voice raised to something menacingly out of control. "How dared you write me that letter?"

To Jill, the brown young man bearing relentlessly down on her looked singularly unlike a good, solid, old-fashioned American business man. He looked three inches taller than she remembered him and three times more terrible. She remembered Sunny's bright hair, however, and stood her ground, unflinching.

"It requires no great courage to ask the girl that you love to marry you," said Larry Redmond grimly. "Though I'll admit that it isn't particularly edifying to choose the day before sailing

[*Continued on page 76*]

"I Wouldn't Have Believed

So Great a Change Possible in a Child

if it hadn't happened to my own"

"My girl had always been sickly since she was 5 weeks old. She was pale, nervous and decidedly under weight for her age. We did all we could to make her well but could not get anything to help. At last a doctor advised us to do away with all medicine and use Ovaltine instead. We could see results almost immediately—she seemed like a different child. Color came back to her cheeks, nervousness and restlessness decreased wonderfully and she has added 5 pounds in weight even through the hot summer months. *I wouldn't have believed so great a change possible in a child if it hadn't happened to my own.* She has changed into another child in this short time."

MRS. LESLIE STEINMETZ, *Allentown, Pa.*

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UNCLE WIGGILY MUG

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander, given FREE with 3-day trial package.

Accept 3-Day Supply . . . A Swiss Discovery That May Make Your Child Over . . . Not a Medicine, But the Most Enticingly Delightful Food-Drink Known

This mother's experience is typical of hundreds of others. You may find just as remarkable a one with your own child.

Swiss Scientists—world-leaders in child development—have thrown many new lights on the underweight or nervous child. One of their findings is embodied in an utterly New-Type of food-drink, called Ovaltine.

New to America, it has become virtually a national beverage throughout scientific Europe. Its use has spread over 54 different nations. Over 20,000 doctors are advising it.

Weight increases of a pound or more a week are common. Nervousness lessens almost from the time its use is started. Largely on expert advice, mothers are flocking to it.

To try before purchasing a larger supply, note coupon for 3-day supply at right.

What It Is

Ovaltine is a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food-concentrate not remotely to be confused with "chocolate" and "malt" drinks common in this country.

First developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss Food Scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every single vital food element necessary to life.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements (such as lime, iron and phosphorous) foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

"Results Were Remarkable"

"Our daughter, Carol, was a very nervous child, had frequent attacks of indigestion and was considerably underweight. Then we began giving her 2 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a glass of warm whole milk 3 times a day. Results were remarkable and overjoyed us. In a short time Carol had gained 13 pounds in weight.

MRS. ALBERT M. FOSS, *Paul's Valley, Okla.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of *all* starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeals, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day test. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals—to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Results will surprise you.

*(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine and the Uncle Wiggily Mug FREE.

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OVALTINE
THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK

381 Lucky Women will get $5,000 from O-Cedar

$1,000 *First Prize*

$500 *Second Prize* $250 *Third Prize*

378 *other cash awards starting at* $100

DID you ever notice how many people win contests of this sort who have never tried anything like it before? In this great O-Cedar contest there are surprisingly few rules. Simply take five minutes now; sit down and write a letter telling us "Why Every Housewife Should Use O-Cedar Polish Mops and O-Cedar Polish." Use pencil, pen, or typewriter. No "fine" writing is necessary. No need to be "clever."

We want to know what housewives think about O-Cedar. How and when they use O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish. What they save in time and energy. How easily these mops are cleaned and washed, and how they are renewed with O-Cedar Polish. Anything which may help other housewives to new hours of leisure and to cleaner and more beautiful homes. Tell us your experience—or ask your friends who use O-Cedar Mops and Polish. But remember, you do not have to buy any O-Cedar Product to enter this contest.

Read the several O-Cedar pointers listed below. They'll help you. But better still, see O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish at hardware, grocery, department, drug and other stores. Then write your prize letter without delay. O-Cedar Corporation, Dept. B-3, Chicago, Ill.

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O-Cedar facts to help you win

O-Cedar Polish Mops dust and clean as they polish. Patented triangular shape makes corners easy to clean. New improved construction practically unbreakable. Mops are interchangeable, washable, renewable.

New O-Cedar Slip-on Mop pad instantly removable for cleaning and washing. O-Cedar Polish is best for renewing any polish mop. Unequaled for furniture. *Apply on damp cloth.*

Observe these easy rules!

Contest closes May 31st. Midnight of that date is the latest post-mark acceptable. Address Contest Editor, Dept. B-3, O-Cedar Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

Unnecessary to buy O-Cedar Products to enter contest.

Put name and address at top of each sheet. Write only on one side of sheet.

In case of tie for any award, full amount will be given to each of tying contestants.

Winners will be announced at earliest possible date—but prize money will be mailed winners as soon as judges make decisions.

Judges are Katharine H. Fisher, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute; Della T. Lutes, Housekeeping Editor of *Modern Priscilla*, and Cora F. Sanders, Associate Editor of *Woman's World*. Their decisions will be final.

O-Cedar Polish Mops

Easy to have beautiful floors with O-Cedar Polish Mops. 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50.

O-Cedar Polish "cleans as it polishes." 4-oz. bottle, 30c; 12-oz. bottle, 60c.

HIDE IN THE DARK

[*Continued from page 74*]

into battle to do it. I'll admit I lost my head—ordered off overnight without even a chance of a word with you and leaving a whole country full of men behind me. I stayed awake all that night thinking how young you were and how beautiful and dear."

"And how rich," said the green wood nymph clearly.

"That's twice that you've called me a fortune hunter," he said, in a voice that came from some place more distant and more cold than any she had ever known. "I have an idea that it's going to be the last time. Sit there. What makes you think it was your money that I cared for?"

"I don't think—I know, Larry. I know everything. I knew before I got the letter."

"You knew what, in God's name?"

"I knew about Sunny—about you and Sunny. Now will you let me go?"

"I will not let you stir one inch. Are you clean out of your head? What did you know about Sunny and about me?"

I KNOW everything, I tell you. I know that when you found that she had no money you turned her out into the street. I know that she told you that the money was mine. Is there anything more that you'd like to tell me?"

"I turned Sunny into the street? *Sunny?*"

"I know that she had not been dead two days when you were writing me, weeping over her and begging me to wait until you came back. To wait for you. Oh—Oh—"

Suddenly she twisted in the chair, clinching her teeth to keep back the storm of tears flooding up to engulf her—tears that had been waiting ten years to beat their way through.

The man before her said: "One of us is stark, staring mad. This is the first time in my life that I ever knew whether Sunny had money or hadn't. I did know that there was some mystery about her death—something about an unhappy love affair—"

Jill wrung her hands together with a frantic little sound that was meant to be laughter.

"You dare, you dare to stand there and talk to me about mysteries! There's no mystery about Sunny's death, none. When you sent her back from Baltimore that night you became as truly her murderer as any poor devil with a knife who swings by his neck till dead."

"Jill, listen to me! Are you listening? I have never laid eyes on Sunny in Baltimore. I swear it before God. There's been a hideous mistake."

She asked in a drowned whisper, "It wasn't you? It wasn't you that Sunny went to?"

"I tell you that I never thought of Sunny in my life except to envy her for being near you. She was your little sister. I loved her for being your sister, and she was sweet to me because she was sweet to everyone."

She sat quite still, looking up at him with a face so lost and dazed that he knelt suddenly beside her and put his arms about her. She said, "All the time, all the time it was me, Larry?"

"You, ever since the first time I saw you. You coming down that long flight of stairs at the Randalls' in something that looked like a little gray cloud, with silver buckles on your slippers and an enormous fan of gray feathers."

She cried, "Oh, Larry, all those years—all those years! They're gone—I've lost them for us."

"Don't grudge those lost years, Jill. It's taken ten of them to make you lovelier than anyone else in the world. Shall we call those lunatics upstairs down and tell them we're engaged? But just before we forget all the unhappy things forever, I wish that you'd tell me where you heard that ghastly nonsense about me and Sunny and Baltimore?"

The joyous face in the mirror clouded, fixed in concentration.

"Larry, that's what's so strange. I think it was Lindy first, or maybe that was afterward. It was Lindy who told about Sunny's going there, I know because mother and I thought at first that maybe—maybe Sunny had been murdered by a tramp or a maniac of some kind, so Lindy thought we ought to know just what had happened. She wouldn't ever have told us if it hadn't been for that."

"Lindy told you that I'd taken Sunny to Baltimore? Jill, we're dreaming."

"No, no. She said— Weren't you in Baltimore that Saturday, Larry?"

"I was never in Baltimore in my life except at a house party the first winter that I was in Washington."

"Not the Saturday before Sunny died?"

"That was January, the week before I sailed, wasn't it? No, I was in Wilmington for Kim Farrell's wedding. Kit and I motored over—" He halted, staring at her incredulously over memory's warning hand. "You're right. I was in Baltimore. At the hotel, for about half an hour. We got off the road—"

"You didn't go there to meet Sunny?"

"I never laid eyes on Sunny, Jill. Was she there?"

"Yes—with a man. Someone—someone thought it was you."

"And that someone," remarked Larry, his face suddenly grim, "is responsible for ten lost years. And a bit over, too. Who saw me in Baltimore, Jill?"

"Just wait till I get a chance to think, will you, darling? I can't think at all, now, except that it's over and we're so happy. I don't want to spoil things by getting them all twisted again. Larry, darling, please let's be happy."

HE STARED down at the lovely, flushed face, so piteously eager, and abruptly his own relaxed.

"Happiness it is!" he said. "Every thing else can wait. Now we'll show those maniacs in the hall what a party is. Hi, what goes on out there?"

"Great jumping Jehoshaphat, children, listen to that wind! I'll bet it's tearing the boxwood up by the roots! And kindly look at the way it flattens down those flames."

Over the reassuring crackle of the flames and the soaring voice of the wind rose the light, ominous patter of rain and Doug King's voice lifted in a lusty groan: "Well, there goes the paper chase tomorrow. No target practice either, I'd like to bet. Never mind. Who cares a tinker's dam what's happening outside when we have visions to dazzle these old eyes like those over yonder?"

[*Continued on page 78*]

Her tooth paste bought her galoshes

You'll be delighted to find how many little things you can buy with that $3 that Listerine Tooth Paste saves you every year as compared to dentifrices costing 50c and up. Galoshes, for example. Handkerchiefs. Hosiery. Perfume. Gloves.

A remarkable dentifrice —*yet but 25¢*

IT takes a great deal of money to prepare and introduce a new tooth paste. Unless the product is of exceptional merit and priced right, its chance of success is slight.

Four years ago Listerine Tooth Paste was produced by the makers of Listerine. It was the final expression of years of study. Today, sweeping toward leadership, it has reached and passed some of the excellent dentrifices that sell for 50¢ or more.

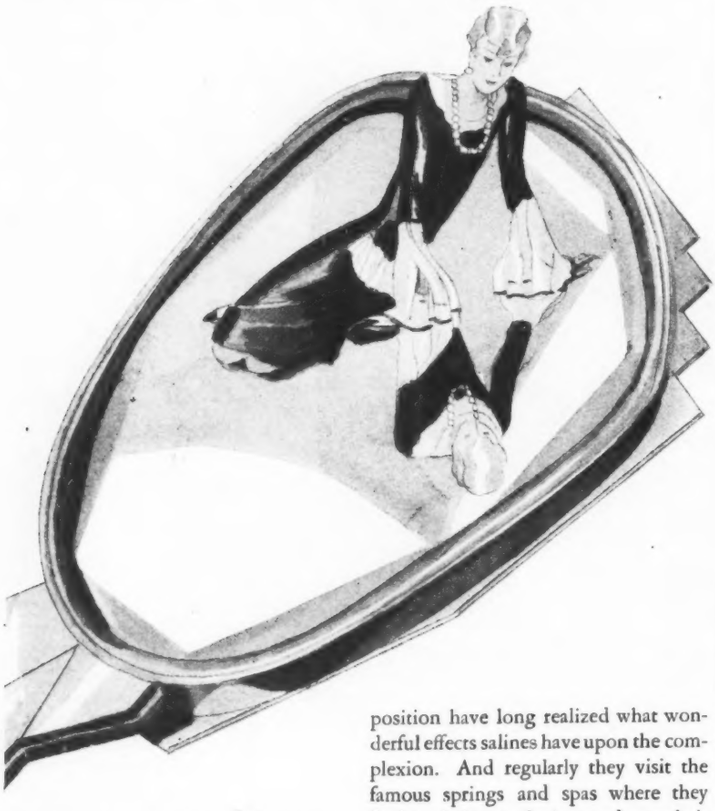
Millions are delighted by that refreshing sensation of mouth invigoration you associate with Listerine. They're enthusiastic about the quick, safe way Listerine Tooth Paste attacks deposits and leaves teeth white and gleaming.

We can offer no more convincing proof of its merit than this eagerness on the part of the public to buy—and keep on buying.

And think of paying but 25¢ instead of 50¢. That's a saving of $3 per year per person. Worth while isn't it? Particularly when a family is large. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

The fault, dear lady, lies often with yourself



MANY a woman whose complexion is not what it ought to be shifts from this cream to that — from one method to another and wonders why her complexion does not improve.

But the fault, dear lady, rests nearly always neither with your creams, nor with your methods, but rather in frequent neglect of your own internal cleanliness. —And without internal cleanliness not all the beauty aids in christendom can give your skin real beauty.

Good complexions come from within. And there is nothing quite so successful in keeping your skin fine and clear and smooth as your little bottle of Sal Hepatica.

In Europe the women of wealth and position have long realized what wonderful effects salines have upon the complexion. And regularly they visit the famous springs and spas where they freshen their complexions and tone their whole systems by drinking the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, indigestion, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle at your druggist's today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can make you feel better and look your best.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30c, 60c, and $1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

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71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the FREE Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

HIDE IN THE DARK

[*Continued from page 76*]

He gestured dramatically toward the doorway where stood Hanna, tall and radiant in trailing white and diamonds, and Lindy, exquisite in clouds of violet tulle and pearls.

"Hanna, you're the most elegant thing I've laid eyes on since gentlemen discovered they preferred blondes. Still and all you're my girl, Lindy. Come on over and sit by ole Uncle Doug and he'll tell you."

"I'm not going to sit down anywhere and neither are you. Come on, everyone. We simply must get started. Eight, nine, ten, eleven—who isn't down?"

"Us," called Chatty's cheerful little voice from the hall. "We've been dressmakering. Oh, Trudi Sheridan, where's that lacquer-red dress?"

TRUDI cast a casually appraising glance down at the beige sports dress that reached almost down to knees and clear down to her knuckles.

"Would you believe it—I spilled two ounces of Tonty's Passionate Folly plumb down the front of it? It looks like something the cat would rush straight off to the ash barrel."

"Trudi, I do think you're the most dreadful liar." Chatty, her dimples riotous, clutched accusingly at Trudi's decorously covered shoulders. "I know perfectly well that you put on this taffy-colored jumper because you thought I was going to feel out of it tonight without an evening dress. Honestly, of all the simpletons!" She administered a final shake and yielded to a series of small, hilarious giggles.

"Imagine worrying my head over an evening dress! Bohemia—she's the colored lady that helps out—says I spend so much of life trying to decide whether Junior's old pajamas would look better as awnings for the back porch or seat covers for the old sedan that I never know whether my own dress is on backwards or——" The gay voice checked, wavered, trailed off into space.

Tom Ross was staring at the jubilant little figure in its neat dark-blue and snowy frills with a look of such torn despair that all the roses blooming so dauntlessly in the gay face faded to wan contrition and the light tongue faltered, s t r i c k e n silent. After a long moment she said in a small, apologetic voice thick with unshed tears. "Of course the only reason I can't wear a different dress three times a day is because I'm such a perfect donkey of a manager. Mummy always said I was the worst manager she ever saw in her whole life. She always said that all the money that didn't stop through the holes in my pockets slipped right out through my fingers two seconds afterwards. She said—"

Tom Ross leaning swiftly forward, tilted the round woe-begone countenance up to his and deposited two long, deliberate kisses on the drowned lashes.

"She's the best manager since Eve," he said evenly. "She manages to keep four children, pigs, three waltzing mice, two darkies, a canary, a dog, a can full of polliwogs and an adoring husband housed, fed and contented on an income that wouldn't keep an Eskimo in ice cream. Never you mind, young feller—first thing you know you'll be having terrapin for breakfast and a lace boudoir cap. In the meantime, if it's all the same to the rest of this festive gathering, I move that we eat. I'm getting hungry enough to go for the berries off the holly trees. Massa Baird, sir, I'll trouble you to reach me a good thumping snack of what looks like the king of all chicken mousses."

"Hear, hear!"

"You and me both, ole kid!"

"Do I just scatter sandwiches around and let them lie where they fall?"

"Oh, children, we can't eat like this!" protested Lindy, in tones divided between horror and mirth. "Even the March Hares ought to have some method in their madness. Kit, you and Doug come over to my table and the rest of you sit down firmly wherever you want to, only do let it be at tables. Look how beautiful they are!"

"One more round, Lindy!" implored Doug. "One more round before we sit down, because this is a party and we're the March Hares. This is Liberty Hall, isn't it, Lindy? Or is it Lady Court?"

"It's Lady Court," said Lindy with surprising firmness, and then added, relenting, "Oh, well, just one more! This is good, Sherry. Here's to my guests—bless them for being here!"

"Here's to our hostess—bless her for having us! On your feet, March Hares! Strike up the band!" The irrepressible Douglas spun the handle, gave a professional twirl to the black disk and stepped back with a magnificent gesture of invitation.

"Boy, listen to that! They don't write music like that these days. Underneath the stars—ta-da-da, dee-da-a—da! This is ours, Lindy. Here's where we teach 'em how to dance!"

Lindy, her eyes black pools in the white terror of her face, pressed back against the sofa.

"No, no, Doug, I'm tired. No!"

"Chile, I don't even know how to spell No. Come on, show this gawking crowd what the poetry of motion means. Atta girl! 'Jack-o-lanterns in the garden glea-eaming—' "

NO ONE stirred, no one moved. They stood transfixed, the glasses still in their hands, the candlelight in their hair, the music of Sunny's tune rising and falling about them as Doug swung by with Lindy in his arms. Swaying, circling, dipping to the old unforgotten tune, the old unforgotten words—

"Underneath the silver—"

It checked, wavered and swung off into space with a long rasping cry as Kit Baird pushed the lever ruthlessly across the still spinning disk, and stood staring down at the long scar that it left in its wake. In the far corner of the room Doug King flung about on his heel.

"Who did that? You, Baird?"

"I, myself, in person," said Kit Baird, his eyes still on the disk.

"It's the second time that you've done it," said Douglas King, "and if you're asking me, it's twice too often." His voice shook with anger.

At that Kit raised his eyes, and they were smiling.

"Do you know, for a moment I almost thought you'd forgotten—" He came forward through the little group with his long, light step, his eyes still smiling. When he was a pace away, he stopped and dropped one gentle, detaining hand on Doug King's shoulder.

"Your mistake, old man. Didn't you hear her say that she was tired?"

[*Continued in* APRIL McCALL'S]

All tired out *early in the day*

THE old energy that used to carry her buoyantly through the day and out to parties and dances at night seemed to be lost.

Her husband never mentioned it, but she knew he felt it, and was puzzled and disappointed. What was the reason?

She did not know—even in this enlightened day—that the vivacity and zest for living which she was losing arise from a fastidiously cared-for, healthy body, from controlled habits of living. She did not realize what a large part the modern practice of feminine hygiene plays in protecting and preserving these precious qualities.

But no woman need misunderstand the facts about feminine hygiene, modern science's great health safeguard for women. The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant offer you a booklet prepared by an eminent woman physician, setting forth the facts explicitly, giving specific rules and *professional* advice in simple language. Send the coupon below. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope. It is free.

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Lysol Disinfectant

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Even when teeth are white

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender Health to Pyorrhea

DANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea) it also cleans teeth and protects the crevices where decay so often begins.

Get This Good Habit

Remember, nobody's *immune*. And the safeguard against disease is proper daily care and a semi-annual visit to your dentist.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes — 35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's The Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

FIRST AID TO ADAM'S OFF OX

[*Continued from page 16*]

deep in her eyes and her copper-colored bobbed hair tousled about her glowing face.

"No jury in America," he began, and stopped. On the cuff of his maroon-colored pajamas (where on earth did they come from?) there was a name, embroidered out in flowery yellow amplitude. He held it up and read, in a tone not unmixed with awe: "Winstanley Rutherford"; and something clicked in his mind. That was where he had seen her name—played up in the paper in an account of her engagement to the man who belonged inside the pajamas. His lips shaped themselves about a question, but the door opened and admitted the voice of a man telephoning in the next room.

It admitted also a nice looking, elderly maid, in trim cap and apron, but he scarcely noticed her, his powers of attention being swiftly if momentarily absorbed by the voice.

YES," it said, "they were married this morning at Broad Acres and they are both here. No, they weren't hurt, just stunned. Yes, Mrs. Abernathy. No, there's nothing you can do, I think, but if you'd like to come —Very well, Mrs. Ab———"

The maid sliced it off by closing the door. While her back was turned, "Let me do the talking!" said the girl in a tense whisper; and:

"I certainly will!" Beardsley agreed.

"Anna," said the girl, "who is that telephoning?"

"It's Dr. Wardell's assistant, Miss Jessie. I'll go tell him you've come to. He's just leaving, and he said he wanted———"

"No, no; let him go. How did he get here, Anna? What's happened?"

"Don't you remember the accident?"

"We remember leaving the Queensboro Bridge, then a sort of flash of lightning and that's all. What was it?"

"Well, you and your husband had a narrow squeak and that's a fact. A truck right in front of you exploded; no one seems to know why. The driver was carting away rubbish and the police thinks there must have been dynamite concealed in it. The man and his load were blown to bits, so maybe they'll never find out. It's a miracle you weren't killed. Do you feel much shaken up? Have you any pain?"

"No," said Jessica in a voice quick with determination, excitement beating through it like a pulse. "I haven't any pain at all. Have"—her voice seemed to come over and tug at him —"have you, Win?"

Beardsley sat up and looked at her. Her very blue eyes were talking like a heliograph and their language was plain; she wanted help and she wanted it desperately.

"No, Jessica," he said as naturally as he could. "I have no pain, no pain at all."

So he had married this girl this morning at Broad Acres; and his name was Winstanley Rutherford. All right, then, Winstanley Rutherford and her husband he'd be, as long as she needed it of him; and if there was anything else she wanted——

"But how?" she was saying, "did they know who we are? How did they happen to bring us here?"

"They got your names from your luggage back in the rumble-seat, and when the police doctor saw you weren't either of you hurt much, he telephoned, and Stevens told him you and Mr. Rutherford has just been married and to bring you here. And we called Dr. Wardell's office, of course, but he was out. So his assistant came. He examined you both very carefully and said you would come to in a little while and didn't really need anything at all. He's got a very sick patient right around the corner that he's got to see. He's going there now. He just sat down to write some prescriptions there in the sitting-room, when———"

"I see. Aunt Caroline telephoned and wanted to speak to him. Was it today we got blown up?"

"Yes'm. And he said he'd be right back; but hadn't I better catch him before he leaves?"

"No, no. Let him go. Who else knows it besides Aunt Caroline?"

"Why, almost everybody! Stevens has been answering the downstairs telephone ever since it happened. The reporters got here as soon as you did, and there's some of 'em here yet, waiting for you to come to. Miss Ethelyn's here, and Mr. Carterhouse, and three of Mr. Rutherford's friends, and——"

Jessica's eyes grew a little wild and a little desperate. "Did the doctor telegraph that my—my husband was here, too?"

"Oh, yes'm, of course. And he said you weren't hurt much, just shook up. I don't think they'll be very anxious, Miss Jessie."

"Oh, won't they!" cried Jessica. "They—they'll be demented! Anna, you and I have known each other how long?"

"Why," said the woman, taken aback, "why, about fifteen years, Miss Jessie. Ever since you were a tiny little thing no bigger than this."

"Have I ever gone back on you during that time—treated you badly?"

"Heavens, no, Miss Jessie! You've been the kindest, nicest, sweetest thing in all the world!"

"Well, Anna," she held out her hands and the woman took them shyly, "you've got the chance of a lifetime to pay me back for everything I've done and to win my gratitude for the rest of time. Hold now and don't make a noise. This gentleman"—with a nod toward Beardsley "is—not my husband."

Spring Fiction

IN APRIL will appear another story by Robert MacAlarney, "The Blue Roadster"; and "Turn About" by Pauline Angell; while "The White Fox" is an oriental fable written by Princess Der Ling.

ANNA tried to hold hard, but was not physically capable of containing her surprise. Some of it escaped her in a squawk like that of a frightened hen.

"B-but where is Mr. Rutherford!"

"Waiting at the church—or somewhere. That's where I left him."

Anna stared in horror. "Just after you'd married him, Miss Jessie?"

"No. Just before. And I never saw him"—with a nod toward the present incumbent of the Rutherford pajamas —"until I lost my nerve in the traffic just after leaving the Queensboro Bridge and asked him to drive the car for me. But he did it, and he's been very kind to me and you mustn't look at him like that."

Jessica motioned toward an apricot cloud on a chair beside the bed and the woman picked it up and held it

[*Continued on page 83*]

THE HEINZ WAY IS THE *REAL* WAY

Even if you went to all the trouble of preparing spaghetti at home, it couldn't possibly be any better or more nourishing than this delicious Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti—all ready just to heat and serve.

For consider how carefully and painstakingly Heinz makes it. The recipe is one that came from a famous Italian chef. And every single ingredient is the very finest that can be obtained.

The dry spaghetti itself—so tender and wholesome—is made by Heinz from selected Durum wheat. And the very air in which it is dried is washed and filtered.

Then the delightful tomato sauce—made from plump, ripe, juicy tomatoes, fresh from the garden and cooked all *through* the spaghetti. The cheese—so important—is specially selected to give just the right tang and savor. And the seasoning is of rare spices, bought in the Orient by Heinz own representatives.

Zest, piquancy, matchless *flavor!* For all this you need pay only a few cents more. And for these few cents more you get the extra *food value* that Heinz quality always gives—with *Oven-Baked* Beans, Tomato Ketchup, *Cream* of Tomato Soup, Vinegars, Peanut Butter—indeed with any of the 57 Varieties. *H. J. HEINZ CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.*

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

"Rules 'n' regulations"... *now turned into play*

New ways of guidance that many mothers are using

Miriam Finn Scott, author of "How to Know Your Child," and "Meeting Your Child's Problems"

"There's a game for teaching almost every habit to children," says Miriam Finn Scott

FROM the moment little feet thud on the floor in the morning till they go to bed at night—how busy their owners are! Impatient of everything that interrupts the one important business—play.

But there are ways, now, by which mothers can use this very spirit of play to form lasting habits.

"Open the vast mine which contains the new riches of play," says Miriam Finn Scott, renowned psychologist and author. "There's a game for teaching almost every habit to children."

For instance, you want right habits of eating to become second nature. Particularly breakfast habits. A series of school tests has shown this arresting fact: children are definitely handicapped, at work and at play, unless they start their day with a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. Over 70,000 teachers have hung this rule on their class room walls:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

Mothers are apt to feel their duty so strongly that they are sometimes too earnest at the breakfast table. They may even let anxiety creep into their voice when they talk about hot cereal.

Then children resist. They believe they don't like Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever *hot, cooked* cereal is served them. But what they really don't like is the dead seriousness of the whole business.

One of the ways to change all this is a children's club—called the H. C. B. After a mother has sent for free membership for her children she needn't do anything else—except cook the hot cereal!

Youngsters respond with enthusiasm to the play material of this club. Brightly colored posters, glittering gold stars, shiny badges. All free, sent direct to the child. They love the game and soon they love their cereal too.

Let your youngsters play the H. C. B. game. Your own day will be brighter when you see them eagerly spooning up their Cream of Wheat. Send the coupon in today.

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Recommended for 32 years by leading authorities

Authorities on child health have for 32 years recommended Cream of Wheat as ideal. Here are three of their reasons:

1. *It is rich in mental and physical energy—all real food.*
2. *Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and easy to digest, for it contains none of the harsh, indigestible part of the grain.*
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Make this a habit with your children—a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning.

FREE—*the plan that works wonders*

A *PLAN* that arouses your children's interest in *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. A youngster's club with badges and a secret for members, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children together with a letter addressed to them personally and a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Just mail coupon to Dept. G-27 Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

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First name *Last name*

Street..... *City*..... *State*.....

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Watch him shoot the basket! Health habits build the energy that wins. Every school day eat a hot cereal breakfast—*Cream of Wheat*

FIRST AID TO ADAM'S OFF OX

[*Continued from page 80*]

out as one moving in a dreadful dream.

"Then you're not—not married at all?" she asked.

"Not," said Jessica, "at all."

And then, to Beardsley, as Anna departed: "It would take a couple of hundred thousand words to tell you how sorry I am for having messed you up with my affairs like this. Things just sort of blew up between Win and me as—as things sometimes will. It was just a—a quarrel—after the car was packed for our honeymoon trip and everything. It———" She stopped and shook her head, her eyes very shiny. "I guess I can't talk about it," she said.

Beardsley opened his lips. "Don't—don't be gentle to me!" she cried. "I'm not up to it!"

"I wasn't going to be," he said as the door opened and Anna returned. "I was just going to ask Anna for some pants. Almost anybody's pants, Anna. I'm so—er—accustomed to them, you know."

Jessica shot him a glance of gratitude, and Anna gave him one of wild dismay.

"Your clothes are in Mr. Wilmarth's dressing room, sir, and you'd better be getting 'em on! It's your father and mother, Miss Jessie! They are caught in the traffic, and your father stopped to telephone to find out how you are. Mr."—she had to stop and let out some of her breath, she had taken too much—"Mr. Rutherford's with 'em!"

The girl stood still and paled. "I must get out of here somehow! In spite of all I've done to you, will you help me?"

"Rather!" he began.

"They'll be here," Anna said in agony, "in fifteen minutes!"

"I can dress," said Beardsley "in eight." There were a dressing gown and slippers beside his bed and with two thrusts he was into them. "Where will you go!" he demanded.

"You are a peach! I'm so sorry—— To Rimington, I think—if we can make it. I've another aunt there—a very different sort from Aunt Caroline—Mrs. Judson Harrington."

"Yes," he said, "I've heard of her. Everybody's heard of her."

She nodded. "She's a perfect lamb. The last train leaves the Grand Central at—at half-past five. Can we———?"

But Kenneth Beardsley had nosedived for his pants.

HAVING followed more than one vocation in his time where nimble dressing was implicit in the contract, he cut the eight minutes to five and a half, and was standing beside the sitting-room window looking down upon the traffic when Jessica came up behind him.

"It looks," he suggested, "like one crowded hour of glorious life for ours! Quick now, which way out?"

She clutched his arm. "That car! With the nickeled hood! It's Dad's!"

The green eyes winked red, the whistles blew and the traffic congealed solidly from curb to curb.

"Answer to prayers!" said Beardsley. "That'll hold 'em a minute or two. Step on it, now———"

Anna burst into the room. "Mrs. Abernathy's here," she said in a sort of deadly calm.

Jessica stopped at the top of a flight of stairs.

"Don't explain. Tell everybody to telephone Aunt Emma. And if they ask you anything else, tell 'em you don't know. Keep telling 'em that and I'll give you my yellow crêpe de chine and—love you forever!"

"And you, too," she said to Beardsley as they twinkle-footed it down the stairs side by side, "if you'll get me out of this!"

They scurried like rabbits.

QUICK! This way! Don't look back!" For the car with the nickeled hood was sliding up.

"Thank Heaven, we're headed right! Now for a taxi!"

But Jessica stiffened, and then stopped beside a jeweler's window in which nine excessively competent-looking clocks unanimously announced the moment to be five twenty-two and a half.

But Beardsley had swept her out to the edge of the sidewalk. "Look at that! Holy jumping catfish! If that's not the hand of providence———! It's the only thing on earth that could get us there! What do you say?"

She looked with him, breathing hard, at as red a touring car as the world could show, with a big shiny nickel-plated bell riding the flaming hood of it, standing ready to hand beside the curb, its engine running quietly.

"The driver's in the shop there. I saw him go in. His car's obviously not needed anywhere in a hurry, because I saw him stop to window-shop. Besides, I'll see that he gets it back as soon as we're through with it."

Jessica Wilmarth took a long breath and opened the door of the car.

"Let's go!" she said, and he slid to the wheel.

"That thing———" he began, lowering the emergency brake as she sank beside him; but the thing he meant she had found and yanked; it rang the bell. A wild, high, strident and full-throated clangor was pushing its way through the traffic in front of them like an invisible battering ram.

"Look back," he shouted through the din, his own eyes glued to the way ahead. "Is anybody following?"

"A taxi," Jessica yelled, yanking steadily. "A quarter of a block behind. Gaining now."

"With one excited fireman inside!" thought Beardsley; and preceded by his clanging cohorts of noise, took the turn into Park Avenue, red-lit as far as eye could see.

"Did they block him?" he yelled to Jessica.

"Yes. He's had to stop."

"We'll make it easy, then, if we don't get pinched! Anyway, here goes!" he thought, and gave the red car all it had.

With head a little bent, lean hands light and strong on the wheel, accurate, careful foot alternately surging her forward and easing her down when the bumps made her switch her tail too high, with the terrific clamor of the bell riding above them like the winged dogs of Victory, he took nearly a dozen blocks as one in a red streak of speed, turned into Forty-second Street, shot past Madison and Vanderbilt and, bidding Jessica stop ringing, drew up discreetly, as though it were his daily habit, at the main entrance of the Grand Central Station.

"With," he remarked, as he switched off the engine and stepped quietly round to open the door for Jessica, "seven minutes to the good."

[*Continued on page 84*]

Loveliness

. . . . an amazing amount of personality and charm may be expressed through the hair . . . .

Out of the modern trend of feminine desires for personal loveliness has come a new realization of the importance of natural hair beauty . . . . and its manner of achievement.

You know how outstanding is the guest whose greatest charm may be her hair—its alluring rich lustre, its natural color, its silky, glossy sheen—brilliance that bespeaks utmost attention.

Women who depend much upon hair for personal attractiveness are deep in the understanding of what is best in methods. And, no chances are taken as to what results . . . . and effect . . . . may be.

These appreciative women advise you that if hair is to be sweet, clean and silky it must be rinsed with *fresh* Lemon Juice. Through its delicate acid Lemon Juice not only removes the soapy curds, but brings out true color, alluring lustre. *And, it aids retaining the wave!*

California Lemon Rinse gives an exhilerating sense of cleanliness. Insist that your beauty parlor give you this preferred rinse. Or rinse with fresh Lemon Juice at home:—First, the usual shampoo and plain water rinse. Then squeeze the juice of two Lemons in four quarts of water. *Now rinse thoroughly.* Again, rinse with *clear* water. And it is all done. Note the return of the hair's true color, feel its silkiness, see how the wave stays in. You will be delighted with the free booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," detailing many toilet uses of California Lemons.

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Please send me FREE book, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, manicuring, and beautifying the hair.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

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She still *looked* exquisite ~ *but...!*

You never know when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you . . .

NEVER had she taken more pains with her toilette—the evening promised many things.

But before it was half over Peter's interest in her seemed to wane. Other people's, too! It had happened before and she could never understand why.

The truth is that there is never any way of telling when a temporary deodorant may go back on you. Unless you have used Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, you can never be sure of not being guilty of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor.

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Used regularly, Odorono keeps the underarm always dry and fresh by checking perspiration in a safe way.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry and smooth with two applications a week, used the last thing at night. Pat on freely after bathing. Do not rub in. Allow time to dry thoroughly before putting on night garments.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless), for especially sensitive skins and for hurried use. Use daily or every other day, night or morning. Pat on freely after skin is bathed. Allow plenty of time to dry completely before any clothing touches the skin.

Medical science has found that perspiration is 99% water. Its chief function is to regulate body temperature. It does not rid the body of poison. *Checking perspiration in small areas has no effect on health.* Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

A physician's prescription

A physician made Odorono 19 years ago for his own use. That is why you always feel safe in using Odorono.

The regular use of Odorono gives you absolute, safe protection from the possibility of unpleasant odor and damp sticky discomfort. No longer need you worry about ruining your frocks with perspiration odor or ugly spreading stains.

Odorono regular strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins, and the delightful Creme Odorono are on sale at toilet goods counters everywhere. Odorono 35¢ and 60¢. Creme Odorono in tubes 25¢.

Send 10¢ and the coupon below for the Odorono sample kit.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono regular strength Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono.
Dept. D-3, The Odorono Company, 947 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.

FIRST AID TO ADAM'S OFF OX

[*Continued from page 83*]

"It ought to be enough," she said, "if we run for it. What about the car?"

"As soon as I've put you on the train, I'll return it to them, and maybe"—he grinned—"go to jail."

"How—how terrible! How perfectly awful! Do you really—?"

"Not at all," he said as they started swiftly together down the long incline that leads to the lower level. "I could use a little of that kind of publicity just now. I've a play on—*Adam's Off Ox*—and the advertising———"

"Golly! Did you write *Adam's Off Ox?* Did you really?"

"Well, it's by way of being a corpse!" They went through the gate. "You don't mean to say you've seen it?"

"Twice. It's the stunningest play in town. I'd rather have written it——"

THEN," he interrupted, feeling like a mental balloon as the idea expanded within him—"then maybe you wouldn't mind if—! Good Lord! Think of the headlines! You're in for some of them anyhow, you know, and a few more—'Junk Wagon Explodes Rising Young Playwright into Maroon Pajamas of Multimillionaire and Fame!' Or: 'Author of *Adam's Off Ox* Awakes in Twin of Fifth Avenue Heiress' Bed!' Would you— would you mind terribly?"

They stopped beside the open door of one of the waiting cars and Jessica laughed. "I wouldn't mind at all."

And then her face grew sober. "Win wouldn't like it, of course."

"Would it make it harder for you to fix things up?"

"Do you know anything about Win Rutherford?"

He shook his head. "Only that he's a very rich man."

A gray cloud drifted across her face. "'Only that he's a very rich man'!" she repeated, with a little wistful trickle of desolation through her tone. She shivered. "That's all there is to know!"

"I'm terribly sorry. Please forgive me for thinking of it. I wouldn't have made it harder for anything."

"It wouldn't have made it harder; it would have made it impossible—absolutely, utterly, categorically and eternally impossible."

"Train's leaving, madam!" said a man in uniform, and she stepped aboard.

"I'm sorry I suggested it! Please forgive———"

She turned and faced him.

"And that's the reason," she said distinctly, "that I'd like to have you do it—that and because I'd love helping with the play. Do you see?"

He did see, and it rather took his breath away.

"If—if I'm not in jail," he stammered as the train began to move, "may I come to see you tomorrow at Rimington?"

He walked along eagerly beside her.

"Why not come now? You could tell the papers by telephone and——"

He stepped inside and the door shut them in together.

"———Aunt Emma's is much nicer than jail."

"Besides," he said, with his pulses shaking to the oldest and most authentic magic under the sun, "jail's like being in love—it's so much easier to stay out than to get out."

She gave him a long, steady look.

"I don't know anything about it," she said, quite honestly; but something deep down within him told him she was going to.

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 19*]

tone in which the friar extolled the virtues of this prince.

"Alas!" sighed Brother Stephen. "He is gone, the one good influence in that prodigal court; gone no man knows whither; vanished in a night. He quitted the court when it was at Brussels, close upon a year ago. There were rumors of him here and there, but the Duke has failed to trace him."

"Why did he go?" inquired Johanna.

"Ah, that!" The friar raised his eyes and fetched a sigh. "His highness would have had him marry where he did not love. To avoid it and because sickened in other ways of courtly life, he disappeared."

"But his flight hardly savors of high courage," quoth Claessens.

Count Anthony who hitherto had sat a little in shadow, laughed softly. Claessens turned to him.

"You laugh, sir! Why?"

"You do not know Duke Charles of Burgundy, his indomitable will strengthened by the growing belief that he is divinely inspired."

"You speak with feeling almost, Master Egmont," said the burgher.

"Oh! Based on common knowledge," was the Count's disarming answer.

BUT it did not disarm the friar. "Egmont!" he had echoed, when that name was pronounced and had continued to stare at the elegant figure sitting just beyond the edge of the light. His perceptions were quickened and almost at a glance he identified that tawny head and lofty brow, glowing eyes and sensitive mouth with the descriptions of the missing prince of the house of Guelders. His jaw fell; his eyes dilated.

His discovery put an end to his newsmongering for that night and soon thereafter he begged leave to seek his bed. But the question stirring tumultuously in his brain was: "What does Count Anthony of Guelders with masked identity seek in this burgher household?"

Knowing his world and its wickedness, he could find but one answer.

When Jan had lighted him to his chamber and Johanna had accompanied him thither, he detained her.

"This Messire Egmont, child? Have you known him long?"

She told him the extent of their acquaintance and whence it was sprung.

"What brings him back here?" he asked.

She faltered in her reply. "There are certain moneys due to him."

"And is that all?"

"What else do you suspect?"

He set a hand upon her shoulder.

"I bid you beware, child. He is a man of courts, of noble blood. He may be virtuous. But there is little virtue in the world to which he belongs, especially in dealing with those of the world which is yours, my child. God keep you spotless."

She was crimson now and her clear, frank eyes were almost hard. Without raising her voice she gave an edge to her words.

"Such is my nightly prayer," she informed him. "Do you pray God to give you purity of mind and to save you from the sin of thinking evil."

On that she departed, leaving the good man uplifted by her rebuke. He was in time. But in time for what?

[*Continued on page 86*]

How to Dress Smartly
IF-YOU-ARE-NOT-SLENDER

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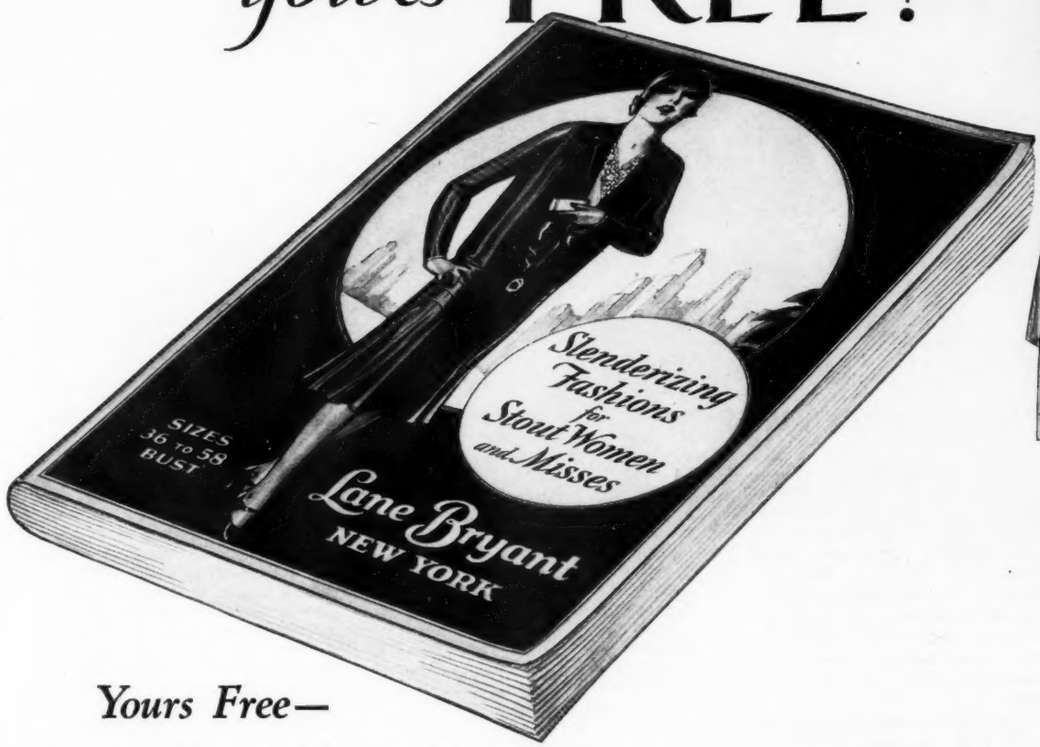

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Is it SOFT? ABSORBENT? CHEMICALLY PURE?
These are the qualities, doctors say, you must demand for safety.

"Watch out for unsafe bathroom paper"

—*Hospitals now warn you*

AFTER 40 years of age, doctors say, you have one chance in two of contracting some form of rectal trouble. Even among younger people, such ailments are common. And children are not immune.

You don't hear much about these troubles—simply because people don't talk about them. But they exist—among men and women alike.

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Not the least is inferior toilet paper! 580 physicians and 223 hospitals, recently questioned on the subject, agreed that "Harsh or impure toilet paper may cause serious injury."

"To be safe," they said, "a toilet tissue must have three qualities—Softness, Absorbency, Purity."

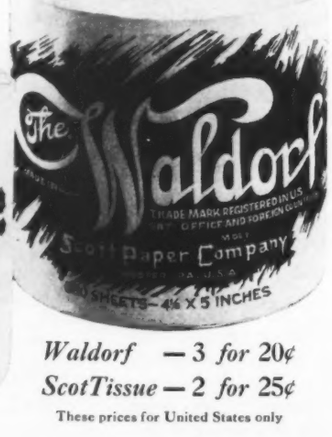
ScotTissue and Waldorf are famous bathroom tissues *specially processed* to satisfy the most rigid medical standards.

These two tissues are extremely soft and clothlike—yet they possess great tensile strength. They absorb four times their weight in water. And cleanse thoroughly.

Only the finest fresh materials go into Scott tissues. They are absolutely safe.

A small child easily uses them. They tear squarely—evenly. And they fit the standard built-in fixtures.

Why take chances when you can be sure of safety in this bathroom essential? Always ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.



Waldorf — 3 *for* 20¢
ScotTissue — 2 *for* 25¢

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THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 84*]

Seeking the answer to this question Brother Stephen fell asleep. He found it when he awakened next morning, for he was subtle; and in any case he was strengthened by the godly assurance that he risked his neck in a good cause.

Toward noon of that same day Brother Stephen came dusty and famished into the gray courtyard of the Gravenhof of Middelburg, and craved audience of the ducal governor of Zealand, an august and terrifying personage.

A MAN chooses the instrument of his will according to his nature. Duke Charles of Burgundy being a stern, uncompromising man of the sword, chose stern, uncompromising soldiers for his representatives, and of these, none was more stern and uncompromising than the Sire Claude de Rhynsault, the Lorrainer who ruled as the Duke's governor in Zealand.

The friar was ushered across a bare stone hall into a little tapestry-hung closet. Here at a table in a high, carved Gothic chair, sat the dread Governor of Zealand. Disliking clerics he scowled now upon his visitor.

"Ha, friar! What news is this you boast will make you welcome?"

On a faldstool at the table's end, nursing one leg across the thigh of the other, sat the governor's fool, a wisp of a man with a humped back. Out of his little close-set eyes, more evil looked upon the world than Brother Stephen had ever seen in human countenance. The friar shuddered as he shifted his glance to the governor and made answer:

"Your Excellency will have heard of the disappearance of Count Anthony of Guelders?"

"Ay, ay, I am aware of that."

"The Duke would account himself well served by any who should send the Count back to him. Do you know that the burgher whom he befriended is a merchant of this city, one Philip Danvelt? Let me suggest that you question Danvelt as to his companion."

"God's light! I'll question him: ay, and wring an answer from him if I have to put a length of whipcord round his temples. Now go your way!" the governor dismissed him.

"Even at this late date he may be able to put you on the track of him; and you may do good service to the Duke's highness, whom God preserve."

Within a half-hour an officer from the governor waited upon Master Danvelt with a summons from his Excellency. Resentful and grumbling to support his importance, Danvelt departed.

"I am reminded," the governor greeted him, "that in Ghent last April you were in trouble for sedition."

"Not that," said Master Philip. "In my cups I was incautious and uttered some follies. I have paid for that."

"Oh, you've paid, have you, sirrah merchant. There was a gentleman advanced you the sum you needed for your fine. You remember that?"

"I remember. Yes."

"Do you recall his name?"

"Of course. It was Anthony Egmont."

"Impudent buffoon. Is that a way for such as you to speak of him? Don't you know who he is?"

"Not if he is anything more than Anthony Egmont."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"At Flushing, at the Zeelanderhof."

"Oho!" cried Rhynsault. "So?"

Danvelt was dismissed with scant courtesy and in deep resentment as well as some uneasiness. Returning home, he ordered horses to be saddled and set out for Flushing.

Now it happened that Count Anthony and Mistress Johanna were returning from an excursion along the dykes. There had been little talk between them and that little was confined to trivial matters. Their horses had fallen to a walking pace when Count Anthony leaned across and placed his gloved hand on hers, where it rested on the peak of the saddle. "Do you recall, Johanna, our first meeting?"

"Do I recall it?" Her tone announced the impossibility of forgetting it. "I see you now, so clearly, in the courtyard of my father's house. You looked to me—" In sudden shyness she broke off.

Nor did he, lover-like, implore her to continue. "Was that really our first meeting? Did no memory stir in you of something remote, half lost in the mists of time?" His eyes were wistful.

She turned her head to look at him between tenderness and mystification.

"I do not understand."

"That first glimpse of you stirred a memory in me. It bore to me, I thought, the knowledge that you and I were one link in some eternal chain, that each of us was a part of the other, predestined mates. If you believe me, you will understand now what it was that moved me to succor Philip Danvelt."

"Philip!" she echoed.

"Philip Danvelt himself was naught; just a source of the impulse upon which I was to act, a sign-post to point me along the road to Heaven."

HE CEASED and there was silence, for she knew not what answer to make him. His words were poetically vague; but it emerged from them clearly that he was wooing her. And whilst her soul trembled in ecstasy, it trembled too, in an indefinable fear—

It was not for her, her instincts told her, either to encourage or discourage him. Hers now the passive part until he should fully have revealed himself and the true quality of this love he offered.

Waiting, then, she practised stern repression; nor dared to look at him, but kept her eyes on the red towers of the town of Flushing which they were fast approaching.

And then she became conscious, as did he, of rapidly overtaking hoofbeats behind them. A moment later came a hail, two horsemen swept alongside, and the first of these doffed his bonnet and revealed himself as Master Danvelt, never more inopportune to her than in this moment.

"God save you, Master Egmont," was his greeting, breathlessly delivered. "I have ridden hard to warn you."

"To warn me?" The Count drew rein, as did the others now; and they stood, the servants a little in the background, whilst Philip made a full announcement of his morning's interview with the Governor of Zealand.

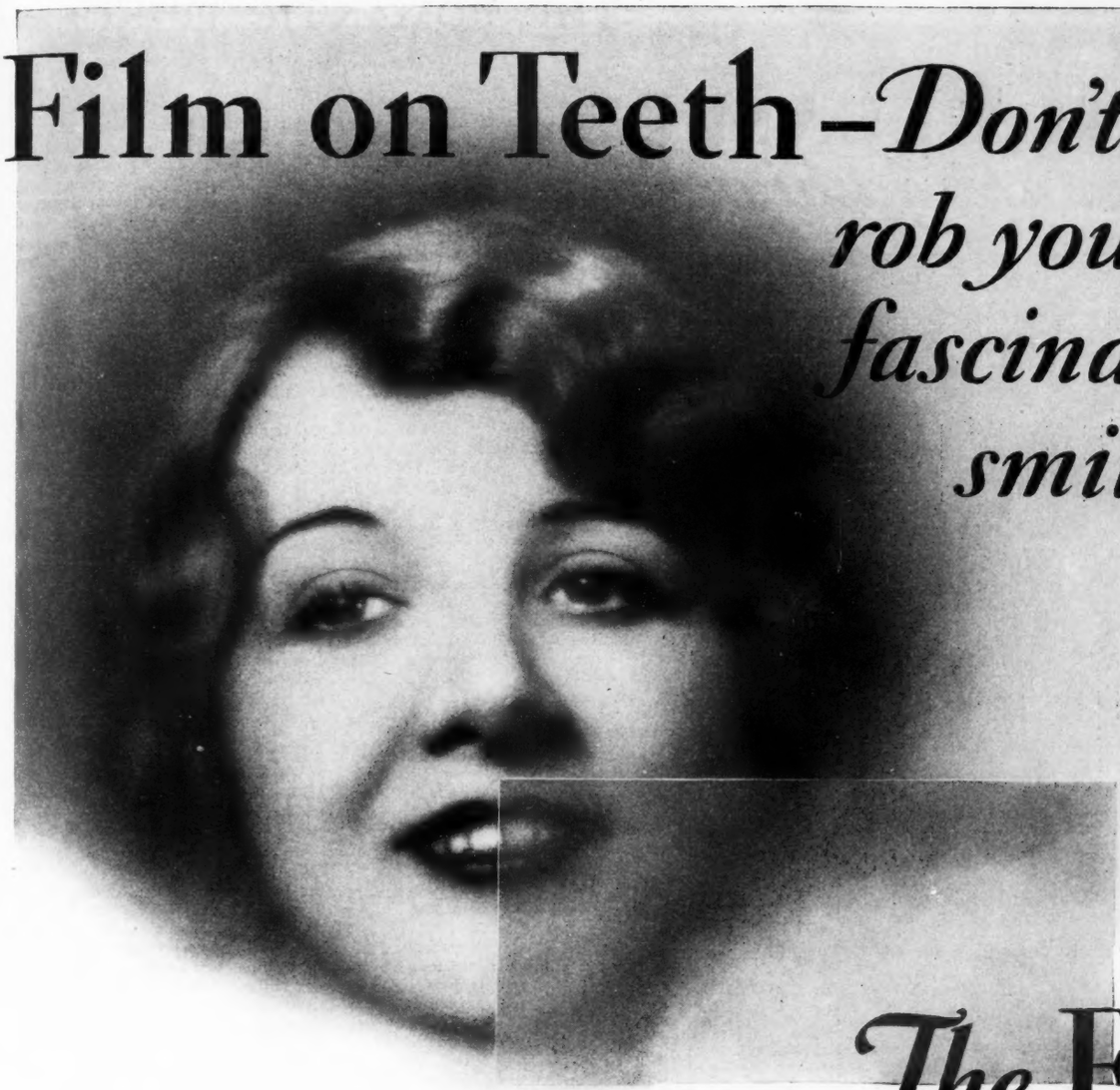
Count Anthony laughed when the tale was told. "Why, what have I to do with the Governor of Zealand?" he asked.

"That you should know, sir. Whatever it may be, and lest it should bode you ill, my duty was to warn you at once in view of what lies between us."

"That, sir, was very noble in you,"

[*Continued on page 88*]

Film on Teeth—*Don't let it rob you of a fascinating smile*



The Film

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders

How to remove film—the question millions are asking. Now a special film-removing dentifrice is urged by dentists. Please accept a free 10-day supply

"ISN'T there something I can do?" wrote a young woman recently. "I am so sensitive about my 'yellow' cloudy teeth. I brush them for hours only to meet with failure."

Today, three months later, she writes, "My teeth are as sparkling white and lovely as those I used to envy. ... How awfully near I came to never knowing it. Everyone should accept the free test you offer."

Millions do not know

A tragic story with a happy ending. . . . There are thousands like this charming girl whose winning personalities are shadowed by one fault too many—unattractive teeth. So many never find it out.

Now science has discovered, 9 times in 10, the cause of "discolored" teeth is a dingy film that coats them. It is your greatest enemy to loveliness. It is a dangerous enemy to health, too, for film is held responsible for decay, pyorrhea, bleeding gums and other troubles. Your dentist knows how true this is.

You must fight film

Feel for film with your tongue—a slippery, sticky coating. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it ... germs of many kinds.

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of decay. Physicians agree a number of serious body ills are indirectly traced to film.

The special way to remove it

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel. Old ways may be discarded.

As children's teeth appear you marvel at their whiteness. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural. The danger of decay and pyorrhea is combated scientifically. In hundreds of thousands of cases under observation this way succeeds where ordinary brushing ways have failed.

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Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try.

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Smart women have abandoned artificial looking nail tints. Instead, an entirely new type of nail loveliness is now the fashion—*natural gleam*, given in an instant by Glazo.

The soft shimmer of Glazo Liquid Polish is neither too deep nor too pale—just a natural, soft brilliance! So adorning to any woman's nails and hands! So new and correct!

This exquisite polish was created for women by Edna Albert, one of America's foremost business women. She searched the exclusive toilet goods shops of Paris for a truly distinguished nail polish—brought back a secret formula and then perfected it in her own laboratories. That is Glazo—the loveliest, most sophisticated, and now most popular, of all liquid polishes.

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A brush flick, and Glazo gives a lustrous "nail sheath" which is mirror-smooth, glinting with the light.

And this dainty nail sheath lasts a week. Glazo never peels, shreds, turns brown. Its delicate lustre does not dull in spots. It spreads on evenly and instantly, without that thick, gummy look. See for yourself how much prettier your hands look when your nails have the *natural gleam* of Glazo. At all toilet goods counters, in clever twin bottles—Glazo Polish and Remover—50c. Or send ten cents for generous triple sample set, including the new cuticle oil—use the coupon below!

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I enclose 10 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish, remover and cuticle oil). Shade checked above. Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions.

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GLAZO

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 86*]

said Count Anthony, "your action more than justifies mine in having served you. For the rest, you need have no fear either for me or for yourself. I am no fugitive from justice. There will be messages for me."

Into the inn yard less than an hour later clanked a company of six men-at-arms, from the heads of whose lances fluttered purple bannerols bearing the cross of St. Andrew. Dismounting, their officer inquired for a gentleman calling himself Anthony Egmont.

The landlord promptly conducted the officer above-stairs, to the room where Count Anthony sat alone, torn between his love for Johanna and his duty to himself.

"By your good leave, my Lord, I have orders concerning you." Thus the officer, his manner a careful blend of deference and firmness.

"Concerning me? They are—?"

"You are to ride with me at once, my lord."

"I ride with you? Who are you, sirrah?"

"Fritz von Diesenhofen, lieutenant to the governor of Zealand. My orders are to deliver you into the hands of the Duke's highness."

Count Anthony rose. "So be it," he said. "Give me leave to write a letter and I shall be at your disposal."

But Diesenhofen shook his head. "Your letter must wait, my Lord, until I have made safe delivery of you."

"I am a prisoner then?"

"You may call it that. Besides, we must set out at once if we are to cross the water before dusk."

Thus abruptly ended Count Anthony's second visit to Flushing.

BRUGES, which Diesenhofen regarded as their destination, was to prove no more than the first stage of a journey that was to continue for close upon three weeks. The Duke had departed suddenly to return to Brussels.

When in pursuit of him they reached Brussels on the evening of the morrow, it was only to discover that he was now gone on to Namur, the next city.

The place was full of rumors. It was being said that the King of France was arming for the recapture of the cities of the Somme and that the Duke was taking order to resist this violation of the treaty of Conflans by counter attack.

Followed for Count Anthony days of tedious riding, now south, now east, now west, in the erratic wake of the swiftly moving Duke. Each night Diesenhofen locked him into an inn bedroom with a guard outside his door and another beneath his window; and each night of the first week Count Anthony wrote a letter to Johanna, which next morning he destroyed. Such was the bewildered state of his mind where she was concerned, that is was impossible for him to give it an expression at once clear and just.

In the end he wrote no more letters. They belonged, he and she, to different orders, between which any honorable alliance was impossible, whilst his love for her was too fine and spiritual and holy to admit even the contemplation of an alliance of any other nature. He would not so defile the real love which had come to blossom in his heart and though he might never claim Johanna for his own, at least he would live and die a celibate.

His sorrow and his fond yearnings partly allayed by this resolve, he came at last upon the Duke at St. Quentin. And once alone with the Duke, Count Anthony, restraining the embrace with which the Duke would have received him, expressed himself freely and with righteous indignation upon the constraint imposed upon him. At the end of it, he demanded instant liberty.

"Liberty you shall have," said Charles of Burgundy. But there are rights of alliance, Anthony, as well as right of vassalage."

"They include no right to subject me to duress."

"If you were so clear on that, why did you run away?"

"I desired no quarrel with you."

"ON WHAT grounds did you fear a quarrel?"

"On those of my betrothal to the Lady Catharine."

"That ground of quarrel, at least, has been removed. The Lady Catharine is no longer available. She has consoled herself with your brother Adolf."

The Duke's grin was not entirely free from malice. "It was urgently necessary to marry that baggage Catharine. Adolf happened to be finding favor in her eyes and I sanctioned what they both desired. At last, perhaps, you'll give me reason for the gentle force I've used with you. I had no wish to see your brother Adolf extending his usurpation of your functions."

Before Count Anthony could answer, he continued on another note: "And that is not the only reason why I thank God for your return. I am at the point of distraction, Anthony, and in sorest need of a trusty friend."

His tone was unusually gentle and wistful, and his expression was entirely stripped of its habitual arrogance. Count Anthony, who loved him, was touched by his manner and melted from any lingering indignation.

"I was angry with you last month," Charles continued, "when I held in Bruges my first Chapter of the Knights of the Golden Fleece. You were absent from your place, a thing I do not lightly overlook in any man. Moreover I needed you then."

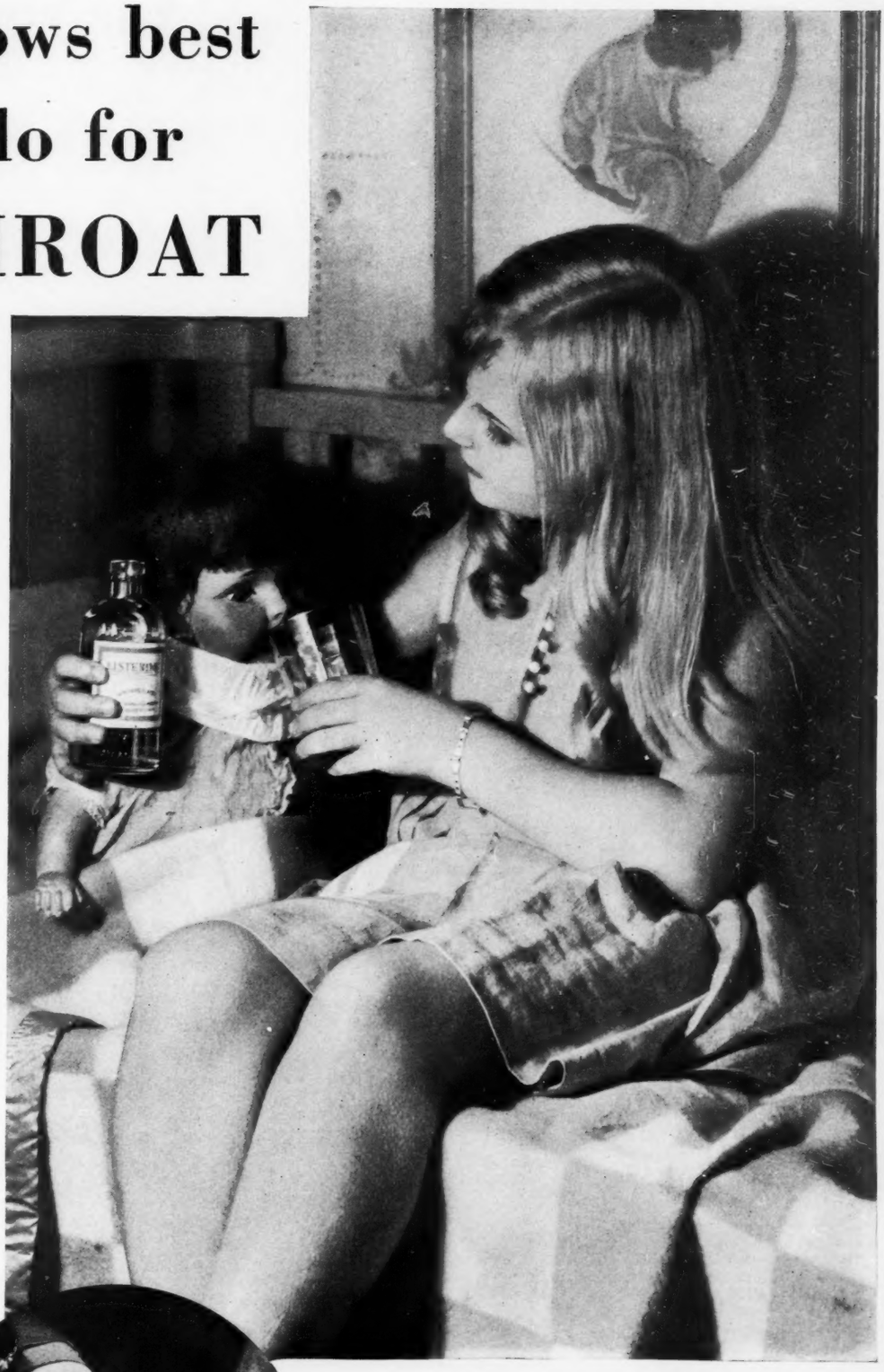
He strode on his short, powerful legs to the window and back, his brows darkened by his thoughts. "Taking full advantage of the privileges conferred upon them by the rules of the order, the brethren very plainly expressed hostile opinions on my general conduct of affairs.

"They censured me with harshness especially to the Nobles, alleging that my rigor in punishing faults is out of all proportion to my measures in rewarding virtue and services. They taxed me with parsimony. I hoard the revenues, they say. I needed there an independent advocate to whip them into shame of their own words. That is where you failed me by your absence."

To this Count Anthony said nothing; but regret cast a shadow over his countenance. The Duke, pacing to and fro, railed on: "If I hoard my revenues, I do so against the fearful need that will soon be forced upon me. Already last April in the States General summoned for the purpose by the King of France, it was declared that

[*Continued on page 90*]

Mother knows best what to do for SORE THROAT



WHEN your throat tickles, when it feels raw or irritated—gargle with Listerine full strength at once. Keep it up. Note how quickly you improve.

Sore throat is usually a sequel to a cold, and is caused by germs. And full strength Listerine, as you know, is powerful against germs. Its early and frequent use will often check cold and sore throat before they become serious. When it doesn't, call your doctor.

Wise mothers insist that members of their family gargle with Listerine systematically night and morning during Winter and early Spring weather.

Once you realize that full strength Listerine kills even the B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs within 15 seconds, you can understand its effectiveness against lesser germ infections. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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JOINED YET?
Get in the circle of men who've found the perfect shave—the cool shave with
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Get the jump on a cold

Before every meal rinse the hands with a little full strength Listerine. Listerine attacks cold germs picked up by your hands during the day, rendering them harmless when, on food, they enter the body through the mouth.

Ordinary soap and water help destroy germs. But they are not enough. Listerine completes the job. It's a precaution worth taking.

They need help *now*

in building their bones and teeth!

"Give them *Bottled Sunshine* as regularly as milk and orange juice," baby specialists urge mothers.

Do you know that the kind of bones and teeth your baby builds during the first year or two of life has much to do with his health and appearance in later years?

Whether he will have a well-shaped head, well-formed jaws and chin, a deep, full chest and straight legs; whether he will have sound, even, uncrowded teeth that will not decay easily—these all depend on the kind of bones and teeth he builds now.

He needs your help, even though he is breast-fed. Even though he looks strong and healthy, he needs an unfailing supply of one essential factor—Vitamin D—in order to build strong bones and sound teeth from the food he eats.

This factor can be supplied from two sources. From sunshine and *good* cod-liver oil.

If you could be sure that your baby had *enough* sunshine on his bare skin, you could protect him in that way.

But under modern living conditions this is almost impossible. Clouds, fog, smoke, and clothing shut out the protecting ultra-violet rays of sunshine.

The simplest way to supply this needed factor is to give your baby good cod-liver oil regularly. Bottled Sunshine!

In pointing out this need to mothers, many physicians advise the use of Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil.

They recommend Squibb's because they know that the quality of oil makes a difference in the results obtained. And they know that Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is very rich in *two* vitamins.

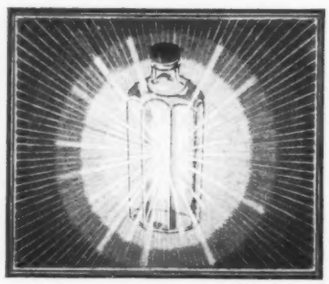
It is very rich in Vitamin D which helps to build good bones and teeth, and in Vitamin A which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

"Expectant mothers need it, too," say physicians

Bottled Sunshine, taken during pregnancy, will help protect the mother's teeth from the decay which is so apt to occur then.

For expectant and nursing mothers, older children and grown-ups, Squibb has prepared a new mint-flavored oil. It's easy to take, even by those of most sensitive taste!

You can get both kinds at all drug stores—Squibb's Plain and the new Mint-flavored Cod-Liver Oil.



In Bottled Sunshine—good cod-liver oil—is the element of sunshine that helps to build good bones and teeth

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THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 88*]

Normandy must be retained by Louis. To show me whither he was drifting it was not necessary for him to add that the treaty of Conflans was wrested from him by undue influence. He began to tear it up when the States General made that declaration touching Normandy. I tell you, Anthony, there is no faith in that shifty, foxy little knave. No treaty will bind him once he thinks it safe to break it. I have word that he is levying troops and organizing forces. He aims, I suppose, at the cities of the Somme. You see what is coming?"

"War, I suppose," said Count Anthony.

"War," Charles agreed. He stood erect, his jutting chin held high. "I welcome it. Since he wants war by George, he shall have it and remember the lesson."

He swung away to the window again. Looking out into the courtyard he laughed grimly, and pointed.

"There go the constable and de Biche. They were lately with me, bearers of lying, pacific messages from King Louis, messages calculated to lull my alarm, while he arms to the teeth against me. He wants time."

The Duke laughed grimly. "So do I. Therefore I pretend to believe him. To the revenues with whose hoarding I am reproached I shall add levies to be made upon the Netherlands; gold to be transmuted into steel. I'll put such an army in the field that my rascally brother-in-law of France shall pray to patch up the Conflans' treaty again so that he may shelter himself behind it. I'll give him time so that I may have time, myself, for this and my marriage. My marriage with the Princess Margaret of York! You perceive my need of you, my urgent need? You'll stay by me now, Anthony?"

The appeal was not one that Count Anthony could resist. Guelders must stand by Burgundy to the end that Burgundy should stand by Guelders. And his personal affection for Charles demanded no less. He fetched a sigh and took the proffered hand. "Charles, I am yours for your need of me," he said, his eyes misting.

COUNT ANTHONY welcomed the distraction of the activities now thrust upon him and sought in them an anodyne for his heartache. He descended upon his father's court at Nimeguen, where his notes of hand for outrageous sums had poured in upon the treasury to the exasperation of the parsimonious Duke. Now he came calmly to demand a matter of twenty thousand gold florins to enable him to raise, mount, equip and maintain a body of eight thousand lances with which to succor the Duke of Burgundy in his need.

It was now that he adopted, to the horror of the heralds, a fresh personal device: on a field gules two tulips, gold and silver in saltire—whence he came shortly thereafter to be known as the Knight of the Tulips.

On his return to Bruges, his report of what he had accomplished ensured him a warm reception from the Duke. To mark his appreciation, Charles desired of him a service which was in itself an honor: that with the Duke's mother, the Duchess Isabella, his young daughter Mary of Burgundy, with Monsieur de Rumbempré and the Count and Countess of Charny, he should repair to Sluys as the Duke's representative to receive and welcome his bride, the Lady Margaret of York, on her arrival there from England. And he sought counsel of Count Anthony in other matters and particularly in the matter of the fresh taxes to be levied on the Netherlands toward the expenses of the coming war. Count Anthony's advice was sound. Let it be shown to the estates in Zealand and Friesland how imperative to the maintenance of Burgundian power which had ever respected and defended them and the rest would follow.

Persuaded, Charles resolved to act upon this advice, so soon as his marriage and the subsequent festivities should have been accomplished. On the morrow with an escort of twenty lances, every man in a white surcoat bearing the new tulip device, Count Anthony set out for Sluys as the representative of the Duke of Burgundy.

JOHANNA had been dejected and pining ever since the abrupt departure of Anthony Egmont from Flushing. From what Philip had told her and what else she had been able to gather she chose to conclude that for some reason beyond her knowledge he had been taken prisoner. As the days passed and grew to weeks without any word from him, this conviction deepened. Her listlessness in those days became a matter of grave concern to her father. To Danvelt, her condition was less obvious. Her increased demureness rendered her more desirable in his eyes and led him in those days to woo her with an insistence which would take no refusal.

He complained of it to Master Claessens during the last days of June. He represented that the heavy responsibilities devolving upon him by his father's death left him little time for these almost daily excursions into Flushing and that there was no reason why his nuptials with Johanna should continue to be postponed.

"No reason at all," Claessens stolidly agreed with him, "save Johanna's feelings. It is not a matter in which a maid may be hurried."

"Hurried!" echoed Danvelt.

"Be patient, Philip." Claessens knew well the trouble in his daughter's mind. "Johanna is in need of distraction. Life here is dull for a maid."

"The occupations of a wife will afford her precisely the distraction that she needs," said Danvelt, pompously.

"Maybe," said Claessens. "Meanwhile there is to be a brave show in Bruges for the Duke's nuptials. Johanna has never been to Bruges and I have always promised to take her. This might be the occasion for it."

Danvelt demurred, but in the end they went, and on the morning of the Princess Margaret's wedding they issued betimes from their lodgings at the Orb and Sceptre and took up a position near the Stadhuis whence to view the wedding procession of Duke Charles' bride.

The dazzling display aroused Johanna from her brooding as the horse-litter of the smiling young duchess was coming abreast of them.

Eagerly Johanna craned her neck to obtain a better view of that sweet lady. And then she was conscious of a tugging at her arm. It was Philip, in a state of boorish excitement.

[*Continued on page 94*]

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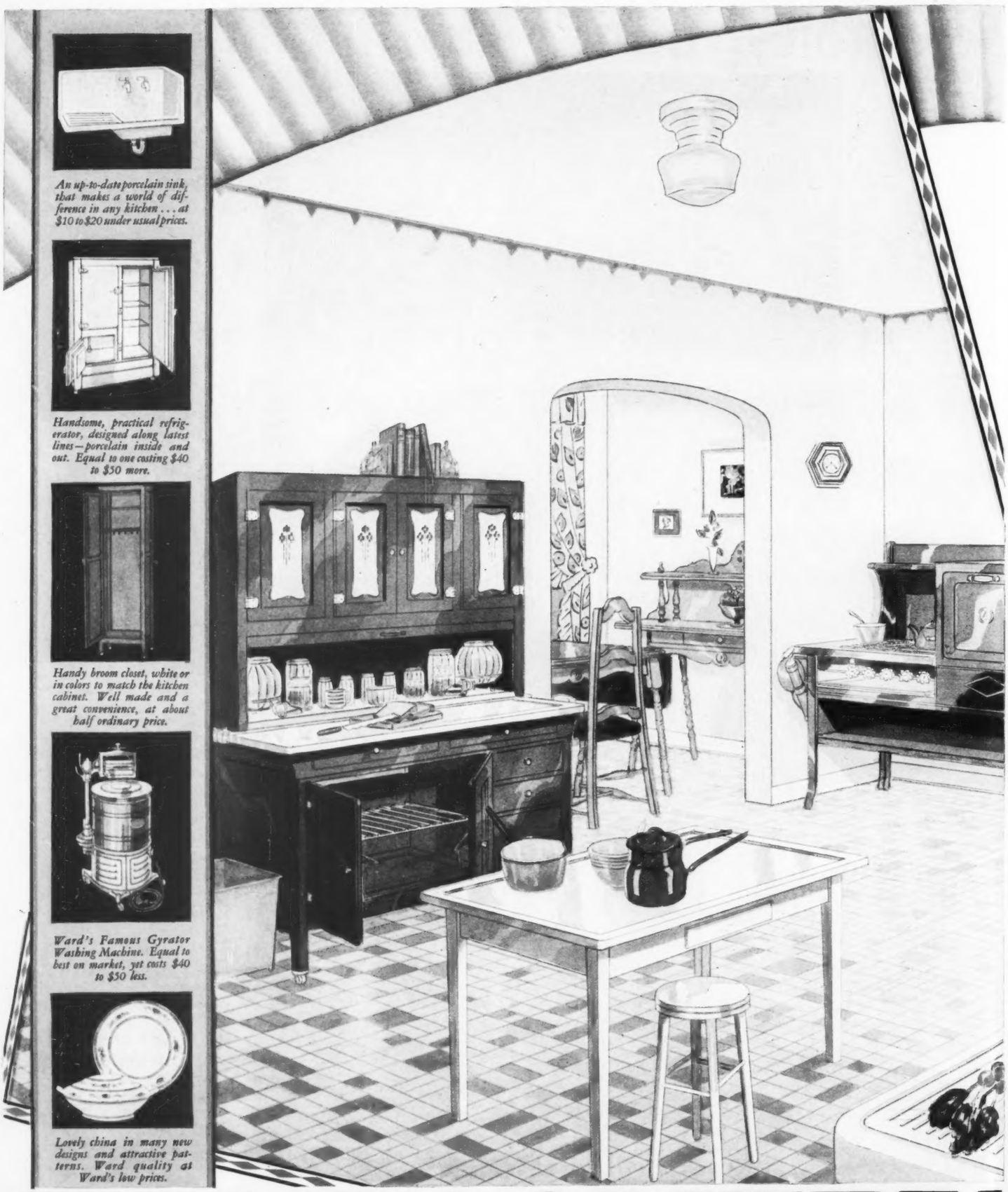
Ward's Famous Gyrator Washing Machine. Equal to best on market, yet costs $40 to $50 less.

Lovely china in many new designs and attractive patterns. Ward quality at Ward's low prices.



MONTGOMERY

$196 for this Kitchen

that would cost $350 in New York

Ward's convenient way of shopping brings you a $100 kitchen cabinet for less than $65, an $85 gasoline range for less than $60, a charming breakfast set for less than $43, usually priced at over $60. It will, indeed, effect substantial savings for you in everything you need.

Ward's Majestic Vacuum Cleaner embodies the latest improvements known. Its cost is $30 less than you'd ordinarily pay.

TIME was when kitchens were dull and tiresome . . . but times have changed. There is an inspiration in the kitchen of today—and getting dinner becomes a true adventure.

An interesting kitchen in the modern style is shown on the opposite page. The trim, efficient kitchen cabinet comes in green, blue, gray, or white and was designed by an artist and planned by a domestic science expert. Nothing is overlooked to save unnecessary steps.

The green enamel gasoline range with its bright fittings is amazingly easy to keep clean. This summer the kitchen it is in will be cool and airy, in spite of the heat of cooking.

And the refrigerator, gleaming white . . . or in a variety of colors if you wish . . . will keep food fresh and healthful with very little ice. The modern tile-pattern linoleum adds a touch of distinction and puts an end to old-time scrubbing. What a glorious room indeed!

The modern color ensemble effect is carried through each kitchen piece. Kitchen cabinet and range are in cool greens that harmonize, while the soft gray in the linoleum keeps the welcome coolness and adds a pleasing touch.

See, too, the charming ladder-back chairs completing the smart set in the cozy breakfast nook. These are very new and yet they are unusually low in price.

What this kitchen illustrates

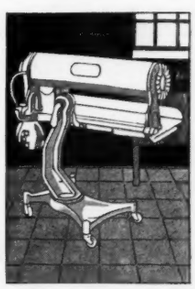
An editor of a great women's magazine, and a famous interior decorator have voted this one of the most fascinating kitchens they have ever seen. We show it here as an example of the style and fine quality of Montgomery Ward & Co. merchandise.

Whether it is a wrist watch, a dress, furniture, a washer, silverware, or electrical devices—anything you receive from Montgomery Ward & Co. is the very newest of its kind both in style and in design. You may rest assured it is fashionably correct.

Savings are equally impressive

The articles described in this kitchen cost less than $196—that is about one-half the usual retail price. And these same great savings hold true of some 40,000 other articles as well.

For all time, Montgomery Ward & Co. has reduced the high cost of selling goods. By purchasing for one-third of the families in America, substantial savings are effected. These become *your* savings when you buy this common-sense, reliable way.



The Wardway Ironer equals the most expensive on the market, yet costs $30 to $40 less.

So popular has this economical plan become that often in a single day we receive orders from a million people. Even with this enormous volume, orders are mailed the same day they are received.

A 57-year reputation

If you have never shopped at Montgomery Ward & Co., you may not know our Golden-Rule guarantee: *You must be satisfied with every purchase from this institution or your money is willingly returned.* This is your safeguard on everything you purchase.

Our catalogue a guide to price and style

Many of your neighbors—you may know who they are—seldom buy anything without first turning to the Montgomery Ward & Co. catalogue. There they learn two things—the lowest price at which a satisfactory article of that type can be sold—and the description of what is standard in that line.

If you have the new **Spring and Summer 1929 Edition,** make it a rule to always look first to see how much you should expect to pay for what you have in mind. That will repay you many times. If you do not have the new catalogue, write for your free copy without delay. Just address the nearest Branch House of this World-Wide Institution.

A World-Wide Institution

Mail Order and Retail Department Stores at Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Baltimore, Denver, Fort Worth, Portland, Ore., and Oakland. Other department stores in more than 300 cities of the United States. European buying offices and sales representatives in Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico and South America.

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Listen to Montgomery Ward & Co.'s Farm and Home Hour—News, Home Hints, Features, Music—every day except Saturday and Sunday, over stations KDKA, KYW-KFKX, KSTP, WLW, WSB, KOA, KWK, WMC, KVOO, WSM, WDAF, WHO, WOAI, WOC, WOW, WFAA, at 12 noon Central Standard Time, or 1 p. m. Eastern Standard Time.

WARD & CO

Quick...
MOTHERS
Send for 30 Free Samples!

HERE'S the solution of mother's hardest problem. An inexpensive easy way to dress children smartly. A gay wonder fabric... Peter Pan... of highest grade cotton ... guaranteed color fast. Easy to launder ... it cannot shrink, yet priced so low that it cuts clothing costs in half. Anyone can easily make delightful Peter Pan frocks in an hour from both prints and solid colors. Send today for the 30 free samples of newest French designs, or see Peter Pan at your own department store. They will gladly suggest the latest patterns.

(GUARANTEE: *"We will replace any garment made of genuine Peter Pan if it fades."*)

Look for Peter Pan Stamped on the selvage or the label of ready-made dresses

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41-F White St., New York, N. Y.

PLEASE send me "The Peter Pan Sampler" of thirty samples, postpaid, absolutely free.

Print Name_____

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Does he sell genuine Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics?_____

Mail this coupon for 30 Samples.. Free!

Use COTTON... *the Healthiest Fabric*

FAMOUS FEET

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how they're kept free from corns

NAOMI JOHNSON'S
Famous Feet

"Every one has to work 'under pressure' now and then. But why work under the pressure of a corn... with Blue-jay so handy?" ... asks Naomi Johnson, lovely "Vanities" girl.

• • •

Ending a corn with Blue-jay is gentle and sure. No danger of infection, as with self-paring. No guessing how much to use. Each Blue-jay has just the right amount of the soothing medicant to remove the corn. Relief is instant ... for the cushiony pad stops shoe-pressure and pain at once. And shortly, the corn makes its adieu. Standard for 29 years; improved and finer than ever today. At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 90*]

"Look! Look! The first of those!"

He was pointing to the stately line of scarlet-mantled knights of the Golden Fleece who walked beside the litter, pointing to the very head of it, to one who in that most honorable company held the most honorable place. Following the indication of his outflung hand, she beheld to her inexpressible amazement, Anthony Egmont—her Anthony.

Bewildered, breathless, she continued to stare, to scrutinize. It was he beyond all doubt, just as it was beyond all doubt that he was arrayed in the gorgeous robes of the *Toison d'Or*, that he wore its insignia about his neck and its feathered black velvet cap upon his tawny head.

And then she heard her father's voice asking a question of a portly neighbor. He, too, had seen, as his question informed her.

"Who is that, sir, do you know—he at the head of the line of knights?"

"That, sir?" she heard the answer. "Whence are you? That is Count Anthony of Egmont, Prince of Guelders —the Duke's cousin and friend—and one of the first gentlemen in Christendy, prince and poet, knight and troubadour. There's none more admired or better loved in all the provinces."

Claessen's arm was about his daughter's slim waist. She had sunk against him, half swooning, and he, well-knowing what blow had smitten her, set his teeth and prayed God to damn the soul of one of the first gentlemen in Christendy.

After dinner, father and daughter kept their lodging and on the morrow Master Claessens dismayed Danvelt with the announcement of their intention to return instantly to Flushing. They took ship at Sluys that evening. In Johanna's mind to torture her was the memory of all the thoughts she had entertained on the subject of Anthony, on his unmistakable wooing of her and of the shameful purpose which she was now compelled to suppose it to have had.

Into her unhappy musings broke the voice of Philip, softly muted. Unperceived he had crept to the side of the litter in which she reclined in the ship's waist and now found a seat there.

"Johanna!" he said softly.

SHE turned to look at him. Here was no libertine, no predatory wolf, but a man of her own class, a solid burgher, honest and of decent mind and life. She smiled gently, sadly, into his stupidly masterful countenance and listened to his wooing. There was a note of cajolery in his voice. "Why do we wait, Johanna? What is there now to wait for? I want you at Middelburg." He leaned closer. "I want you so much, Johanna. I may be a clumsy lout in some ways, but I love you, Johanna. Why will you keep me waiting?"

"What is there now to wait for, you ask," she said on a note whose bitterness escaped him. "What, indeed?" And abruptly she added: "I'll keep you waiting no longer, Philip."

"Ah!" He sucked in his breath in an amazement which was even greater than his satisfaction. "When, Johanna?"

"When you will, Philip," she answered quietly.

"At once, then. Let us say in two weeks. That will leave time to spare for all that's needed to prepare."

She felt his breath hot upon her cheek, caught the glow in his green-hazel eyes and something within her shivered when presently he kissed her.

[*Continued on page 95*]

"The new French process MELLO-GLO Face Powder stays on longer and prevents large pores. Best of all, I never have a shiny nose when I use MELLO-GLO—it keeps ugly shine away." Claire Toy (now acting in Ziegfeld's "Whoopee"), 214 Riverside Drive, New York City.

"No wonder MELLO-GLO is the outstanding face powder for beautiful women. It stays on so much longer yet does not dry the skin or clog the pores." Patsy Loper (featured dancer at Ned Wayburn's Frivolity Club), 341 West 45th Street, New York City.

"New wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Fowder gives my skin an exquisite youthful bloom and spreads more smoothly. Because it is so fine, MELLO-GLO never gives a pasty or flaky look, or irritates the skin." Manon Maria, Baroness de Grazia, 152 E. 30th Street, New York City.

Beautiful Women Prefer Mello-Glo

AMERICA'S most beautiful women use MELLO-GLO Face Powder because it stays on longer and prevents large pores. They soon discover that wonderful MELLO-GLO means no more shiny noses—it really keeps ugly shine away. This remarkable powder is little affected by perspiration and stays on longer.

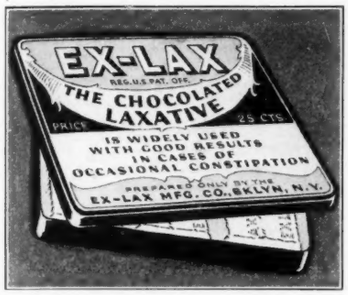
Because it is made by a new French Process, MELLO-GLO Face Powder spreads more smoothly and produces a youthful bloom which is impossible to duplicate. It covers up every imperfection yet does not dry the skin or irritate it.

All coloring matter is passed upon by Government chemists. Nothing could be purer than MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

Protect your own lovely skin with MELLO-GLO, this outstanding face powder for beautiful women, which never gives a pasty or flaky look. Buy it at your favorite store. MELLO-GLO Co., Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Listless and pale

Given this safe laxative that tastes like candy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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
PRICE 25 CTS.
IS WIDELY USED WITH GOOD RESULTS IN CASES OF OCCASIONAL CONSTIPATION
PREPARED ONLY BY THE EX-LAX MFG. CO., BKLYN., N.Y.

. . . and soon he's ruddy and gay

NOW mother's duty is easier. For children, loving candy as they do, coax for Ex-Lax—the modern laxative that helps to relieve constipation quickly and pleasantly.

Ex-Lax tastes like the finest chocolate. It *is* chocolate treated with the tasteless, harmless phenolphthalein that physicians recognize as an effective agent for correcting constipation naturally.

Give your children Ex-Lax—it is safe, gentle in action, non-habit-forming and a safeguard for health. Take it yourself, too.

Avoid substitutes. Demand Ex-Lax, the original phenolphthalein laxative. Three sizes, 10c, 25c and 50c.

You can also obtain Ex-Lax "Fig Flavor"

FOR CONSTIPATION

EX-LAX

TASTES LIKE CANDY

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 94*]

In August of that same year the Duke of Burgundy made his accession progress through the cities of Zealand, Friesland and Holland with the twofold aim of receiving homage after exchanging oaths of fidelity with the representatives of the people and of levying the large sums of money for which the impending war with France created immediate need. By the end of the month, the progress successfully accomplished, the Duke made his final halt at Middelburg to persuade from the Zealanders a levy of sixteen thousand crowns.

AT THE Gravenhof the great hall, usually so bare, cold and forbidding, had been made gay with cloth of gold and some of the richest products of the Arras looms. A dais had been erected at one end of the hall; it was carpeted in red and under a canopy of cloth of gold was set a gilded chair of state for the Duke's highness. On the Duke's immediate right, beside his chair and leaning lightly against its tall back was Count Anthony of Guelders.

Listless and vacant he leaned there, blind to the glittering throng that moved under his eyes. Five miles away in Flushing was Johanna. When these festivities were at an end, should he take horse and ride to visit her, to see her but once again? That was all he asked, all he craved.

And then with startling suddenness his prayer was granted; granted without need to go five miles, five paces or a single inch.

She stood before him.

He stared and stared whilst a man might have told a paternoster. And then he became suddenly conscious of another familiar face. He smiled his acknowledgment of Danvelt's fulsome greeting and bowed low from the waist to Johanna. A moment later and Rhynsault was presenting her to the Duke. Not until some hours later was opportunity afforded him to approach her. It was during the first dance that Count Anthony espied her seated alone near one of the tall mullioned windows at the hall's end.

With lowered eyes she sat whilst Count Anthony leaned over her.

"Johanna!" he murmured. He read offense in her attitude. "We must talk, Johanna," he said gently. "I have so much to say to you."

"You go to odd lengths, my Lord, in the pursuit of your amusements."

"Amusements! Am I amused? Look in my eyes, Johanna. Do you see amusement there?"

She marked his pallor, the dark stains under his eyes and something indefinable in their glance which allured and enveloped her will.

"You are mad," she said faintly.

"I have been. Mad with yearning ever since that day the governor's officer carried me away from Flushing. But the sight of you has made me sane."

"The governor's officer carried you away?" she echoed. "Against your will do you mean?"

"A prisoner virtually, by an excess of zeal. Not even a letter could I send until he had made safe delivery of me. Then—"

"Well, sir? Then?" She was no burgher housewife speaking to a prince, but just a woman to a man.

"Then I wondered if silence were not best." He hung his head. "I have been torn ever since that day—between my love of you and all that my birth imposed upon me. But now the struggle is at an end. I am at your feet, Johanna, a very humble suppliant."

[*Continued on page 96*]

"Hmm..m, so deliciously comfortable . . . just like I always feel after the Treat . . . . . Have you heard?. . . It's powder made specially for me! It's softer and finer than any I've known, and it nestles down next to me, cozy. . but cool! . . and keeps me from chafing, my mother says. Keeps me so comfortable, that's what I say. . . . that I can't. . help. . . . falling. . . . a. . . sleep. . . . . .

(THE CHIEF CHEMIST EXPLAINS)

The difference in baby powders is chiefly a difference in talc. Johnson's Baby Powder contains talc that is made up of soft, tiny flakes . . . . If you looked through a microscope at the cheaper talc used in some baby powders, you would see sharp, needle-like particles! You wouldn't want them next your baby's skin!

This test shows the difference, too: rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger—then do the same with the other powder. You'll feel a difference!

Johnson's Baby Powder contains no stearate of zinc.

Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson

Manufacturers of Adhesive Plasters and Surgical Dressings

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

We will be glad to send you a generous sample package of Johnson's Baby Powder. With it we will include an interesting Baby Booklet. This is free service to mothers and expectant mothers. Mail the coupon today.

(FREE SAMPLE—SEND THIS COUPON)
(Registered Nurse, Baby Products Division,)
(Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.)
(Please send me—free of charge—a sample of)
(Johnson's Baby Powder, and a copy of your new)
(booklet on the care of babies. McC-3-29)
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(Address_____)
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4 times *as* fast
as hand ironing

No work
No standing
No exertion

WOMEN—This new portable, speed ironing invention is acclaimed by women editors, home economists and housewives the greatest contribution ever made in the interests of women's freedom. *Greatest*—because it relieves you permanently of the thankless drudgery of bending over an ironing board. *Greatest*—because its amazing low price brings it well within the means of every household.

It's a model of simplicity—note the complete absence of complicated mechanism. A simple hand control lever within comfortable reach controls the entire operation.

It's portable—as easily carried from one room to another as your vacuum cleaner.

It does flat work like magic—irons a tablecloth in 4 minutes that took you 35 to 40 minutes to do by hand. Note the easy, comfortable ironing position. There's none of the old back-breaking labor. You sit down to iron. You're actually rested when ironing is done.

Think what a relief—what a magic saving of time, health and disposition.

Write us for the name of your nearest Thor dealer, who will gladly bring a new Thor Rotary Iron to your home for a free demonstration.

New **Thor** ROTARY IRON

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY
22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago, Ill.
New York Chicago San Francisco Toronto London, England

Manufacturers of Thor Washing Machines, Thor Electric and Gas Ironers, Thor Vacuum Cleaners and Hurley Commercial Laundry Equipment.

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 95*]

Something within her seemed to snap. Limply she sank back in her chair and gasped for breath.

"Johanna, you are ill!"

"The heat," she said. "It stifles me."

They were within two paces of a door leading to the open. He proffered his arm. "It is but a step to the garden. The air there will revive you."

Obediently she set her hand upon his wrist and permitted him to conduct her from the hall. They went unheeded by all but one: Von Stocken, the governor's hump-backed fool.

IN PRESENTING Mistress Johanna to the Duke, the Sire de Rhynsault had remarked her closely and afterward had desired his fool to inform himself concerning her. Therefore he hovered near, staring after them as they passed.

Leaning upon the arm of this man amongst men, Johanna went and wondered could fate have found for her a more bitter mockery.

She drew a deep breath of the fragrant air of the summer night.

"Take me in," she said. "I am better. I should not have come out here."

"Ah, wait. There is so much to say."

She laughed without mirth. "Neither much nor little, my Lord. All is said. Words have been spoken that have forged bonds never to be dissolved in life. I am the wife of Philip Danvelt."

For a long moment there was silence. Then he groaned, "O, God!" And after another pause asked, "When? When did you become that?"

"Three weeks ago."

"Three weeks ago? Two months after I had left, believing that—"

Then he spoke quietly, almost coldly in a great dignity. "It but remains, Madame, to crave your pardon for my presumption, for all that I unwarrantably assumed concerning you. And yet that presumption was not unwarranted. I displayed it clearly from the very outset; almost from the hour of our meeting I let you behold what that meeting meant to me."

"Don't!" she begged him.

But he was pitiless. "I must. I must understand this thing. I told you then of the wordless communion of souls that are in tune and how it was your call that had fetched me out of England, back to your side."

She answered him now and answered by instinct in his own language. "You heard it then because you listened for it. You might have heard it again from the hour you left me until I saw you in Bruges. From that moment I called to you no more because I knew that you were not for me."

"But to marry!" he protested. "And so suddenly! That is what yet I do not understand."

She answered him too hastily. "Nor do I, my Lord, whilst there were nunneries in which I could have the shelter I sought from such perils as the one I conceived that you had borne for me."

"Ah! So! It was I, then, who flung you into his arms? Already you had realized that this marriage—"

She interrupted him. "My Lord! You must not! I am a wedded wife. I beg you to remember it."

"You are a wedded wife, you say. What has he wed of you, this man? Has he wed your love? Has he mated with your soul? Love, Johanna, is of the soul. You do not love this man."

"Ah, let me go. You must not say it!" There was anguish in her voice.

"I must not utter truth? But love is the greatest truth in all the world; a white-hot flame that devours all."

"It cannot devour my marriage," she answered firmly.

"Can it not? It could if it were strong enough, true enough."

"Be plain, my Lord," she bade him. "You spoke of truth. Let it prevail here and tell me what are you asking me to do?"

The question stunned him. What was he asking her to do? He found the answer at last in his romanticism, in his idealism, and it had this virtue, that it was sincere.

"I ask the love of that part of you which is not given in wedlock to Danvelt, since that is all that now remains unpossessed. Accord me that, hold me in your thought, and I shall not grudge him the husk which he believes to be you. I'll go my ways exalted, consecrate to you while I have life."

"That you may have because I cannot, if I would, withhold it. You shall be ever in my thoughts. That is all I have to give you—" She paused a moment, then for the first time spoke his name—"Anthony."

He was on his feet beside her and his voice sank almost to a whisper: "I am content. I would not have you other for you would then be false to my ideal of you. Will you kiss me once, Johanna?"

"My lips belong to my husband," she reminded him gently.

He bowed his head in silence and in silence at last they retraced their steps.

THE Duke of Burgundy made a sudden and hurried departure from the North as a result of the news reaching him of King Louis' movements and the consequent need for instant measures. With a strong force the Duke had crossed the frontier, advanced to the Somme, taken up his headquarters at Péronne whence he could watch his cousin the enemy.

Now whilst Louis XI would never shirk a fight when no alternative offered or when the issue was beyond doubt, his information now showed him that already the blow which he meditated had been too long delayed. His cousin and his brother-in-law, Charles, were armed to the teeth.

King Louis reconsidered his position. The case, he thought, was become one for compromise. Although by compromise he might not hope to win all that would accrue to him from a victorious war, yet he might win some part of it. In the parley desired by King Louis, he determined to be his own ambassador.

Charles of Burgundy feared and mistrusted his cousin of France in an encounter of wits but Louis proposed the meeting in such terms and with such lofty aims in view that it was impossible for Charles to refuse his wishes.

So Charles wrote him a letter of safe-conduct, wherein he swore and promised by his faith and on his honor that King Louis might come, sojourn and return in surety.

Content with this, Louis went boldly into the lion's den. On Sunday, the ninth of October, the shabby, untidy, mean-looking little king with his ugly, eager face, rode into Péronne with his retinue. Within a mile of the town he

[*Continued on page 97*]

Frankness need not be indelicate . . . *read*
"The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"

THERE are certain subjects so intimate that the woman of refinement often finds difficulty in discussing them with *anybody*. Sensitive and discriminating, she is the very type that values absolute physical daintiness. And it is for her "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" has been written. Frank as a physician's instructions. Just as impersonal. The latest scientific conclusions.

Zonite removes the only objections possible

Physicians most assuredly recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know the value of surgical cleanliness. However, they do object to the caustic and poisonous antiseptics so many women use. They are well aware of the dangers—not only to the woman during actual use of the poisons, but to the family in case of accidental swallowing.

Zonite absolutely removes these objections. There is no skull-and-crossbones on this bottle. Safe with little children in the home. Safe to use for oral hygiene. Yet Zonite is a *powerful germ-killing antiseptic*. Actually far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.

Authoritative book—free

Send coupon for frank scientific booklet. Covers the whole matter of feminine hygiene. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, skin infections or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1 *Both in U. S. A. and Canada*

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Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

(*Please print name*)

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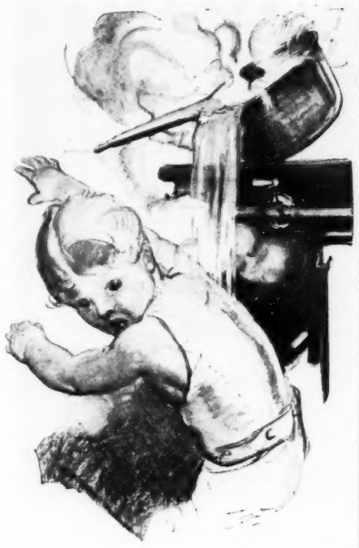


Pitifully Scalded
—it may be your child tomorrow

IN the midst of play, a heart-rending cry! A child's body hideously burned . . . pitiful hours of pain. And always—the danger of frightful scars.

Grim menace of childhood! No other single cause of injury and death takes such a heavy toll among young children . . .

Be ready to heal burns instantly. To ease all pain, to prevent scars, your own physician would say — Unguentine, quick!

Unguentine is the *antiseptic* surgical dressing 8 out of 10 hospitals use for all burns, cuts and bruises. It checks danger of infection. Clean healing starts almost at once. And almost certainly—no scars!

Keep a tube in your medicine chest, always. And extra tubes in the accident danger zones: kitchen, office or shop, auto kit. Buy Unguentine today. At your druggist's—50¢. Send for free household manual, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept.M-3, Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave.. Toronto.

". . and no scars left at all"

"Last Christmas my 3 year-old son climbed up to smell a pan of hot soup on the stove. The chair slipped and down he came, scalding soup and all . . . I applied Unguentine freely . . . The doctor said, 'You couldn't have done better.'"

"One day my sister became suddenly ill and fainted, falling with the whole side of her face right against a red hot heater . . . We applied Unguentine . . . For a week she could only take food through a straw. Thankfully, not a scar remains today."

"The boys had lit a bonfire, when suddenly Sidney, the youngest, fell. A passer-by rolled him in his overcoat, saving his life. We used Unguentine freely . . . his left side was horribly burned. Now there is not even a scar."

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 96*]

was met by the Duke and a numerous company who had ridden forth to give him welcome.

In spinning that great web of his for the entanglement of Charles and in inciting foes against him wherever he saw the opportunity of doing so, Louis had not lost sight of Liège, its grievances for what already it had suffered and its fears for what might yet come from the resented protection which Burgundy had imposed upon it. The King's agents had been very active there, representing their royal master as the devoted friend of the Liègeois, sharing their indignation at the unlawful manner in which they had been brought into subjection to Burgundy and determined to assist them in breaking their shackles. Placing their trust in these royal promises the Liègeois had gone about their preparations for insurrection at the opportune moment, when the Duke of Burgundy should be fully engaged elsewhere.

Then came Louis' change of plans and his decision to negotiate instead of fighting. He dispatched a messenger in haste to Liège on the eve of setting out to parley with the Duke. But the messenger arrived too late. The Liègeois were already under arms and on the very Sunday that Louis rode confidingly into the Burgundian quarters, two thousand of them marched on Tongres to seize the person of the Prince-Bishop, Louis de Bourbon.

Within half an hour of his entering Péronne Louis' confidence in his safe-conduct had been abated by witnessing the advent there of the marshal of Burgundy, Thibault de Neufchâtel. The marshal had arrived that very morning with the lances raised in Burgundy for the campaign that was afoot. Having seen to the quartering of these he made his way to the castle, accompanied by a body of nobles whose identity awakened in Louis' breast the very gravest alarm. They were gentlemen of France who had fled beyond the reach of Louis' rancor and who in this hour brought their swords to the Duke of Burgundy.

There was Antoine du Lau, the seneschal of Guienne. There was Ponchet de la Rivière and most ominous of all, because of the dreadful precedent it established against King Louis, there was Philippe de Bresse. De Bresse had once gone as a mediator to Louis XI under the guaranty of a safe-conduct from the king, in despite and dishonor of which the king had flung him into the Castle of Loches and kept him there in rigorous confinement from which at last he had escaped.

He held a hasty conference with his confessor the Sire de Beaujeu, as a result of which Charles was petitioned to afford the king quarters in the castle itself.

The Duke acceded promptly and the king removed himself at once and within the grim walls of the castle felt

[*Continued on page 138*]

IN MINIATURE

[*Continued from page 8*]

ironed out by well-informed, tactful hostesses. Beneath the superficial exterior of social Washington that most of us see, lies the serious groundwork of a successful administration.

The President heads the Government; the Vice President, besides being head of the Senate, relieves the President as much as possible in political and social activities from which the President is necessarily exempt. The Vice President upholds the standard of democracy and must accept invitations regardless of personal feeling; he must know everyone and go everywhere. He and his family may prefer to be retiring, but it is no longer their privilege. Seclusion for them is a thing of the past—its lack is one of the prices paid.

Their one note of relief is that while they must be seen everywhere and accept countless invitations and callers each day, they are not called upon to return these courtesies. The prestige of their presence at any social function is equal to an invitation from them—the one exception being the President. Him, of course, they must entertain. And while it is diplomatic for them to entertain certain public officials and foreign dignitaries, it is not compulsory.

Dolly Gann will need no coaching in the social amenities. She knows instinctively what should be done and how to do it. The important rôle of official hostess to the Vice President of the United States rests in able hands for the next four years.

MAKING A HOME FOR MY HUSBAND

[*Continued from page 21*]

members of the family or other guests, or he may find no one but the colored butler. Sometimes, however, we all meet at the breakfast table, and there is cheerful and amusing talk before we disperse for the morning. At eleven o'clock we depart for the beach, and after a surf swim and sun bath we return for lunch. In the afternoon there is golf or tennis, walking in the woods, or motor-boating on the open sea, for we have no protected water there, except for canoes and small boats. There is tea at the boathouse, near the mouth of the river.

Later at dinner, and afterward, there is more lively talk; sometimes there is music, or cards (my husband clings faithfully to Mah Jong) and sometimes when the party is large, there are charades. Wood fires burn brightly through the evenings, for the air even in summer is brisk and cool after sunset. Time goes swiftly at Seawood.

As the years march on and the noise of our more and more rapidly moving world mounts higher and higher, the thought of home becomes to me a thought of refuge and of serenity—a place from which the outer noise and turbulence are closed away. It is a modern habit of newspapers and also of contractors, builders and real estate men, and of the general public, too, I fear, to speak of any house whatever as a "home." An empty house is called a "home"; houses in course of construction are advertised as "homes," until one might almost fear that the word house is becoming obsolete. This usage cheats a good word and injures a noble one.

Houses are built by machinery and by the hands of artisans; homes are made by hearts and minds. No house is a home unless those who dwell within it find life more beautiful there than anywhere else in the world.

Where did your BATHTUB

get this DIRTY *ring?*

FIRST, you bathed in it. And used lots of soap. The water was hard. The soap combined with the hardness in the hard water and made scum. That scum collected dirt. There's where your bathtub got that dirty ring!

But soften the water with Melo and the scum won't form. No dirty ring. Water soft as rain water. Plenty of suds for a pleasant bath. No tub to scrub.

Water softened with Melo has wonderful cleaning effects, with or without soap. Melo in hard water makes soap much more effective. Put two tablespoonfuls in the washtubs and prevent the dirty ring from forming. The clothes are whiter too. And easier to wash. Put two tablespoonfuls in the dishpans.

Melo saves from ⅓ to ½ the amount of soap ordinarily used. Melo only costs 10 cents a can. Buy 3. Keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry—it makes a wonderful dishwasher—and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

Send 10 cents for a full-size package of Melo

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

Are you giving your skin really faithful care?

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S Perfect Cold Cream has stood the test of time because it is an all purpose cream. It cleanses, soothes, heals and beautifies. It is an ideal medium for massage. It helps to prevent as well as heal chapped skin on face, lips and hands. If you do nothing else for your complexion, do at least give a few minutes each night to a gentle massage with this pure cream. Wash the face first with warm water to open the pores. Then massage thoroughly with Perfect Cold Cream. Wipe off the surplus but do not wash the face again till next morning. This is a health measure—and beauty must be built on health. Perfect Cold Cream is for sale at all good drug and department stores, in tubes at 10c, 25c and 60c. Jars at 35c to $1.50.

PERFECT CLEANSING CREAM is unexcelled for *quick* cleansing. This new, peach-colored cream does not have to be "worked" into the skin. It is so soft and light that it fairly melts into the pores of its own accord with the least possible effort on your part. Use it daily, and between engagements, whenever you want to give yourself a *quick* cleansing. In jars, 75c.

VIVATONE, THE PERFECT SKIN TONIC, you will find both stimulating and refreshing. Use it after the cleansing and massage to remove any surplus cream still lingering in the pores. Watch your color come up as you apply it. Feel the circulation quicken as this cool topaz liquid touches your skin. Closes and refines the pores. Keeps the texture of the skin normal. In bottles, 75c.

PERFECT VANISHING CREAM is an ideal foundation for powder and rouge. Fine, dry skins especially need it. Apply just a whisk of this fragrant, fluffy cream. It is quickly and entirely absorbed. Work it in gently and dust the face lightly with powder. Notice how much smoother your make-up is, how much more attractive. In tubes 10c and 25c. Jars at 35c and 60c.

Also makers of Ha-Wol (headache cologne), Perfect Shaving Cream, and Perfect Cold Cream Soap.

Introductory Offer 50¢

Why don't you send for one of these special Clean-up Kits? For only 50c you can get a supply of Perfect Cold Cream, Perfect Cleansing Cream, Vivatone and Perfect Vanishing Cream with Daggett & Ramsdell tissues for removing cream. Regular size cold cream and vanishing cream (not samples), special containers of the new cleansing cream and Vivatone. Mail coupon today.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
ROOM 9, 214 WEST 14 ST., NEW YORK
Canadian readers send to 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Enclosed find 50c (stamps, money order) for which please send me Introductory Perfect Clean-up Kit

Name ..... *City* .....

Street ..... *State* .....

THE MAN FROM THE MINES

[*Continued from page 23*]

her reverie with a start to find the man from the mines looking at her with a strange expression in his eyes. And once again she asked herself, panic stricken, "Am I falling in love with this man?" It was an old game to Clorinda, but in this case she had despaired of success until now when the subtle change in his voice had told her much.

"I think that is all of any interest I have to tell you. Now it is your turn."

"To begin with, my confessions will be more startling than yours," she said flippantly. "You see, although you may not have guessed it, I am married."

"Are you indeed?" he said. "Well, you are not unique in that respect, Miss Cormack, for I am married also."

"You!" Her blue eyes came up to his face with a quick flicker of indignant pain.

"You said just now that there was nothing more of interest in your life to tell me."

"I did not flatter myself that the question of my marriage would interest you," he said quietly.

"Oh!" and suddenly Clorinda found that the tears were tumbling down her cheeks and she cried out in shame and bewilderment, "I don't know why I am crying unless it is because I hate you so."

I HAVE booked my passage back to the Cape," said the man from the mines. He had been away from London for ten days and Clorinda had just met him at Prince's restaurant for dinner.

Her heart seemed to stand still.

"So soon! I thought you were not going back until the New Year."

"Well, it is nearly the end of November," he reminded her. "And if one doesn't book early the boats are filled—"

Then the man from the mines said an unexpected thing—he said: "I could have made you fond of me."

"What outrageous conceit! You are not a bit the sort of man I would ever marry."

"I did not say anything about marriage. I said I could have made you fond of me."

"Which of course is not the same thing!" she scoffed.

"Not at all the same thing," he agreed. "Don't look so angry, Clorinda. You and I could have found many compensations together."

She knew that and was therefore driven fiercely to deny it. "I should hate it. I should hate to live anywhere that was not London."

"I will bet you one of the largest diamonds from my mines that before a year is out you will be in South Africa."

Clorinda's eyes sparkled. "A diamond against—what?" she asked.

The eyes of the man from the mines twinkled. "A diamond against a kiss, Clorinda. See what high value I place on a kiss from you."

The color surged into her face. "You will lose," she said again positively.

"No," he maintained, "I shall win. There is one contingency which we have both overlooked, however."

Clorinda raised her eyes—"What is it?"

"The bad accident you saw written in my hand. It will be interesting to discover who is right, Clorinda; whether you will come to South Africa or whether I—"

The remainder of the evening passed like a fevered dream and it was with a sense of relief that Clorinda found

[*Continued on page 99*]

CAMPBELL'S

You Will Love It On Sight

Automatic oven control turns the heat on and off as needed. Large aluminum lined electric fireless cooker in the bottom slides in and out like the drawer in a desk. Also *automatically* controlled.

Works right off home lighting circuit. Does everything any good range will do and more. Low in price and operating cost.

COOKS AS FAST AS GAS

Never before has anyone offered an electric range as quick to operate—simple, practical, time-saving, economical, attractive, and truly beautiful in design.

Write and Get My Factory Price

Ask for our new big catalog and special introductory offer. Low cash price—or easy payments. Direct from factory. Here's where you can get the finest electric range at a wonderfully low factory-to-you price. 30 days trial. Money back if you are not entirely satisfied. Write today for new big catalog and special offer.

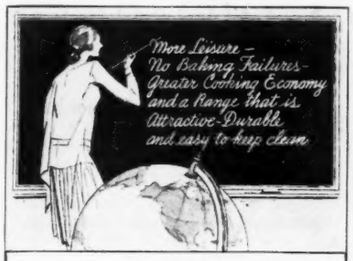
THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO.
803 Union Avenue, Alliance, Ohio

dust dulls eyes

March gales are here again, with their accompanying dust. Don't let it rob your eyes of their sparkle or, worse still, cause a bloodshot condition. Use *Murine* daily to rid them of irritating particles and keep them clear and shining.

This eye-brightening lotion is entirely free from belladonna and other harmful ingredients. Write Murine Co., 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for free booklet filled with helpful hints on the care of the eyes.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



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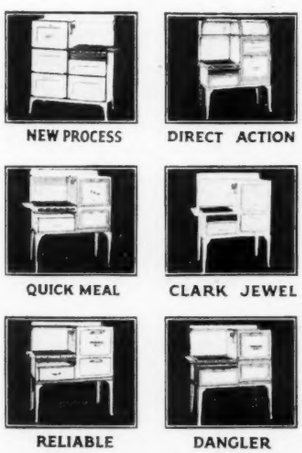

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THE MAN FROM THE MINES

[*Continued from page 98*]

herself outside in the keen night air while the man from the mines searched for a taxicab. But when they drove away, his voice was ordinary and merely polite. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning and the dark wall of the staircase towering above them looked forbidding and eerie.

"I will see you safely upstairs," he said.

They reached the door of the plaintive aunt's flat on the third floor and Clorinda stopped with a little breathless laugh—

"Goodnight." But with the touch of his fingers Clorinda felt as if earth and heaven came clashing together in a flash that blinded and deafened her. Although she was not conscious of having moved she was in his arms, crushed against him, giving him kiss for kiss, answering his broken words with words as broken. Then suddenly he released her.

"Well, so I've beaten you after all, Clorinda."

"Beaten me!" she stared up at him with blind eyes. "I don't understand. How am I beaten?"

He laughed roughly. "You little fool. Do you think I didn't understand what you meant to do with me?"

He spoke quietly and yet every word went to her heart like the sure thrust of a knife. "Do you think I didn't understand from the first moment we met that you only wanted to add me to your list of conquests? Do you think I believed for one moment that you were a married woman? I never did, Clorinda. I knew it was just a cowardly protection for yourself—an entrenchment behind which you could hide." Then he was gone.

AND in the morning she ran away. All her life pride had been her ruling passion and pride could not now forgive her defeat. She left a message with the plaintive aunt to ring up the man from the mines and tell him of her departure.

Clorinda stayed away for three weeks. "I will not go back to London again till he has sailed," she told herself every morning and every night. But every nerve in her body longed for him. She dreamed of him at night and could not banish the thought of him by day. Always she saw him before her, a man of iron, with hard accusation in his steely eyes.

When Christmas drew near, Clorinda's old aunt wrote more plaintively than usual. "Are you *never* coming home? People are beginning to ask such odd questions. At any rate write to me and say when I may expect you."

It was the excuse Clorinda wanted, the necessary sop to her pride. She went home that night. London was already wearing its Christmas garb and the streets were crowded. Clorinda's pulses leapt as she drove through the busy streets. For three weeks she had heard nothing of the man from the mines, but something seemed to tell her that now news was at hand. There was a letter waiting at the apartment.

Clorinda went to her room and shut the door before she opened her letter. It was short and to the point—she could almost imagine that the man from the mines was speaking as she read the few curt lines:

"I have waited three weeks for you to come back and be honest both with yourself and with me, and now I will wait no longer. If you lied to me, I lied to you also. I am not married, Clorinda—but that does not matter

[*Continued on page 100*]

Absorb Cold Cream this way *don't rub it in*

or your skin will lose the full benefit of the cream

WHEN you next start to remove cold cream consider: are you absorbing it, lifting it—plus dirt and make-up—*off your skin* or actually rubbing it *further into the pores?*

Unless you use an absorbent tissue, you are permitting cold cream to menace your skin beauty. Towels are not made to absorb cream, oil or dirt. Greasy old cloths carry germs, spread infection.

Do you know the price you may pay because you don't know how to remove cold cream? Every skin disturbance, from blackheads to acne, from sallowness to enlarged pores, comes because of incorrect cleansing methods. Do you rid your pores of the day's grimy, poisonous accumulations or do you rub cold cream and dirt further into your already abused skin?

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are fine, hygienically clean tissues made just for the purpose of removing cold cream. They are used once, then discarded—like paper. Using three sheets for a treatment, they cost only a few cents a day—and the results are what you hope for: a clear, smooth, radiant skin—healthily cleansed, free of dirt, germs and oil.

Try Kleenex Cleansing Tissues just as soon as possible. After one box, your dressing table will never be without it.

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

McC-3
Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name.....

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Do you ever hesitate to drink coffee at night?

Try the coffee that lets you sleep

So MANY people deny themselves the pleasure of coffee in the evening—and dinner loses a lot of cheer.

How unnecessary! You can enjoy all the coffee you want, no matter how late the hour, if it's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Kaffee Hag Coffee will not keep you awake. It is 97% free of the drug caffeine—the drug that affects nerves and prevents sleep.

And what a delightful flavor and aroma! Several of the world's finest coffees are blended to produce one of the most satisfying coffees you ever tasted. Mellow, full-strength, heartening. No one ever knows the tasteless caffeine is gone.

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. Let the family enjoy it breakfast, lunch, or supper. . . . What could be more welcome to the coffee lover who has been putting up with substitutes?

Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Served by hotels, restaurants, on diners. Sold by dealers everywhere. Let us send you a generous can today. Mail the coupon.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1845 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name_____

Address_____

Kellogg's

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

THE MAN FROM THE MINES

[*Continued from page 99*]

now. You and I have said all that we have to say to each other, except good-by, which I am saying to you through this letter. I have secured a berth on a ship leaving earlier than I at first intended and I sail in the morning. Good-by."

He had said that before another year had passed she would be with him in South Africa. Clorinda laughed as she remembered his words. Before another year! He should have said another month. The rocky country that he loved no longer held any fear for her. She could be happy anywhere, anywhere, if only he was with her. She made her plans before she slept that night and she slept dreamlessly. And then in the morning the blow fell. A newsboy calling in the street—"Terrible disaster at sea. Collision in a fog. Great loss of life—"

Clorinda stood listening to the boy's casual, raucous voice, her heart paralyzed with fear, her lips moving in agonized prayer.

"Not my man! Not my man!"

BUT it was his ship. She forced herself to read the few bare details, then she went down to the shipping office and joined the tragic, waiting crowd. His name was posted with many others on the passenger list. Clorinda stood and stared at it while she waited.

"John Sadler"—the name that might have been hers but for her pride and cowardice. Someone was talking beside her.

"Appalling loss of life they say. Oh, yes, several liners raced to the rescue, but in the fog they could not find her."

Another voice, Billy's amazed voice this time, speaking to her. "Clorinda! What in the world—"

She raised her stricken face.

"John?" It was the only word her lips could whisper and Billy's face quivered as he answered, "God only knows! It's too frightful to think of."

Clorinda tried to say something; she tried to say with fierce pride so that there should be no mistake about it in Billy's mind, "I loved him and he loved me!"

But the words would not come, and instead she crumpled up and fell at the boy's feet. Billy took her home. In the taxicab he kept his arm round her, trying to comfort her and give her the courage which he himself could not feel.

She clung to Billy as they went up in the elevator. The man from the mines had been Billy's cousin and there was some hopeless sort of comfort in the knowledge.

Had been! Why had she already put him in the past? The door of the flat was open and the plaintive aunt stood there.

"How you do jump to wild conclusions, Clorinda!" she began peevishly when she saw her niece. "Working yourself up into such a state of mind on mere supposition, while all the time Mr. Sadler—" Billy gave a wild whoop as the tall figure of the man from the mines appeared in the doorway behind the plaintive aunt.

"John—" Billy held out both hands, but after one glance at Clorinda the man from the mines swept his young cousin unceremoniously aside.

"I didn't sail. I found I couldn't leave you after all," he said hoarsely, as if he and Clorinda were the only two in the world.

He searched her drawn face and then as she broke into wild sobbing, he cried out, "Clorinda—do you love me after all?"

BURNING BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 25*]

to be alone," she said, with a touch of breathlessness. "I don't want to think. I've got to go up town as soon as lunch is over, but may I come back? We'll dine somewhere together and go to a play."

Virginia agreed and they kissed at parting. Virginia, going back to her desk, was aware of the stillness about her. She went on with her work, writing steadily, hour after hour, while thoughts of Rickey flickered across the pages.

Why should she work while Rickey played? And what would he care about *Burning Beauty* when he would have all of Marty's money with which to pay Michael?

Michael—Michael, who had forgotten her!

Oh, he would have come if he had cared. Any man who cared would find a way to win the woman he loved. It was a man's place to win even if she had run away from him. Couldn't he have followed? Tony had found her. And if at this moment Tony should come walking up the stairs, bringing all his brightness and charm into the blackness of her desolation, what might she not say to him?

Oh, no, no! She would never tell Tony that she loved him. It was Michael she loved, Michael.

Early twilight was coming on when Mrs. Barlow and Roger came home. They had been to a moving picture and Roger was ecstatic. He came in to tell Virginia about it and his mother came, too, and the three of them sat about the little round stove. The moving picture had had a swashbuckling hero and Roger showed how it was done. "You see," he explained, "he was in love with the lady and he carried her off and she was glad."

"Of course she was, Roger."

"And he put her on a horse and she pretended she didn't want to go, but she did."

"Most of them do, my dear."

THE child went on with his play and Mrs. Barlow, keen-eyed, noted Virginia's depression. She spoke with solicitude. "Has anything happened?"

"My brother is to be married."

"Is it bad news?"

"I think it is. Perhaps I'm selfish. I want him to be happy in my way, not in his."

"You could never be selfish."

"I am not sure. His marriage will separate him from me and I love him."

Her voice broke on that, and Mrs. Barlow laid a quiet hand over Virginia's hand. "You are very brave, my dear. You will meet this as you have met the rest."

After Mrs. Barlow and Roger went away, the phrase lingered in Virginia's mind—"You will meet this as you have met the rest." Oh, it was all very well to be brave, but she wanted to be happy. She dropped down in the chair by her desk and buried her face in her hands.

Again the little dog was anxious. He pushed against her dress and got his head under her hand. He felt the movement of her fingers caressing him and was faintly aware, back in his little

[*Continued on page 103*]

AND THE REPORT READ: "Rich, nutty flavor... high food value...economical...easy to prepare ...unlimited menu possibilities"

WHO COULD ASK FOR MORE?

"Tell us frankly what you think of California Limas", we asked a leading Food Institute Director. "Test them for flavor—for cooking possibilities—for recipe usefulness—for cost. Then give us your report."

Her answer was thorough, enthusiastic: "Limas are a most useful year 'round food. Their rich, nutty flavor is decidedly appetizing, and combines splendidly with other foods. Hence, their menu possibilities are almost unlimited * * * salads, soups, vegetable dishes, casseroles, meatless loaves, or pretentious 'one-dish' meals.

"And any Lima dish is easy to prepare. Limas require so little preparation. There's no peeling, paring, cutting or culling to be done. Just soak them from breakfast to mid-afternoon—and they're ready to cook. Even the *next day's* luncheon salad or soup can be prepared in advance by cooking an *extra* cupful of Limas and setting them aside to cool—real help for a hurried hostess".

"Limas are economical, too. They're not only reasonable in cost, but they're *doubly economical* because there's no waste. And because Limas *keep*, often they can be bought at special quantity prices."

And then, of course, Limas are healthful! High in protein content, they are also rich in vitamins and valuable minerals. Besides, being nearly twice as high as any other vegetable in percentage of alkalinity, Limas are valuable in combating the acid-ash (acidosis forming) properties of other common foods. Limas help *maintain* health, by balancing the diet.

Don't forget that the finest Limas (either Large or Baby Limas) are California-grown and packed under the SEASIDE brand. Let your grocer know that you want the best.

Lima One-Plate Luncheon

Lima-Walnut Salad

Easy to Make— Easy to Serve— and Delicious!

BASIC RECIPE: To revive the fresh, juicy tenderness of dried California Limas, soak them in cold water from 6 to 8 hours. Drain. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender, about 30 minutes. Add salt after 20 minutes cooking. (This basic recipe applies to either Large or Baby Limas.)

LIMA ONE-PLATE LUNCHEON

Cook together in as little water as possible 1 tart apple diced, and one finely chopped onion. Prepare 1½ cups white sauce, add ½ tablespoon curry powder, cooked apple mixture and 2 cups cooked dried Limas. Select even sized beets (scoop out centers), or pimento cups. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Fill centers with Lima mixture and set in oven in a covered dish to heat through. Garnish with parsley and sliced stuffed olives.

And this Salad Satisfies even the Most Discriminating!

LIMA-WALNUT SALAD

On a nest of crisp lettuce leaves, place two full tablespoons of cold, cooked Limas. Decorate with Walnut kernels, halved, and two or three ripe olives. Top with cooked or mayonnaise dressing, and garnish with finely chopped parsley.

Recipe Book—Free

No doubt the finest single collection of Lima recipes, our free book, "How Ten Food Editors Serve California Limas", not only shows you how to make appetizing salads, soups and main course dishes, but it gives you actual menus—dinners luncheons and Sunday night suppers. Write for this free book—today.

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Oxnard, California

SEASIDE BRAND California Limas

This 100-lb. *branded* bag in your grocer's store means he carries the *highest quality* Limas. Ask to see it, before you buy!

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Taste the Juice of Real Mint Leaves

Enjoy that delicious flavor of fresh mint leaves.

You'll be delighted with its smooth coolness.

And it is so refreshing after meals—just the taste of mint you want—that your sweet tooth craves.

MY VALENTINE
Roses are red—
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....After every meal....

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BE SURE IT'S WRIGLEY'S

BURNING BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 100*]

dog's mind, that his presence comforted her. He hated to hear her cry, yet she was crying. He whined softly; then, suddenly, from far down at the foot of the stairs, his quick ear caught the thud which proclaimed the arrival of the afternoon paper. He always went down for it, making a ceremony of it when he came back, holding it in his mouth until his mistress took it, expecting to be thanked for it, to have his ears rubbed in appreciation.

Perhaps if he brought it now, she might lift her head.

There were three long flights for him to travel and his legs were short. His nails clicked on the bare wood as he went down and down and down. The stairs were empty all the way until as he reached the last landing, he looked below and saw a man standing by the newelpost.

The man was Michael. He had heard the sound on the stairs of those little paws. He had glanced up idly and his heart gave a great leap for there, gazing at him with bright eyes, was Virginia's dog.

He spoke his name, "Weenie," and Weenie wagged an inquiring tail. When he reached the lower hall, he took the paper in his mouth, gave Michael a slanting glance, made a slight circuit to avoid the detaining hand and trotted off up the stairs.

Michael followed. The room was dark when he came to it. He stood on the threshold of the open door and called into the shadows, "Virginia."

She answered in a whisper, "Michael!"

She rose and met him in the middle of the shadowed room. His arms went about her. She knew then that he was real and not a specter called up by her need of him. She clung to him, "Michael, Michael!"

For many long minutes the little dog stood unnoticed with the paper in his mouth. Then he dropped it at Virginia's feet and with a sigh of content dropped down beside it.

Michael and Virginia sat by the window and talked. It was dark outside and the rain streamed. But Michael was saying, "Didn't you know that nothing Rickey might do mattered? It is you and I who matter. Don't you know that, my dearest?"

Oh, she did know it. She was saying it over and over. She had been so stupid; but she loved him.

MARY LEE, arriving at six, found the lamp lighted and Michael waiting to take them both out to dinner. "We'll make it a feast—I know a place. Mary Lee, I might as well tell you, I am going to marry Virginia."

"Everybody," said Mary Lee, "is getting married. She told you about—Rickey?"

"Yes."

"Has she heard anything more?"

"No."

"I thought there might be news of the—wedding."

But there was no news, because there was no wedding—and there would never be, not of Rickey and Marty Van Duyne. Jane Bleecker had seen to that. And so it happened that while Virginia and Michael and Mary Lee were dining in state and elegance, Rickey Oliphant came up the stairs of the old house in Washington Square. He reached the attic and found the door open and the little Scotch dog on guard and the primrose cat asleep in front of the round stove.

Rickey was haggard and unkempt. He threw himself on the couch and flung his arm across his eyes. He had not slept for two nights and even now he could not sleep.

WEENIE came and sat beside him and licked his hand. Next to his adoration for Virginia, the little dog adored Rickey. At last Rickey drew him up on the couch and they lay there together, dog and man, silent in the dark. It was Jane, of course, who had done it. At the eleventh hour, as it were. With almost uncanny instinct she had known the night when Marty came to dinner in a diaphanous gown with a silver wreath on her hair that something important was on hand.

Marty had planned a party for her guests on a neighboring yacht. And at the last moment had sent the others on and had stayed at home. And Jane had stayed. "My dear," she had told her young hostess, "I don't think it's proper for you and Rickey to be here alone with nobody but the crew."

Marty had shrugged her shoulders. "Do as you like." She was standing by the rail, so absolutely resplendent under the moon that even Jane had been thrilled by the sight of her.

Jane went and stood beside her. "So you're going to be married tonight, Marty?"

Marty's eyes slanted down. "What makes you think that?"

"I don't think it. I know it. Marty, are you mad?"

"Yes. Rickey calls it a beautiful madness."

"Oh, that boy. Do you know what you are going to do to him?"

"I don't care what I do to him—I love him."

"If you love him, you'll let him alone."

"What do you mean?"

"You won't make him happy. He can't make you happy. It will all be a miserable failure. And I can't associate you with failure, Marty."

Marty was listening.

"You've always been so absolutely sane," Jane went on. "You've known how to make the most of your beauty. You've kept away from all entanglements that might lessen your prestige. You've stood for success, for perfect technique, if I may call it that, in managing your life. And now you'll marry this mad young poet—and the world will laugh at you."

"Laugh?" Marty had turned a little, her figure tense.

"Yes, laugh." Jane knew Marty's pride and pressed her advantage. "A boy with nothing. Not even a book to show as an evidence of what he is. He talks a lot, but he gets nowhere. There might be some excuse for you if you could say to the world, 'He has genius. He has proved it.' But he hasn't proved it. He's done nothing since he came down but make love to you and write verses. If you marry him, Marty, the world will laugh."

[*Continued on page 104*]

New desserts that are a joy to see—and taste!

ORANGE MINUTE TAPIOCA CREAM

1/3 cup Minute Tapioca; 1/3 cup sugar; 1/4 teaspoon salt; 1 quart milk, scalded; 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten; 1 egg white, stiffly beaten; 1 teaspoon orange or vanilla extract; 4 oranges, sections free from membrane.

Add Minute Tapioca, sugar, and salt to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Pour small amount of tapioca mixture over egg yolk, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened. Remove from fire, fold in egg white and flavoring. Place few sections of orange in bottom of individual serving dishes and cover with tapioca mixture. Garnish with additional orange sections and whipped cream, if desired. Serves 8.

All measurements are level.

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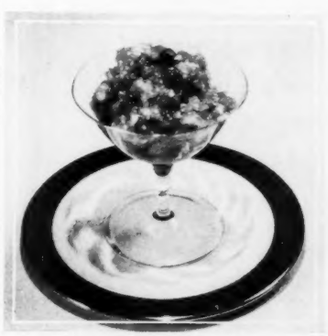

MINUTE TAPIOCA GRAPE-NUTS PUDDING

4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca; 3/4 cup brown sugar; 1/4 teaspoon salt; 2 cups hot water; 1/2 cup raisins; 4 tablespoons walnut meats, chopped; 1 small apple, pared and chopped; 1/2 teaspoon vanilla; 1/2 cup Grape-Nuts.

Add Minute Tapioca, sugar, and salt to water, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Remove from fire; add raisins, nuts, apple and vanilla. Just before serving, add Grape-Nuts. Serve with cream. Serves 6.

All measurements are level.

And the beauty of it is that Minute Tapioca desserts are so nourishing, so energy-giving that they're perfect for adults and children alike! The old tiresome chore of making separate "good for children" desserts is perfectly needless now.

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BURNING BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 103*]

"But if I give him up? Jane, it will break his heart."

Jane flung out her hand in a little gesture of derision. "Men's hearts! You and I know something of them, Marty. They don't break, and there's always another who will mend them."

"Jane, don't!" Marty turned her head away and looked out over the water. Far away she could see a stretch of silver beach and the palms waving in the slight breeze.

Between the beach and yacht a boat came on swiftly. "Rickey's in that boat," Marty said, "he'll be here in a moment."

"Marty, you mustn't be here to meet him. Oh, I know you think I'm cynical and hard, and perhaps I am. But you're no young and tender child to be caught by romance. My dear, you'll regret it if you let yourself go. You know you'll regret it."

"Well, what if I do—I shall have had my moment." Her voice was sad.

"But who wants a moment—with a lifetime of regret after it? You'll be tied to him to the end of your days, or else divorce him and have the memory of failure. Marty—"

Marty leaned closer to the rail; the boat was coming nearer. "You're right, of course, Jane. But if you think I can give him up like that—"

"You can give him up, and you mustn't say good-by to him," Jane spoke with earnestness. "Marty, come with me now, before he gets here."

And so it happened that Rickey, reaching the yacht, looked up at the rail and saw no silver figure under the moon. He had thought Marty would be waiting. He had picked out a place on the beach; the clergyman, a young fellow with a bit of romance about him, had promised to be there. The two men who took them over would be witnesses. In the boat Rickey had orange blossoms, a great bouquet tied up with silver ribbons and perfuming all the air about them.

HE CAME on deck and was handed a letter. "Miss Van Duyne left it," the man told him.

"Left it?"

"Yes. She went with Mrs. Bleecker to the 'Wanderer'. You're to follow them, I think, sir."

But Rickey was not to follow them and this was Marty's letter:

Rickey, dear, I know I'm being cruel. But I am cruel only to be kind. At the last moment, I can't marry you, my dear. It is too much of a risk for both of us. Beneath the glamor you have woven about me I'm a rather practical person and when the romance wore off, you'd see me as I am, and you'd be disappointed. And when you no longer worshipped at my shrine, I'd hate you. I would, Rickey. I know myself better than you do. So this is best—to remember in each other all that might have been beautiful and not to have it spoiled by the everyday things—the disillusionments. You'll always be my tragic young god and I'll always be your silver witch. Such a disappointing witch, I fear. But let me tell you this—I love you, and I am doing the hardest thing I have ever done in my life.

Your friend forever,
Marty.

Rickey had torn the letter up like a mad man and had flung the pieces over the rail. Then he had packed his bag and had given orders to the men. He had to catch a train—they could take him over. And would they put the orange blossoms in Miss Van Duyne's room—with this note?

What he had had to say was in three lines: "Some day you'll be sorry. When the world knows me, you'll be forgotten. Money doesn't count throughout the ages. But a written line may live forever." He had signed it "Rickey," had liberally tipped the men who took him to the train and had spent the last of his money on a ticket to New York.

AND so he had come to Virginia's attic, to find her gone and only the little dog to welcome him. With Weenie beside him he fell asleep.

When he waked it was after nine. He had eaten nothing on his journey and was famished. He foraged in the pantry and found milk and meat and bread. He ate ravenously. The cat and the little dog sat sociably beside him and he fed them bits of meat and poured milk into a saucer. He seemed to be doing it all in a dream—a dreadful dream from which he would wake and find that this room with its poor furniture would vanish, and that the reality was Marty in a silver gown, moonlight on her hair.

Again the pain at his heart stabbed him. He rose restlessly and walked to the window. The lights of the city shone above the roof, the rain slanted across it and washed over the cornices—a dreary prospect after all the enchantment of the tropic nights.

As he turned back into the room, his eye was caught by the neatly typed pile of manuscript which lay on Virginia's desk. He picked it up and began to read.

It was his own story—*Burning Beauty*. But as he read he was aware that it was his story illumined by a talent which equaled his own. He was artist enough to know good work when he saw it and this work was good. Virginia had done it, of course.

He flung the manuscript from him and began to cry, clutching at his throat to still the pain. The worried little dog whined distressfully, then, as he got no response from that despairing figure, went back and forth from the door to the desk. If his mistress would only come things might be better.

It was late when Virginia came. Michael had taken her with Mary Lee to a play, and had returned with her to the old house and had watched her as she ascended the stairs. "It is as if you were going straight up to Heaven," he had whispered under the Bronze Knight's torch, "beyond the roof, up among the stars."

She turned at the first landing to look down at him and to blow a kiss from the tips of her fingers. What a strange day it had been, but how wonderful. And tomorrow would be wonderful and all tomorrows.

Then she went up and up and opened the door of her shabby rooms, and found the little dog waiting and Rickey lying on the couch asleep. She bent over him, and saw traces of tears on

[*Continued on page 105*]

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BURNING BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 104*]

his cheeks. He was unkempt, unshaven. Oh, what had happened that he should be like this? She spoke softly, "Rickey—"

He waked at once and held out his arms to her. She clung to him. "My darling, what is it?"

In broken words he told her of the last dreadful days. "Her letter was cruel. It broke my heart, Virginia."

She soothed him as a mother would a child. He was her child—Rickey.

"You shall sleep in my bed," she said, "and I'll take the couch. And you must have a hot bath and a warm drink."

She had him comfortable at last on the white pillows. She had said nothing of herself. Her thought had been only for him. He was so white, so spent—and he must sleep.

HE LAY very still and after awhile he said: "I read the book."

"*Burning Beauty*—?" her voice showed her apprehension.

"Yes. It's good work, Jinny."

"Do you really think so, Rickey?"

"You know it is," he said with a touch of irritation. "But it's my book, Jinny, just the same—not yours."

She thought of her weeks of hard work, but said calmly, "Of course it's your book. And Michael wants it."

He flung off her hand and sat up. "McMillan?"

"Yes."

"Do you think I'll let him have it? There are other editors in the world, Jinny."

"I know. But this story, Rickey—he paid for it."

"A paltry thousand."

"That was only an advance."

"Then let me pay it back to him when I've sold it to someone else. Oh, it is useless to argue, Jinny. The book is mine. You know that, no matter what you've done to it."

She saw his excitement. "Rickey, dear, lie down. We'll talk it over in the morning. You need all the rest you can get tonight."

She had not dared tell her brother what Michael had said about the manuscript after he had read a few pages. "It's really your book, my darling. You had the initial idea and your touch is sure." He had said, too, "I must have it." And now Rickey had set himself against it.

She had made up the couch as a bed and from where she lay she could look out of the window. The rain had stopped and the wind was blowing the sky clear. She could see the clouds flying high, catching the glow from the lights beneath. The big city was still awake, with all the gay people coming and going to parties which would end at dawn. She wondered if everybody was still awake on the Van Duyne yacht. And was Marty missing Rickey? What kind of woman was she that she could treat a boy like that?

And how could she know that Marty was at that very moment on deck, wrapped in a great gray cloak and watching the sun rise. Jane Bleecker had come out to her in pink negligée, her bare feet thrust into pink slippers. "Marty, if you act like this, you'll have everybody talking."

"Let them talk. I want him back, Jane."

"Call him back then, and be laughed at."

"I shan't call him back, you know that. But I shall love him all my life."

The next morning Rickey wakened to see through the open door his sister in her green linen frock, cooking

[*Continued on page 106*]

Mothers of "bottle babies"

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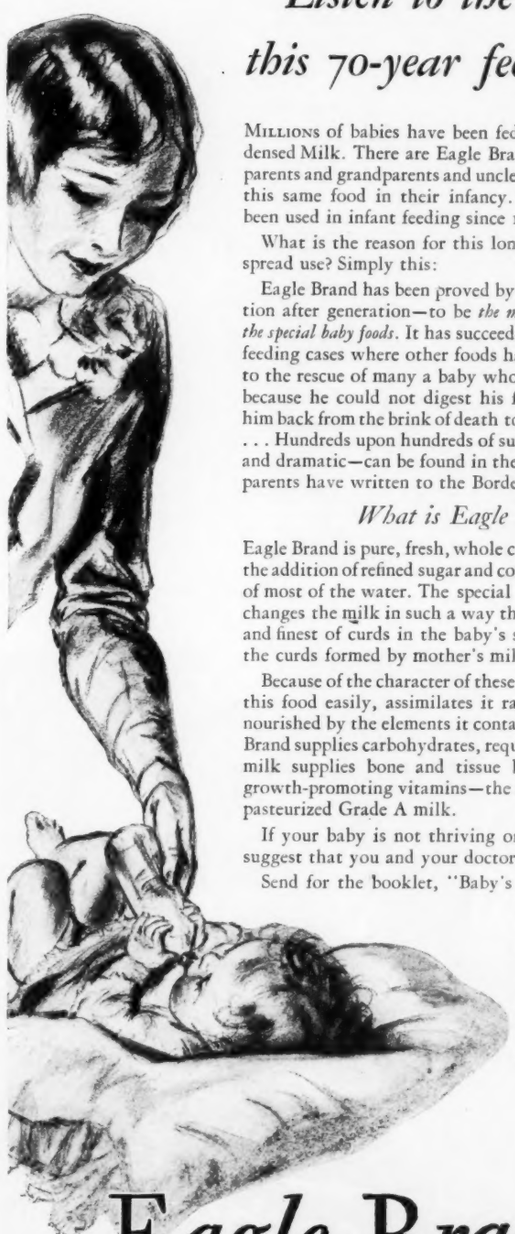

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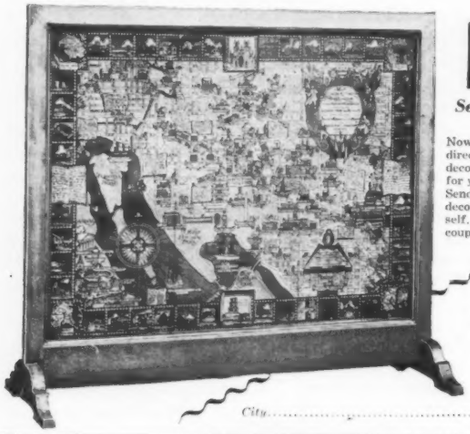

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BURNING BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 105*]

his breakfast on the little round stove.

"Eggs and bacon, Rickey," she said as she looked in upon him. "I'm going to bring them to you when you've freshened up a bit."

"I don't want anything to eat," he said as he turned his face to the wall.

She came and stood beside the bed. "Rickey, darling, just a cup of coffee."

"No."

"But, my dear—"

"I'm not going to get up. Why should I get up, ever?" His tone was despairing.

She was patient. "If you'd put on your dressing-gown and come into the other room—the rain has stopped and it's nice and cheerful."

Little Roger came in presently with the morning mail. He was very important. "Two for you. May I stay a minute? Mother said I might."

"Yes, but you must be quiet. My brother is here and he wants to sleep."

Roger whispered, "I won't make the very littlest noise," and played with the primrose cat while Virginia read her letters. One was a line from Michael which lighted her eyes. She read it twice, then turned to the long letter from her mother. It was a rather surprising letter. Daddy was better and he was growing restless.

Couldn't we all have the summer together? Rickey could write and you and I could keep the house together. I know there isn't any furniture, but Daddy says he'd rather camp in the old house than live in luxury anywhere else. Our roots are so deep, dearest, it seems to both of us that we shall kneel and kiss the dear red soil of Anne Arundel county—we love every brick of the rough sidewalks of the old town, every shabby residence and straggling garden.

And so we want to come back. Can't you think it out for us? Jinny, my dear, we all seem to cast our burdens on you, yet your shoulders are slender. Tell me of Rickey. What about his book? And is he still in Florida? Of late we have had no letters from him. And you say nothing of yourself. Your letters are long and like you in your good sense and cheerfulness. But they don't tell me what I want to know. I am uneasy, Jinny. Are you happy? You are so far away, dear child. I want my arms about you.

LITTLE Roger had gone, taking the primrose cat with him and Virginia was glad there was no one to see her tears as she finished her mother's letter. "You are so far away, dear child, I want my arms about you." Oh, for the shelter of those arms, the strength of that serene countenance!

As she rose after a time to go about her work, the door between the two rooms opened and Rickey came in. Virginia had laid over the foot of the bed the old blanket robe which he had left behind him, but it had pleased him to don a luxurious Japanese affair which he had worn on the yacht, with bright blue butterflies on a black ground. It set off his fairness brilliantly.

He threw himself on the couch and piled the pillows back of him. "You might get me some coffee, Jinny."

She got it for him, setting a careful tray, making toast and boiling an egg.

"I've been thinking," he said, when he had finished, "about *Burning Beauty*. There's no reason on earth why McMillan should have it."

"Except that you're bound by a promise, Rickey."

"Promises?" Rickey gave a hard little laugh. "Who cares for them? They are easy enough to break. Ask Marty Van Duyne."

"I know, my dear—"

Rickey buried his head in the cushions of the couch. "You don't know!"

Out of a long silence she spoke to him quietly of the future, of fame, success, fortune.

HE LISTENED avidly. "Marty didn't believe in me," he said, "but I'll show her. And I'll show McMillan." He came back to his grievance. "You might as well understand, Jinny, that he's not going to have the book. And you needn't throw it up to me that you've worked on it all winter. I didn't ask you to do it."

A sudden sense of justice flared within her.

"The manuscript," she said, "is as much mine as yours. I think if you will face facts, you will admit it."

He began to laugh. "That's rot, Jinny and you know it."

She was very pale. "Rickey, you are not to speak to me like that."

Her eyes held his and presently he muttered, "I'm sorry."

She dropped on her knees beside the couch and laid her cheek against his. "Oh, Rickey, you know I love you, don't you?"

He did know it and said so, and declared that he was not himself. His life was over.

"What have I to live for? Jinny, when I got Marty's letter, I should have flung myself into the sea if I had not been held back by the thought that some day I'd show her. I shall write *The Silver Witch* and she will see herself as I see her. I'll have her grow old and ugly and when she tries to weave her spells, men will laugh at her."

He was talking wildly. Virginia set herself to soothe him and when at last she stole downstairs to telephone to Michael, he seemed to sleep.

But he was not asleep. His disordered mind was going over the things he and his sister had talked about. He had shut his eyes so that he might not see Jinny—Jinny whose strength was a constant reproach to his weakness; Jinny, who set her will against his own; Jinny, who had made him say, "I'm sorry."

Well, a woman was only a woman—and Michael should not have the book. Jinny needed a lesson.

He got up and roamed about the room restlessly, looking at himself in a mirror as he passed it, seeing the spots of red color in his cheeks, his blue butterflies, his blazing hair.

He stood now beside Virginia's desk on which lay the manuscript, neatly typed, evidence of Virginia's hours of labor. The thought of those hours infuriated him.

Michael should not have the book!

As he snatched up the manuscript he laughed aloud. He knew now what he would do. He crossed the room and opened the top of the little round stove. Then as fast as he could stuff it in, he fed the pages to the leaping flames.

[*Concluded in* APRIL McCALL'S]

Temple Bailey

ALTHOUGH *Burning Beauty* comes to a conclusion in April, readers may look forward to future short stories and serials by Temple Bailey, whose novels are to appear exclusively in McCall's during the next five years.

There's a FRESH MODERN PACKAGE for Snowdrift . . . and two new convenient sizes

Don't be surprised when you next go into your grocery store to see Snowdrift all dressed up in a new package.

And don't be surprised if your grocer asks, "Wouldn't you like a new three or six pound can? They're much more convenient in shape than large sizes used to be."

The new large cans are wider and not as tall as the old cans, making it easier for you to dip your spoon in and out and scoop up the very last spoonful without rubbing your knuckles against the edge.

Of course, when it comes to being easy to work with, Snowdrift takes the cake—as well as makes it. For Snowdrift is so creamy and spoonable that just a few stirs of the spoon will mix it quite thoroughly into your flour or sugar.

Snowdrift has almost the texture of whipped cream. We actually cream it for you—whip it up all light and fluffy before we pack it in the air-tight tins.

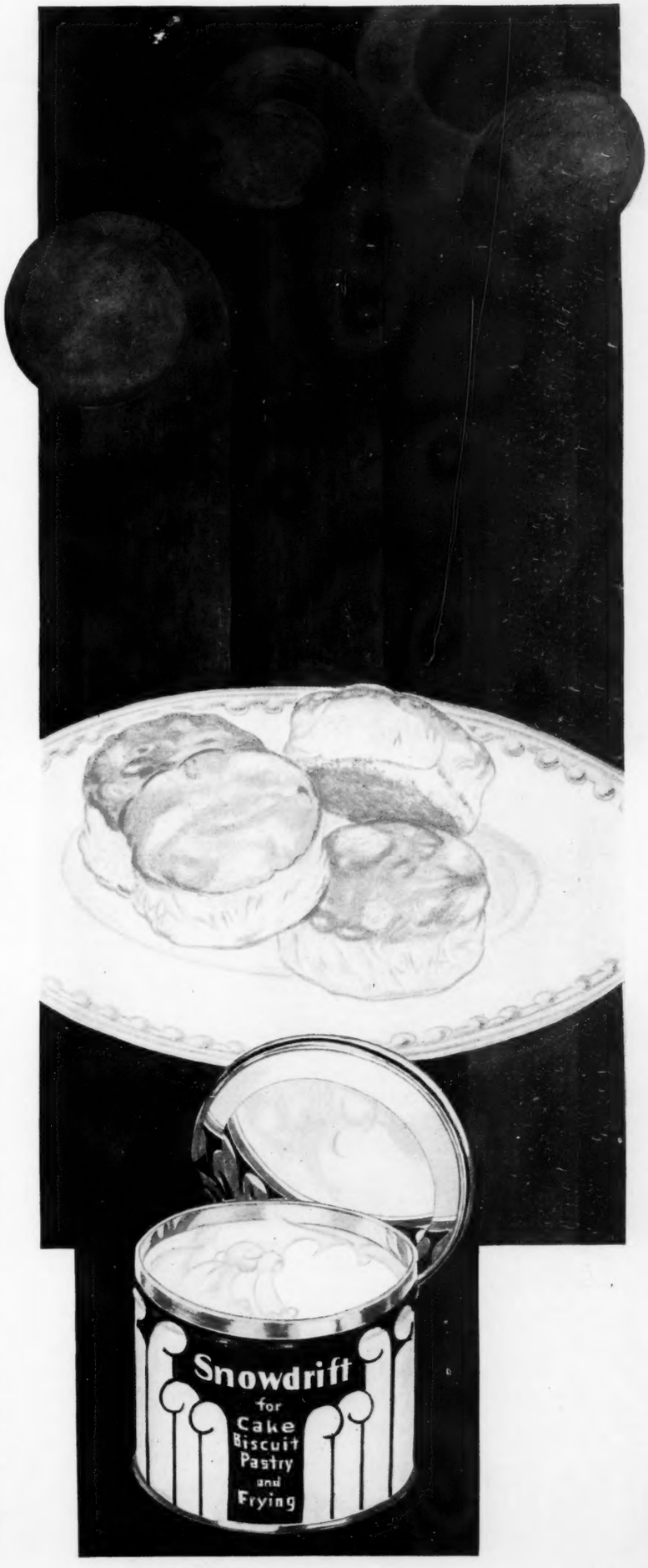
(Indeed, we know of no other shortening that is more convenient unless it is Wesson Oil which you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix.)

And then, of course, Snowdrift is so fresh and inviting and snowy-white and so pure and wholesome and good to eat in itself that it can't help making delicious things to eat. Just taste it some time—with such a delicate shortening you naturally expect to make the very finest kind of cakes.

Try Snowdrift next time you bake. Tea Biscuits, for instance. They'll come out of the oven as light and fluffy and fly-away and delicious as any you have ever tasted.

Or try it with your own favorite recipe for cake, muffins, cookies, waffles, pie crust. Or fry with it and see what wholesome and delicious fried things it makes.

You might like to have our new Snowdrift recipe book. It contains a great many interesting recipes. We shall be glad, too, if you'll send us the name and address of your grocer. Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.



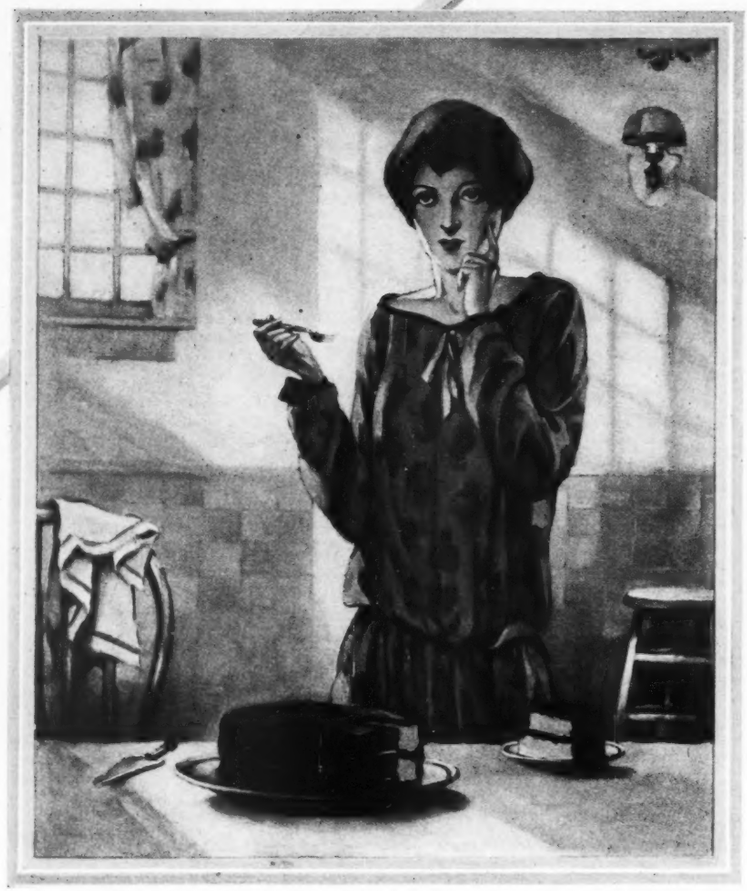
SOUTHERN TEA BISCUITS

3 Tablespoonfuls Snowdrift • ½ Teaspoonful Salt • ¾ Cupful Milk or Water
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking Powder • 1 Tablespoonful Sugar • 2 Cupfuls Flour

Measure dry ingredients and sift together into mixing bowl. Measure Snowdrift and cut into flour with two knifes and work in with fork until well distributed. Add liquids mixing with a knife or spoon until a soft dough is made that can be handled on a board lightly floured. Handle and work as little as possible. Roll thin and cut with small cutter. Place on greased pan or baking sheet and bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) for fifteen minutes.

NOTE • When using Snowdrift always add a pinch of salt for Snowdrift, like butter fresh from the churn, comes to you unsalted . . . Also, note that Snowdrift stays creamy whether you keep it in a warm kitchen or in the refrigerator.

ANOTHER KITCHEN MYSTERY



Where does that Flavor come from?

WITH the first mouthful came a surprise—a delicate, unmistakably new flavor, a part of the very heart of the cake—perfectly delicious! Strange—there had been nothing startling about it when she took it from the oven—apparently just another well-baked cake. What caused it? Where did that flavor come from?

It's simple. The flavor was in her flour when she started—she had used the right flour. Pillsbury's Best, like most good flour, is milled and tested to make baking sure and easy; more than that, Pillsbury's Best is milled and tested to make things *taste good.* This additional richness in flavor is important. The food editors of some of the leading women's magazines, who have made a life long study of baking, say that the flour you use has a great deal to do with the flavor of the foods you bake.

The secret of flavor is in the wheat fields—

While two kernels of wheat look much alike, they may be vastly different. Some types of wheat possess a richness of flavor lacking in others. The Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, working with the facilities of the largest flour mill in the world, has developed its own method of selecting and blending these richly flavored wheats. These are then milled to a standard of dependability which has been famous for sixty years. The result is Pillsbury's Best Flour—your surest protection against baking failures, and your guarantee of finer flavor in everything you bake—cakes, biscuits, pastry, bread!

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for finer flavor

in everything you bake ~
cakes, pastry, biscuits, bread

Pillsbury's Best Flour

TEARS OF NIOBE

[*Continued from page 28*]

urged the detective in a low whisper.

"Then one day the golden-haired girl had broken the bad news—an operation or death. She pleaded with me to take the chance—one in ten thousand. At last, hypnotized by her pleadings, I agreed, making the stipulation that she should marry me before I went on the operating table. I never saw her again until this year. And then one rainy day in April, she called me on the telephone. A voice from the past—a voice almost forgotten."

The detective made a gingerly attempt to pull himself a little higher on the pillow. "What was her name?"

"Though she called herself Brunhilde Clemment, the name I married her under was Hilda—Hilda Seamon."

"Our friend Hilda had a dozen countries, a dozen aliases and everywhere a police record as long as a cat's tail. Too bad you let her get into you, Trowbridge. A word to us and we'd have put her where she couldn't touch your money."

ADRIEN PITT-MARTIN tiptoed carefully in the wake of William Petty. His guide, he observed, was like a cat, surefooted, silent. As the two men stepped inside, Petty said, "That open window—something must have happened!" A stealthy creak from a slowly opening door sounded a timely warning. But before he could move, from behind him came a voice.

"You have returned?"

While the Englishman hesitated, William Petty, with the agile swiftness of a cat, had whipped out of the direct line of that revealing light from the street. "Minnikin!" And in the same breath, "You blundering fool, what have you done with the girl?"

The half-caste drew a step closer. "She will go unharmed when she gives up the pearls."

"What's the good of haggling, Minnikin? You've been fooled as a dozen others have been fooled. This necklace, the one Brunhilde Clemment had on the night she was found dead in Central Park, isn't the Lentleheme pearls!"

"Not the Lentleheme pearls!"

"No." And as the other lowered the automatic, "What—you don't know? Well, well, Minnikin, of all the blind men, you've apparently been the blindest. Instead of one necklace, there have been two. Three if you count both imitations."

The half-caste started. "Imitations, that would be the answer." There was a pause. "This is your way of telling me you have the pearls, that I have been on the wrong track?" And receiving no reply, "I still have the whip hand, so let us bargain. The life of the girl in exchange for the Tears of Niobe." All too evidently, Louis Minnikin forgot he trifled with dynamite, forgot that this man's wits traveled faster than light. He took another step, and another—an unguarded step which brought him between his two adversaries. On the instant, a clenched fist planted a terrific blow between his shoulders. The automatic dashed from his hand flew wide.

Virginia Trowbridge had counted on five minutes in which to make her fight for freedom. The precious five sped by, rapid of wing, like so many seconds. It was on the last match that she made a discovery. Behind the bars one of the windows that came on either side of the long, gilt-framed mirror was not a real window. With groping fingers Virginia felt the length, up and down as far as her arm would reach. The frame of the mirror was the only object within reach and as her fingers closed upon it, the frame yielded, moving smoothly forward like a panel on runners.

The frame continued to advance until, about two feet from the wall, with a dull click it stopped. Behind it, a space from which cool air rushed, an odor suggested the musty dampness of a cellar.

Pulling back just in time, Virginia lay flat and felt over the edge with both hands. After a moment spent in exploration, she sat up. There was a staircase—a steep staircase which apparently went all the way down to the first floor. With a catch at the heart, she recalled the words of her captor—"Comes like the wind and goes like the wind." This then was how the Scorpion made his spectacular appearances and disappearances.

Feeling cautiously for the first step, Virginia closed the looking-glass door behind her and commenced to grope her way down.

Suddenly she paused. Someone was coming up the stairs to meet her—someone flashing an electric torch as he came—someone panting.

Trapped! Above, in the room she had left, a baffled madman—below, on the steps, a creature possessing all the terrors of the unknown—on either side, a brick wall!

The breathing came nearer and nearer, now the light cast its shadow on the wall beside her. There was a quick step, a smothered exclamation. The torch flashed like a searchlight. It played on her own face, blinding her; it swayed back and illuminated the face of the man who had just rounded the turn in the staircase.

There was a moment of mutual surprise, a gasp, a cry. It was Victor Marceau. Virginia cried out, her voice faltering and shaking with relief, "Why—why—it's you!"

DIZZILY Adrien Pitt-Martin picked himself up and made his way through the wreckage which littered the room. The silence in the house struck him as ominous. Neither William Petty nor the half-caste, Louis Minnikin, was anywhere in sight.

Suddenly there was a great rattling at the front door. Then it crashed open. There were three of them—four, if you counted the dog.

Adrien said softly, "Enter, gentlemen. Greetings and salutations!"

"Arrest that man!" Badgerly was the first to recognize the speaker. "He's one of them."

Pitt-Martin stood up. The light from three torches had already flashed upon him. "Are you still harboring that delusion?"

Charles Trowbridge paid no attention to his remark. "Where's Virginia?"

The Englishman rested nonchalantly against the wall of the staircase. "Miss Trowbridge is, I believe, at the present moment being rescued by William Petty. And if I were a young lady in distress, I can think of no more agreeable sensation than being rescued by William Petty, expert accountant and bookkeeper."

[*Continued on page 110*]

Found in familiar Japan Tea—a wonderful health-building element

Several common ailments, it is now believed by scientists, can be helped by this familiar and delicious tea

FOR years its sparkling delicacy of flavor, has made it a favorite. Now, suddenly, a welcome piece of news!

Scientists have found a wonderful health-giving property in simple Japan green tea: a precious food element, which is entirely lacking in most foods.

Just because our three meals a day often give us too little of this one all-important element, Vitamin C, countless people are now believed to be suffering from a number of minor maladies.

"It now appears," writes an eminent American scientist, "that this condition is rather common. Certain symptoms may be looked for in those who habitually take too little Vitamin C. These symptoms are: *loss of energy, a muddy complexion, fleeting pains often mistaken for rheumatism.*"

In familiar Japan green tea, scientists have found a wonderful health-giving property—an abundance of precious Vitamin C

In how many ways loss of energy can take the sparkle out of life. Low vitality may bring with it fatigue, sleeplessness, a finicky appetite, nervousness, lethargy.

And how many there are who shrink from looking in the mirror—whose skins are sallow and muddy! How many others who are afflicted from time to time with so-called rheumatic pains in the joints and limbs!

For those who suffer from these ailments, there is now a simple precaution; good old Japan green tea is today known to bring us an abundance of precious Vitamin C—a safeguard against those troubles.

Only a few foods, aside from Japan green tea, spinach and a small number of fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. The Japan tea we buy at the grocery store is rich in it.

An easy safeguard

If you feel "run-down," if your skin is sallow, if you are troubled with so-called rheumatic pains, try this plan: Drink delicious cups of Japan green tea *regularly* at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon. Profit by its rich store of Vitamin C. In a few weeks you will probably feel and look more vigorous, more vitally alive. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

As you probably know, Japan green tea is one of the most popular kinds of tea in the country. It comes in several grades—in packages under various brand names and in bulk. Grocers have it or can get it. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Bldg., Chicago.

...but *was* it love?

SUDDENLY she went limp in his arms. But in that fleeting instant while memory lingered, she lived again their glorious night in Paris—before mankind went mad and the world was drenched in blood.

Ah! That was love—a love that glowed in her heart and warmed her whole being with an ecstacy of happiness such as she had never known.

And then—catastrophe. Without a moment's warning, she saw her Temple of Love topple and crash into ruin. Frantic with fear and despair she clung to him—her man—begging him not to leave her. But the dream was ended. Her arms were suddenly empty. The one to whom she had gladly given heart, soul, everything—was gone.

Love? But—*was* it love! The terrible aftermath, the awful Deluge that followed, was to teach this girl many things. More than all, she was to find the answer to the question that tortured her soul—as *you* will find it—in that stupendous modern motion-picture drama of life and love—

"NOAH'S ARK"

A Modern Story of the Age-old Lust for Power, Riches—and Love

Dolores Costello's Latest and Greatest Screen Hit

This is the picture that took 2½ years to make, at a cost of $2,000,000. By all means see it. But you will enjoy the picture more—you will understand the powerful significance of its peculiar title—if you first read the story, *in complete $2.00 Book-Length form, in* SCREEN BOOK *Magazine for March.*

Other Thrilling Features in This Issue

"Three Week Ends"—starring Clara Bow. Driven by hard luck into the ranks of a cabaret chorus, she quickly becomes entangled in the riotous doings of three millionaires—in which a smart insurance salesman plays an unexpected part. The fastest, funniest story in Clara Bow's whole screen career.

"Our Dancing Daughters"—featuring Joan Crawford. The "shocking" conduct of the younger set seems to reach the limit of reckless misbehavior in this startling story of a beautiful girl who wanted to make an old-fashioned boy believe she was as bad as she pretended to be. Just one thrill after another. Don't miss it.

"A Woman of Affairs"—starring Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. The romantic mystery of a beautiful and cultured girl who overnight becomes the most notorious and shameless creature in all Europe. The swift, grim quality of this amazing story will make you gasp.

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TEARS OF NIOBE

[*Continued from page 109*]

"You know that William Petty's a desperate criminal, a thief, a murderer?" It was Badgerly who spoke.

"I don't care if he's Old Nick himself. I'm here to see that he gets a square deal."

"You? And who are you?" All three men voiced their scorn in chorus.

Pitt-Martin let his hands drop to his sides. "I'm Borchard, of the English secret service, since you're so curious. And Petty's my prisoner, not yours. I've his extradition papers here in my pocket."

"Borchard!" Badgerly drew back a step.

"Yes, Borchard. You people up at headquarters seem to think an official investigator ought to wear his credentials on his face like a set of false whiskers. Everyone knew I was coming."

"Is this true?" Charles Trowbridge's tone carried a sudden note of contempt.

The Englishman was not slow to get the inflection. "I'm not a policeman, Trowbridge, and I'm not a detective. This is a state affair. Big interests are involved. I'm sorry if you think you've been used as a cat's-paw."

Charles Trowbridge came to the foot of the stairs and put his hand on the newelpost. Never had he looked so tall, so physically potential. "I'll cease to hold you responsible, Mr. Borchard Pitt-Martin, when I see my niece safe and unharmed in her own home. Are you or are you not going to stand aside and let me get this fellow Petty?"

"Lead the way, then," Adrien cried, Lupe barking his approval.

Not until the door of the fourth floor back was reached did the attacking party pause to plan their campaign. But when all was said and done, it was Adrien who first put his hand on the knob.

"There's to be no gun play—" he warned again. "Remember Miss Trowbridge is in here. And furthermore, Petty's mine. I take him, alive or dead!" With that he swung the door open.

The room was empty.

TO VIRGINIA TROWBRIDGE, trapped in the circular staircase, the knowledge that this man who was advancing to meet her was an acquaintance came as a welcome surprise. She knew him well. Only a few hours before at her birthday dinner, his hand had touched hers, gently, caressingly—his voice had spoken words of congratulation.

And even as these thoughts filtered through her mind the man's rage boiled up and overflowed into speech. "Why did you come here?"

Virginia did not recognize her own voice it was so small and meek as she replied, "I didn't come. I was brought—against my will."

"Who brought you?"

"A young man, a strange young man with dark eyes and a soft voice."

"Minnikin!" Again his rage boiled and seethed and quivered. The effect was hideously repulsive beyond description. "You know where you are?"

Her fate, she dimly sensed, trembled in the answer to that question, yet she could not hold back the truth as it dawned upon her. "I am in the Nest. And you—you are the Scorpion!"

With a sickening rush of despair, she remembered that the looking-glass door was shut, shut tight, and there was no knob on this side. Reaching the last step she dropped on her knees and beat with both fists upon the panels, crying out, "Open! Open!"

[*Continued on page 111*]

Shackled by HOUSEWORK

If you're tied down by long hours of tedious cleaning, PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA is just what you've been looking for!

PARSONS' cuts grease, loosens dirt and grime, softens hard water and makes the laundry snowy white. For over 50 years critical housewives have regarded it as the indispensable and unequalled aid to thorough, easy cleaning.

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TEARS OF NIOBE

[*Continued from page 110*]

The light from the approaching torch played over her. It shriveled her courage as a flame shrivels the wings of a moth. Still on her knees, she clawed the woodwork, the door frame, the door itself. Slowly the door swung open. A man stood in the circle of light, a man without coat or vest, the shoulder of his shirt showing a crude, blood-soaked bandage.

Without a word of explanation or nod of greeting the newcomer stepped over the kneeling girl and put himself between her and the pursuer. It was the newcomer who chose to speak first. "Five years," he said in a soft, caressing voice. "I've waited five years for this."

"That's longer than you'll wait for anyone or anything again, Smallwood." There was a movement in the mist behind the touch. A split of flame—the gun that had been concealed in a holster under his armpit opened hostilities.

With a half-smothered cry, Virginia struggled to her feet. "William," she cried, "William, it's the Scorpion! He'll kill you. He'll kill us both now that we know."

Another shot.

The bookkeeper ducked, and half-turning, caught Virginia by the shoulder. "Go—go into the room. Pitt-Martin's somewhere about. He'll take care of you." He raised his free hand and an automatic roared in the narrow space.

The bookkeeper turned to the girl. "Can't you understand, Virginia, you're handicapping me. I can think of no one but you, your safety and—" he paused. In the darkness their hands had met and he knew it was futile to argue. She would not leave him. She meant to stay and fight his battles with him, now and always.

AND as though she had read his thought, "I can't go back, the door's shut again; and anyway, I won't."

"Then keep out of the line of fire and trust me if—you love me."

She was in his arms, her cheek against his. "Always and forever, darling."

He held her in his arms for a brief moment. Then they began the dangerous descent.

"Smallwood—Smallwood!" Through Virginia's mind the name tossed back and forth. Vaguely it was familiar. Where had she heard it before? And why had the Scorpion used it just now in addressing William Petty?"

"Ping!" The Scorpion's stealthy weapon had spoken again. Virginia felt her companion reel and heard his curse. Then the automatic crashed and again that acrid odor of smoke burned her nostrils. Wildly she clutched after William Petty and he was not there, but she found the wall and felt her way down, cautiously, one step at a time.

The steps led into a narrow, tunnel-like passage, mysteriously endless and black just as the circular staircase had been. And here Virginia's fears were realized and she found a huddled, hideous shape, lying face downward in a slowly spreading pool of blood. She recognized the Scorpion.

With a shudder, Virginia turned away and the light from her torch disclosed a second figure, propped somewhat weakly against the wall of the tunnel. "William, what has happened? Are you all right? William, speak to me. Oh," she discovered the thin trickle of blood on his cheek and neck. "Oh, my dear, you're wounded. What shall I do?" His only answer was a groan.

[*Continued on page 112*]

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How the famous Maternity Center cares for *all* of baby's things

"Bands and shirts must not irritate tender skin—cleanse them in pure, bland soap flakes," says the Maternity Center.

"Baby's little dresses and gowns stay like new cleansed in Lux."

"Little sweaters washed in cool Lux suds, dried flat, do not shrink or lose their lovely colors."

"Diapers should never chafe—wash and boil every day in Lux, rinse very carefully."

"Lux is a truly sanitary form of soap," the Center says—"for the same Lux is never used twice."

AT the famous Maternity Center in New York, mothers learn the very best methods of baby care.

The Maternity Center uses Lux for *all* of baby's things—clothes, bottles, toys.

These experts say: "Many soaps contain alkali harmful to baby's skin. If even a little of such soap remains in baby's garments after washing, his tender skin becomes irritated.

"Analysis has shown that Lux contains *no harmful alkali*. And with Lux there is no rubbing to mat and roughen fibres. Small garments are kept soft and sweet, and baby kept comfortable, if Lux is used."

TEARS OF NIOBE

[*Continued from page 111*]

"William, are you badly hurt? Why don't you speak to me? Oh, I wish we'd never heard of Niobe or her Tears. I wish I'd smashed the pearls to flinders."

"Pearls! Tears of Niobe!" Those four words were electrifying. He tore himself from Virginia's arms. "The Tears of Niobe! That's it—I remember it all now."

"But, William," Virginia caught her breath, "how did you know where the pearls were hidden? How could you possibly know that I had put them in the old candlestick?"

"The old candlestick?" William Petty pressed one hand against his bandaged forehead.

"Yes," she replied, "the candlestick upstairs. If you must have them, I think—" She paused, for with the words had come the realization that a long and dangerous flight of steps, a closed door and that capricious element called chance barred them from the coveted necklace.

"Virginia, it's just beginning to penetrate my foggy wits that you're offering to go back into that chamber of horrors. Thanks a lot, darling, but it would be a waste of time. The necklace you've carried about with you all week, the one that Brunhilde Clemment wore the night she was murdered wasn't worth the risk you've taken. It's only an imitation. The real Tears of Niobe are hidden somewhere in Louis Minnikin's shop. They've been there all along."

AS IT dawned on Badgerly, Charles Trowbridge and the policeman that the room on the fourth floor was empty, they glared at each other in turn. They turned to where the big dog scratched at the floor in a frantic effort to dig his way under a gilt-framed mirror that hung between two of the windows.

"Here, boy, what is it?" Charles Trowbridge was on his knees, feeling the floor, the woodwork, the edge of the frame.

"Seems to be a secret passage," ventured Pitt-Martin.

A dozen steps down and Lupe, still in the lead, growled. Badgerly's torch, searching the darkness, revealed the dog standing stiff-legged, mutely calling them to see what he had found ——a dead man, decently composed in a corner, hands folded, a handkerchief covering his face.

"Virginia's handkerchief!" Charles Trowbridge exclaimed. Then, whirling about as the young Englishman joined him, "Pitt-Martin, don't!"

"I've already seen." Pitt-Martin's shoulder drooped a little. "It's my uncle, isn't it—Victor Marceau. Is he dead?"

Charles Trowbridge nodded. "A shot in the temple—must have been instantaneous." Perhaps an explanation was to follow, but if so, it was never made. From the farther end of the tunnel came the sound of hurried footsteps. Virginia appeared in the first low archway.

"Adrien—Adrien! Oh, Adrien," she was at his side now. "He wouldn't let me go with him. But he said you were here, so I came back. It's a curio shop —somebody with a queer name—a name I can't remember."

"A shop?"

"Yes, do you know where it is?"

"Louis Minnikin's in West Forty-eighth Street," cut in Badgerly. "He keeps a sort of junk shop."

"I wonder—" Thrusting his hand into his breast pocket, Pitt-Martin drew out a card. "Petty instructed me as we came in here. I was to find a little joss and take it to—" he glanced at the card.

Pitt-Martin tore the card into pieces and dropped them on the ground. "Forty-eighth Street! Let's hop to it!" Turning to the policeman and Badgerly: "This Minnikin's as mad as a hatter. If we don't look alive, he'll stick one of his pretty little daggers into our vanished bookkeeper."

INTO the shop of Louis Minnikin the first streaks of daylight never penetrated. Only the full rays of a noonday sun were strong enough to find their way into that musty, cluttered basement. Now, however, light had become a necessity. One by one the tapestries were torn from the wall, shaken, ripped, in a minute search for hidden pockets. The chests were emptied. Next came the drawers and bookshelves.

Spode, Wedgewood, odd pieces of Italian ware that could never be replaced, rare old Venetian glass and figurines from buried Pompeii—they were all fragments in the twinkling of an eye.

Slowly, reluctantly, his fingers crept toward the last shelf. A voice stayed him.

"Thanks, Minnikin, for leaving your door unlocked. We need to save time."

And as the shoulder muscles of the half-caste twitched, "It's all right—I'm not holding a gun on you. Turn around! Now," when the command had been obeyed, "look at me, look well." With one sweep, the newcomer caught the candelabrum from the table and held it so the light fell on his pale, blood-stained face, on the white shirt with its bandaged shoulder. "Had you ever seen me before you gave me this gash," lightly tapping the bandaged shoulder, "in Marceau's shop?"

A sullen shake of the head was the reply.

"First and last," muttered the half-caste, "these accursed Trowbridges have been the undoing of my master and his plans."

"You're wrong, Minnikin. Your master and his plans were headed for the rocks from the moment he turned covetous eyes on a certain battered tin despatch box—"

"Despatch box!" Expression flittered like will-o-wisps in the half-caste's eyes—incredulity, hate, fear.

The bookkeeper bared his teeth in a mirthless smile. "I see you are remembering: A black starless night on the frontier of Russia—you'd just killed my *kocijas*—an innocent lout of a peasant who'd no idea what it was all about. I swore I'd get you then, if it took a lifetime—you and—the Scorpion."

Minnikin started, "Sir John," he whispered, "Sir John Smallwood."

"Yes, John Smallwood—the man you and your pack tracked across Poland, the man you hoped to pull down when he fell ill in Paris, the man you thought discouraged and beaten when he voluntarily dropped out of sight for five years." Glancing around, "I can see I'm not too late yet. You haven't found the pearls."

[*Continued on page 115*]

Mellin's Food A Milk Modifier

Balanced Nourishment

Careful study in regard to food requirements during the first year of life followed by close observation in relation to actual results places Mellin's Food in a position to demand recognition as a scientific and practical modifier of milk for infant feeding.

The selection of Mellin's Food and milk in the preparation of nourishment for a baby who must be bottle fed is a wise choice, for such a diet supplies essential food elements for tissue growth, muscular activity, bodily warmth and bone structure, thus making ample provision to meet every nutritive demand of early life.

Mellin's Food Biscuits

Especially suitable when it becomes time to wean the baby from the bottle.

A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.

To *adorn your eyes with new beauty ....do this*

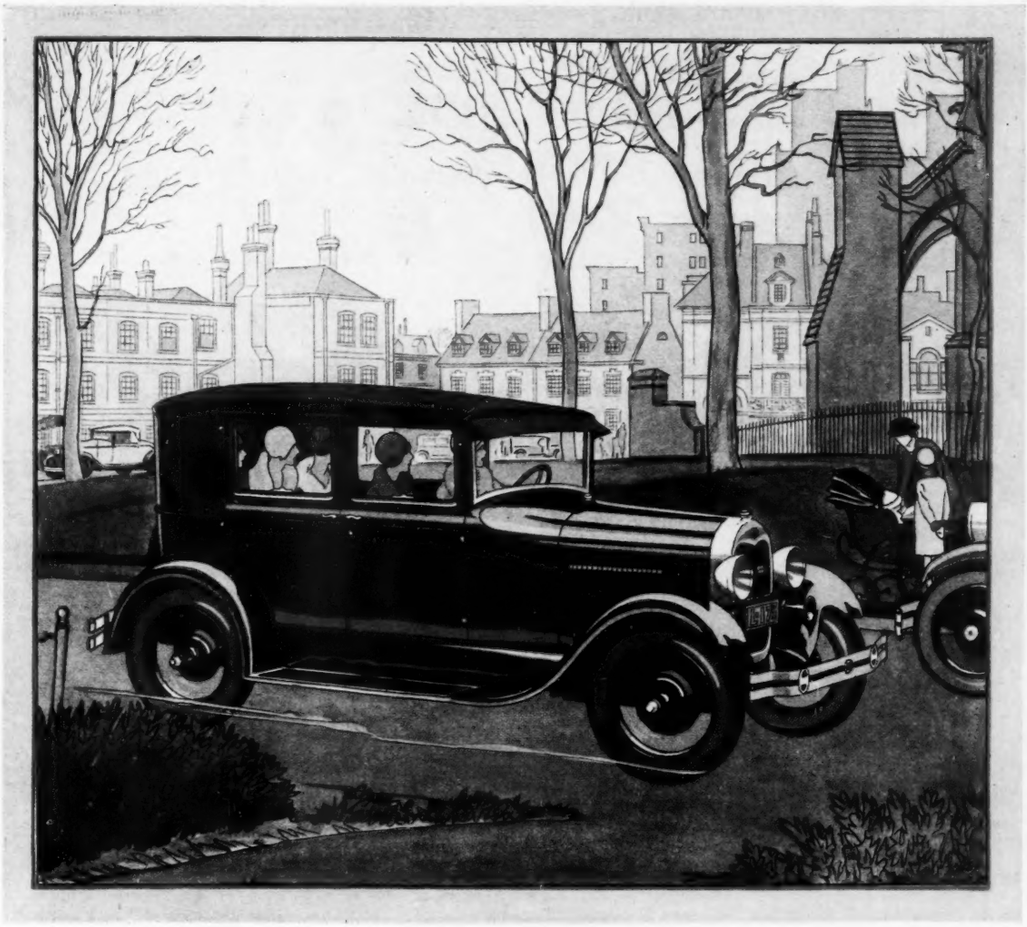
INSTANTLY, and without the slightest hint of artificiality, this fashionable liquid lash dressing bestows on the eyes new loveliness. It frames them in a shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes and so creates the wonderful effect of beauty. Liquid Winx so easy to apply and remove is waterproof. Not even tears can cause this smart lash dressing to run or streak. Sold at all toilet goods counters. In black or brown shades, only 75c complete. Get this new beauty today.

If a cake lash dressing is preferred, there's none quite so effective as Cake Winx (two shades, brown, black).

Sold wherever Liquid Winx is sold. 75c complete. Ross Company, 237 W. 18th St., New York.

WINX

Send 12c for generous Liquid Winx sample.



You will find the new Ford a comfortable easy-riding car

In days gone by, it was Mother who seemed destined to get most of the bouncing on those Sunday afternoon rides. Bumps that seemed like innocent little bumps to Dad in the front seat were quite large and aggravating by the time they reached the riders in the rear.

Perhaps Mother mentioned it in clear, brisk tones. Perhaps, being long-suffering, she didn't. There seemed no way it could be helped in a low-priced car.

Then along came the new Ford and with it a new idea of riding ease. Now there is no dividing line for comfort. Everybody can lean back and relax because even rough stretches may be taken at a reasonably fast pace without the exaggerated bouncing rebound which is the cause of most motoring fatigue.

This comfort means so much to the joy of motoring that it should be one of the first things you think about in selecting a motor car. "Is it a comfortable car to drive?" is almost as important as "Is it an economical car to operate?"

The new Ford brings you truly remarkable riding ease not only because of its low unsprung weight and transverse springs but because it has four Houdaille shock absorbers. Formerly these were installed as standard equipment on only the most expensive automobiles. Their use on the new Ford is an example of the quality that is built into every part of the car.

Ford

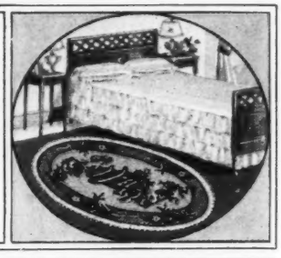
Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

Shown on the left is the interior of the new Fordor Sedan. Upholstery is soft and luxurious, yet long wearing. All appointments are fully nickeled. Note the wide door, the convenient arm rests, the air of restful riding comfort.

The illustration on the right shows the roominess of the front compartment of the new Fordor Sedan. Here, as in rear view, you can see the restful tilt of the wide, deeply cushioned seat—the richness of every detail of finish and appointment.

FACTS ABOUT RUGS

Practical Helps for the Rug Buyer



New Rugs made from Your Old Rugs and Clothing - - At Small Cost!

How Remarkable Weaving Process Puts New Rugs Within Reach of Everyone

By LEONE MILDRED MICHELL
Authority on Home Decorating

AS one whose mission it is to make homes beautiful I am going to tell you of an economical plan I use in providing harmonious new rugs at a cost that fits the smallest purse.

What woman hasn't pictured the kind of rugs she wants?—closely-woven, deep-nap rugs in the harmonious, up-to-date, two-toned effects or the colorful new Oriental, Modernistic or Hook Patterns.

New Rugs—Made From Your Old Materials

BY a remarkable patented process, one of the largest and oldest rug manufacturers in this country will take all kinds of old rugs, carpets, and clothing, and reclaim the material in them so it is as good as new. This is done by a process of shredding, washing, sterilizing, bleaching and combing. The reclaimed material is then *dyed* any color, and *woven* into extremely good-looking new Duo-Velvety rugs.

I was more than surprised upon receiving my first rug to find that in every respect it was brand new. The reclaimed material was not evident to the most practiced eye. This worried me before its arrival because my old material was a hodgepodge of all kinds and colors.

So I say—don't confuse these rugs with any you have ever seen before. They are so different—so attractive and unusual—that I recommend them for the finest interiors. As a matter of fact, you'll find these rugs today in homes of wealth and refinement—in leading hotels—in exclusive clubs.

This, I think is one of the strongest arguments in their favor. And it proves that beauty and low cost *can* be combined in a rug. The finished rugs have all the qualities of style and color and texture you find in high-priced store rugs, *and of course the cost is remarkably low.*

Your Choice of Colors

YOU are not limited in your choice of colors or patterns, regardless of the colors in your old materials. Your new rug can be made in any of the charming new shades—Taupe, Grey Green, Mahogany, Mole, Grey Blue, Tete-de-Negre, Beaver Brown, Persian Gold, Rose, Russet, Autumn Oak, or Mulberry—in any of twenty-six rich new colors and combinations.

You'll be delighted to find these rugs are woven *seamless* and *reversible* with the same firm, wool nap on *both* sides to give *twice the wear*—features hard to find in store rugs.

Here is another very important thing: these rugs can be made to your order in *any size you want* in *one week.*

Trial Offer Guarantees Satisfaction

THE whole thing is so simple. You send in a bundle of old materials. Within 10 days back come your new rugs. To quote from the manufacturer's guarantee: "Subject these rugs to the hardest kind of everyday wear, compare them with store rugs costing twice as much, then if you are not delighted, send them back at our expense and we will pay you liberally for your old material." A mighty strong guarantee and one you can be absolutely sure they will live up to. The manufacturer pays transportation from all states as explained in their book. They have branches in the large cities where you can see the rugs.

Don't Waste Old Materials

IT ACTUALLY hurts me to see good material wasted. I am sure you feel the same way. Why pay for material when the good seasoned wool and other materials in your old carpets, rugs and clothing can be reclaimed like new.

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EVERY home lover will welcome this splendid book, beautifully illustrated in colors. As an interior decorator myself, I promise you that this book is well worth sending for. It contains an authoritative showing of all the new and up-to-date colors and designs. You will find many helpful suggestions for beautifying your own home—inexpensively. I am attaching a coupon for your convenience. Write to Olson Rug Co., Dept. C-18, Laflin St., Chicago.

These rugs are made Seamless and REVERSIBLE.

"I have no hesitation in recommending these rugs."
—LEONE MICHELL.

THEY WILL MAKE ANY SIZE YOU WANT

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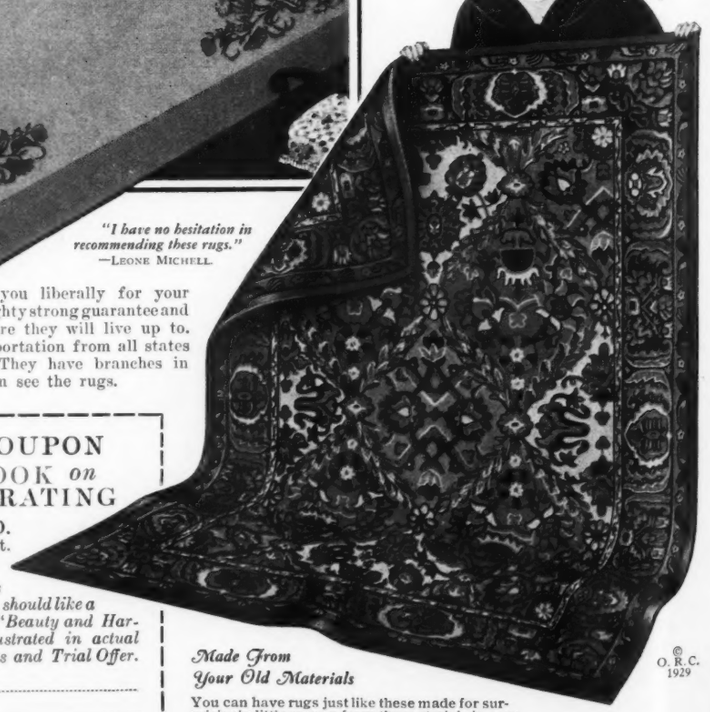
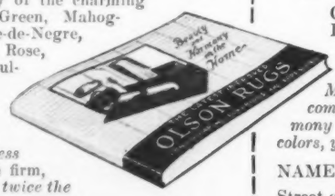


Made From Your Old Materials

You can have rugs just like these made for surprisingly little money from the materials in your old carpets, rugs and clothing. In the manufacturer's Free catalogue you will find many other beautiful newpatterns illustrated in actual colors.



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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

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TEARS OF NIOBE

[*Continued from page 112*]

"Minnikin," Petty said, "the time had come when the Scorpion could do nothing but blunder. Luck had gone against him, luck and Brunhilde Clemment. Three months ago—" In leaden tones he continued to drive home the truth, the ironical twist of fate that had sent Brunhilde Clemment, all unwitting, to find a market for the pearls in Marceau's shop—

"Wait!" The half-caste flung out his hands in token of surrender. "In here," pointing beyond the clutter of broken china and glass, "in here is the many-sided Joss of Ah Sing. I did not know its secret, but since it was dear to her, I guarded it. And now," his voice breaking, "she is gone. My master is gone! My freedom, my life—are gone. Ah, well," with a sudden resignation, "the gods know best. It was her wish. I give it to you."

His fingers closed over a tiny lever concealed in the woodwork. Responding to a pressure the back of the closet slowly, noiselessly swung outward, pivoting like a globe on its axis, until half-way on its revolution, in place of the empty shelves, a fantastic pagan altar was disclosed. On this altar, two arresting objects—a trypitch, from the middle frame of which looked the smiling face of Brunhilde Clemment and not far away, as though on guard, the malevolent Joss of Ah Sing.

Neither man spoke, but Petty, reaching over Minnikin's shoulder, took the little joss by the neck and carrying it to the mantel, struck its back and shoulders smartly on the marble shelf. There was a tinkling crash and from the severed neck spilled a little heap of satin whiteness—a string of pearls, each one a miniature full moon that glowed with the phosphorescent mystery of the sea from which it had sprung.

"The Tears of Niobe," the bookkeeper said. He put the pearls into his wallet and the wallet into his breast pocket. "Minnikin," he murmured wearily, "I don't know why I've lost my taste for killing you; maybe it's just because I'm so tired; but now's your chance. Get out of my sight before I have time to change my mind. I'll tell the police you'd flown before I arrived."

WHEN the searching party arrived, the candles had burned low in their sockets. Virginia, who had been told twice to stay behind, held on to her uncle and Badgerly with both hands lest they get ahead of her.

The ex-bookkeeper, sleep still in his eyes, staggered to his feet. Involuntarily, his hand went to his forehead in acknowledgement of the salute. Then, recognizing Pitt-Martin, through the mists which still fogged his brain, "Your uncle—you've found him?"

"You knew then?"

"Not until tonight. When you told me some things about the Scorpion, I found they tallied with discoveries I'd made months ago. And of course, once suspicion was aroused, there was plenty of fuel to feed the fire. But why talk of that now?" He thrust out with his hand as though he would brush away a distasteful subject. "You'll go back to England?"

"Why should I?"

"Lady Leominster is dead, Smallwood. Among her papers was found a confession which exonerates you completely. In that confession her ladyship admits having surreptitiously borrowed the Tears of Niobe from your despatch box while you lay at the point of death in her home in Paris. Guilt is apt to make one clumsy, especially when time presses. The necklace was broken. Fearing her indiscretion would be discovered, Lady Leominster turned for help to her maid, Hilda Seamon—Brunhilde Clemment as we knew her later. Hilda's father, it seems, was a jeweler of sorts, with a shop nearby. What her ladyship had no possible means of knowing was that this clever rascal had hit upon a chemical formula for—"

The bookkeeper nodded impatiently. "I know—imitating pearls." Petty gave expression to his disgust, "Didn't I sweat blood on my return to London when the despatch box was opened and the substitution discovered? I knew at once that Lady Leominster had had something to do with it. Naturally I couldn't, with honor, clear myself."

Taking the wallet from his pocket, William Petty turned the necklace out on the table.

There was a ripple of admiration from Badgerly and the policeman as they drew near to examine the pearls.

"That's settled, then." Adrien rubbed his hands together briskly. "We sail as soon as possible."

"England!" An eager smiled lighted William Petty's face. "I—" the smile died. He caught sight of Virginia Trowbridge standing aside; her shoulders drooping under her mink wrap, her eyes resolutely smiling beneath their tired lids. "I—I don't know," hesitating, "there's something I'd like to be sure of first." He crossed the room and put out his hands. "Virginia," and as she turned, "Shall we go?"

THE Berengaria was sailing and they were all there—the senior Trowbridge, not knowing yet what it was all about; O'Connor, his bandaged wrists in two slings; Elsie, looking like a bride in a pale gray silk coat and a string of wonderful pearls with an opal clasp, the gift of Miss Virginia; Pa and Ma Scully, with the deed to the new house in Astoria in Ma's handbag, just in case she had a chance to show it to William; Tug, a bag of chocolates in each pocket, and the sweat of honest exertion rolling down his forehead; and of course Badgerly with his hair clipped Italian style in the back and a new pair of kid gloves, the first he had ever owned in his life.

On the upper deck, standing under the lee of a giant smokestack, William Petty, or to give him his full name and title, Sir John Smallwood, of Wood's Court, North Suffolk, stood close to his wife, formerly Miss Virginia Trowbridge.

"It's all turned out so differently," Virginia was saying. You're a personage, and I—well, I'm disappointed."

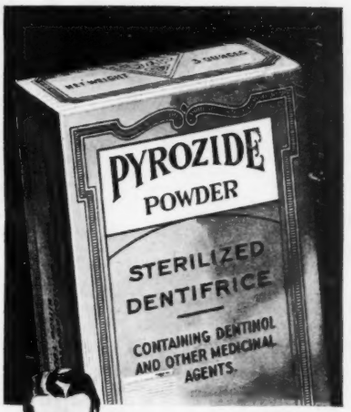
"Disappointed? You're the one that didn't want me to be a bookkeeper. Don't you remember how you used to sit by my desk and urge me to—"

"Oh, you don't understand! We could have done it together. It would have been such fun to start at the bottom. I'm sick of spending money and going to jazz parties. I wanted to have a kitchenette and make waffles for Sunday night tea and chocolate cake and—"

"If that's all that's troubling you," William Petty threw back his head and laughed, boyishly unconscious that other people had climbed to their tower, "I can relieve your mind at once. A title doesn't mean a fortune these days. I dare say we shall be awfully poor for a time. In fact, I couldn't have asked any other woman to share my poverty—any woman but you."

[THE END.]

Soft Gums *need more than* nice flavor



They need this medicated powder that puts *results* ahead of taste . . . . . .

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GOING TO PIECES

[*Continued from page 29*]

dedicated afresh each year to the care of the sick and the teaching of children. You meet her first as a slim, cool, laughing, virginal novice of nineteen. You see her last as a gnarled, formidable woman of seventy. It is within Miss Barrymore's range to play both scenes superbly. I have been going to the theater to see her nearly every season for the past quarter of a century, ever since I saw her first in the peasant smock that Carrotts wore these many years ago. But in none of her rôles, from *The Twelve Pound Look* to *Ophelia*, did she seem to me so surely one of the great women of the theater as when she plays the old, bent Reverend Mother in *The Kingdom of God.* Then once more and supremely does she fill her scenes with a light not of this world. Let us call it radiance.

THAT final act is laid in the refectory of the gray hillside orphanage of San Vicente de Paolo—a shelter and a school for the nameless innocents left on the wind-whipped doorstep of the world. Brats, the village tailor calls them in his wrath at not being able to beat them when he feels like it—charity brats, treated as though they were the sons of dukes.

The cane of the Reverend Mother raps on the stone flagging to still this fat swine's insolence.

"They are the sons of God," she says—and adds with a cutting edge to her voice, "It is a higher title."

On this day in the orphanage there is a foam of hubbub and chatter thrown up like spray from two undercurrents of excitement. For one thing, the larder is bare. The bills in the village shops are unpaid and the credit has run out. There will be no peppers to color the broth with even the illusion of sausage. There is the threat of mutiny in the air.

But crossing and momentarily stemming this current, is the thrill of the knowledge that down in the village that day Juan de Dios Garcia is to fight his first fight in the bull ring—young Juan de Dios Garcia, the Foundling, who, only a few years ago, had been just another like themselves at the orphanage. It was his young pleasure to take the stigma which the world had fixed upon him and fling it like a banner to the breeze.

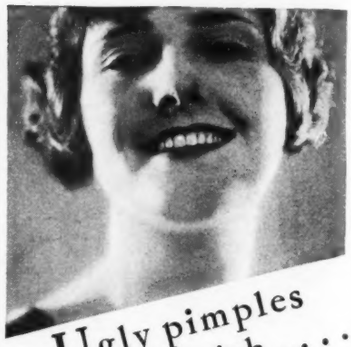
Rumors of the bull fight float up from the village where a few of the older boys have been allowed to stand and watch the crowd go in. At last it is over. The Foundling has slain his first bull. Then, with envious and adoring children crowded at his heels, he comes calling across the patio to the bent old Reverend Mother sitting in the cool dusk of the refectory, stealing a moment to rest there on a bench and tell her beads. In the supreme moment of his great day, while the saucer-eyed kids crowd close to see, he placed on her lap, as though it were a coronet, the trophy of his first kill. She unwraps the gaudy handkerchief and gazes in bewilderment.

"It is the bull's ear, Reverend Mother," cries Juan de Dios. "Hang it in your room and everyone who sees it there will envy you."

It is therefore a Reverend Mother undecided whether to laugh or cry, who, to please him, walks beside him to the gate so that the hurrahing crowd outside may see them standing for a moment together.

It is later that the smouldering mutiny flares up among the orphans. When, after all this excitement has subsided, they see what fare is set before them on the long supper table, there is a mighty uprising. It is led

[*Continued on page 117*]



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A delicious mint-flavored tablet—Feen-a-mint. Just like chewing gum. It *is* chewing gum, but—it contains a scientifically-adjusted quantity of one of the most remarkable laxative agents known.

And because you *chew* Feen-a-mint, this tasteless laxative is carried into the intestinal tract *gradually*. No cramping, no griping—no poisoning of the system, either. For this laxative is not digested like ordinary laxatives—it passes unchanged from the body after its work is done.

No wonder the medical profession endorses the principle of this new method. No wonder over a million Feen-a-mints are bought every single day by ex-users of pills and salts.

Keep Feen-a-mint always in your medicine cabinet (children love it, naturally). On sale at every drug store in the United States and Canada.

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing Laxative

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113 N. 13th Street, Newark, N. J.

Please send me, free, samples and a copy of your booklet on correcting constipation.

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GOING TO PIECES

[*Continued from page 116*]

by Felipe, a morsel of a rebel in short pants, who vows that the first boy to disgrace himself by dipping spoon to that black bread and water is a coward and a sneak.

The children are swarming toward the door when out of the shadows of the corridor comes the tap, tap of a cane, a deep, quiet, "What's all this?" and the old woman stands in their path. A few words from her, a gesture of immemorial authority, and one by one the young revolutionists drop silently into their places, subdued for the moment and willing even to swallow their principles and their wretched fare while she stands watching and talking to them, roaming up and down beside the table, brooding over them as she tells them of the sick and friendless in the outside world, the poor who would sleep in the roadside that night with only the sky for a roof.

"Don't listen to her," cries Felipe, "she's just preaching lies to you."

"I am not lying to you," thunders the old woman. "I am telling you the truth and the whole truth. God does not smile upon the injustice of this world. He endures it. For how long? Ah, that I do not know. But he does not think it right."

IT IS a duel between these two—the old woman and the fuming boy.

Then you hear the accompanying lisp and hum of many little voices as the great voice swells to the climax of the play, and with a sorcery which is the eternal miracle of the theater, transforms that theater once again into a peace and a triumph.

There is only a moment more of the play, a moment for good nights as the children troop silently off to bed. At last only Felipe is left at the table, his head cradled in his arms. The tired old woman shuffles down and—for even the leaders of lost causes must go to bed sometime—puts her wrinkled hand upon his shoulder. He is shaken with weeping.

"Don't cry," she says, "for men don't cry, you know. And they don't complain. They suffer—but they work and hope."

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 30*]

Evelyn Brent is most effective as the vindictive Deborah, and Clive Brook and Doris Kenyon do what they can with rather stodgy rôles.

In spite of its technical excellence, *Interference*, in my opinion, is a step in the wrong direction in the talking movies. Its producers have seen fit to adhere closely to the laws and necessarily to the limitations of the speaking stage; they have chosen to forget all that they learned in their years of experimentation in the art of moving picture. No effects are created in *Interference* by means of pantomimic action; there is very little change of scene or of camera angle; almost no use is made of those advantages which give the movies a fluidity that is impossible to attain on the stage. The picture is all talk, and thus can be regarded as nothing more than a mechanical reproduction of something that would naturally be more interesting in its original flesh-and-blood form.

As evidences of the correct approach toward the ideal talking picture, I recommend two short dramas: *Napoleon's Barber*, directed by John Ford; and *Marching On*, a reminiscence of the Civil War, delivered by Chic Sale.

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If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white, as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it . . . costs less to use.

A 35c package lasts over three months.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 30*]

features of the dedication were of special interest. The first was the installation of Dr. Charles W. Gilkey, for eighteen years pastor of the Hyde Park Baptist Church, as dean of the chapel. The second was the announcement by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of a gift of one million dollars by the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memorial Foundation as an endowment for the promotion of religious idealism in the university. The third was that the actual dedication of the chapel was conducted by the chairman of the joint student-faculty religious council, Professor Arthur H. Compton, the brilliant young man of science who last year received the Nobel prize.

Naturally, we desire to know the spirit and point of view of a preacher chosen to be the spiritual leader of a great university. In the sermon here reviewed, Dr. Gilkey reveals his attitude of mind and the quality of his spirit. He selected "Dilemma" as describing the present religious situation, and shows how, through the perplexities which confront us, mankind can be led into a clearer vision of truth and a richer spiritual fellowship.

"When I was a student of philosophy under William James," Dr. Gilkey remarks, "he told us in one lecture a story about a puzzled student who asked his fellow philosopher, Bowne, a question: 'Professor, did you say it was thus, or so?' To which the wise man answered: 'My young friend, the longer you live in this strange world, the more things you will find in it of which you cannot truly say *either* . . . . *or*, but must learn to say *both* . . . *and*.' The truth of that insight, as it is constantly evidenced, especially in the realm of religion, is the burden of this sermon.

"Like a globe," Dr. Gilkey continues, "truth has two hemispheres, two poles which seem at first sight contradictory, but which a larger knowledge discovers to be equally valid. Modern science, for instance, tells us that our human heritage has come down to us from the sea and the soil through the animal and the savage. Religion tells us that our heredity is from God, finding within us capacities to analyze and predict the movements of the earth and the stars, to review and interpret events, to create the beautiful and the good, to establish personal relationships with God. The question is not *either* science *or* religion, but *both* science *and* religion; the one description, the other an interpretation—one giving fact, the other meaning.

"The same is true." Dr. Gilkey reminds us, "when we are urged to make choice between things new and old. The Roman deity Janus, with two faces looking in opposite ways, has been used as a warning against two-facedness in a time-serving sense and rightly so. But there are plenty of situations in life when the ability to look both ways is the only attitude which can adequately meet our problems. It is not wisdom to reject the old because it is old and to accept the new because it is new. Instead we should choose both, keeping the precious values of the old and relating them to the new and wider vision of the truth."

God's Fiddler

BY T. S.

They called him a genius—
The Fiddler;
But he said, "I am only
The strings
Of God's instrument: He
Playing on it.
Not I, but the fiddle
That sings."

DR. GILKEY is not a candidate for "the presidency of the heaven-and-hell amalgamation society," as Carlyle would say. He knows that there are plenty of real dilemmas in life, when we must choose one thing as against another, take sides and make our stand. But he insists that many of the present-day dilemmas in religion are false.

It means much to have a preacher of cathedral-like mind and heart, serene, clear-seeing, forward-looking and of understanding insight, as the dean of a chapel which is set like a gem of beauty in the heart of a great university.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., Spring & Baker Sts. Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can., 204 Gt. Portland St. London, Eng.

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5380	2-6	.30	5541	14-18, 36-42	.65	5597	14-18, 36-46	.45	5614	14-18, 36-42	.45
5436	1-4	.25	5543	2-8	.35	5598	14-18, 36-42	.45	5615	14-18, 36-42	.45
5449	2-10	.30	5549	1-6	.30	5599	14-18, 36-42	.50	5616	14-18, 36-42	.65
5492	1-4	.25	5555	6-14	.35	5600	14-18, 36-42	.45	5617	14-18, 36-42	.35
5495	14-18, 36-42	.45	5561	1-4	.25	5601	14-18, 36-42	.35	5618	14-18, 36-42	.45
5496	14-18, 36-46	.50	5562	14-18, 36-46	.35	5602	14-18, 36-42	.45	5619	2-10	.30
5497	2-8	.30	5566	14-16, 36-42	.35	5604	14-18, 36-42	.50	5620	14-18, 36-42	.45
5528	14-16, 36-50	.35	5568	6-14	.40	5605	6-14	.45	5621	14-18, 36-42	.45
5529	4-14	.35	5569	14-18, 36-42	.50	5606	1-6	.30	5622	14-18, 36-42	.50
5530	14-16, 36-48	.35	5579	14-18, 36-46	.35	5607	4-12	.35	5623	14-18, 36-42	.45
5536	14-18, 36-42	.50	5592	14-18, 36-42	.65	5609	14-18, 36-42	.45	5624	14-18, 36-42	.45
5537	14-18, 36-42	.50	5593	14-18, 36-42	.50	5610	14-18, 36-42	.35	5625	14-18, 36-42	.35
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FRIENDS coming for the week-end . . . or an evening of bridge . . . clean towels in the bathroom . . . fresh soap. . . . Oh! If that toilet were not so stained and discolored. Sani-Flush can clean it . . . almost in a moment make it sparkle!

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is more important to beauty and to daintiness and to health than most women know.

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STIRIZOL
VERY REFRESHING

Peerless Pink A very beautiful sort with immense, well formed flowers of a delightful peach-blossom-pink color and very double; a profuse bloomer and its charming color makes it most desirable for house decoration.

Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

Black Prince A new color in Asters; very fascinating, best described as a rich dark velvety purple-maroon, and needless to say, is attracting much attention. Flowers are large and double and are produced on long stems.

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Red Sensation The reddest of all Asters, a very rich garnet-red that is most attractive for beds and borders, as the plants are always loaded with bloom and produce a very showy effect. Cut flowers keep well for decoration.

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Purple Giant This is the monster among Asters, an unusually strong grower with immense purple flowers produced on long stems. The very large flowers have petals curved and twisted like Japanese Chrysanthemums. A beautiful flower.

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Grow These Beautiful Asters

8 Gorgeous Colors

Asters are very popular and acknowledged to be the **Queen of Autumn Annuals.** These eight varieties reproduced from photographs are the latest colors and the most beautiful in **Asters,** and I do not believe the readers of this magazine have ever had an opportunity to grow such a fine collection of beautiful colors.

Asters are easily raised from seed—plant seed in the house or hotbed in March or April for early flowers, or later sow seed in the garden up to June 1st, and they will make a most brilliant show, furnishing a constant supply of cut flowers until killed by frost.

The varieties shown were made from photographs of the plants, their true color reproduced by the artist, and represent the most beautiful, artistic and robust types of the wonderful Aster family. You can order any variety on this page at prices named, or have the entire lot of 8 varieties at a bargain price under my **Special Offer.**

Special Offer **I will mail to any address 1 packet of each variety in color as described, 8 packets in all, for only 50c; 3 packets of each color (24 packets in all), $1.00, postpaid.**

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Leaflet "How to Grow Beautiful Asters" free with every order.

Order today, and grow a wonderful **Aster** display this Summer. You will be more than pleased.

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Admiration A new and very beautiful shade in Asters—a delightful shade of rose—impossible to describe and the effect made more exquisite by the petals of the large flowers being gracefully curled and twisted.

Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 15c; 3 pkts., 30c.

Pacific Beauty A most pleasing shade, best described as a silvery lavender, which is very unusual and has attracted much attention. The large, double flowers have curled and twisted petals and they are fine for cutting.

Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

Oregon Giant The most beautiful of the large, white-flowering Asters and greatly prized for cutting. The mammoth flowers on long stems resemble Japanese Chrysanthemums as they are borne on long stems with petals long and curled.

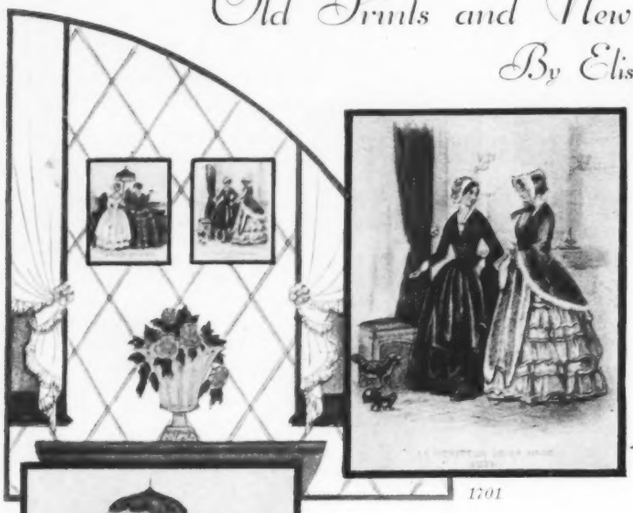
Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

American Beauty An early-flowering sort and the gorgeous flowers have a rich American Beauty rose color, which is always greatly admired, especially as they are produced on long stems—fine for cutting. Plants tall and strong.

Pkt. (over 50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

Old Prints and New Linens Modernize the Home

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1701

1702

Fashion plates of yesterday make the pictures of today. These two lovely Godey Prints of 1851 and two Botany Prints are charmingly colored in the old-time effect. Just what you have been looking for to hang on your walls! The fashionable way to frame them is with a narrow passe partout edge.

1701

No. 1701. These quaint hand-colored fashion prints (5 x 6 inches) are reproductions of a print in Godey's Lady's Book of 1851 and The French Magazine print, 1852. How interesting it is to have these quaint reminders of our grandmothers' days hanging on our walls! The passe partout edge so easy to apply has returned to fashion for these prints.

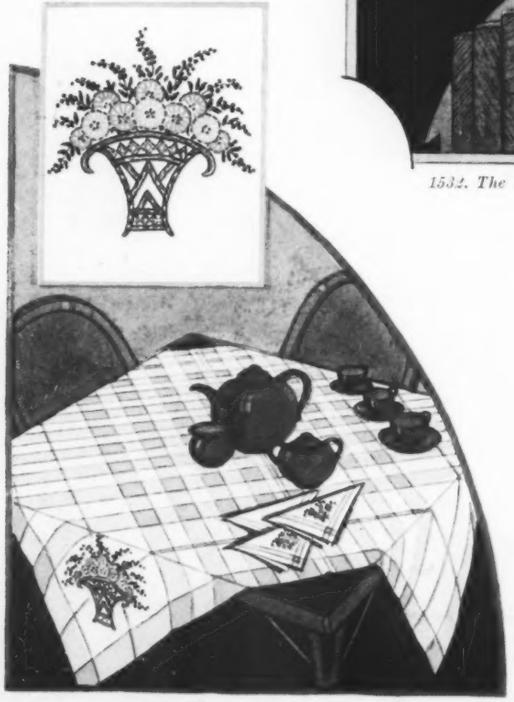
1702

No. 1702. Here are two lovely French Botany Prints (5 x 6 inches), exact copies of the 19th century originals, charmingly colored as pictured above. The fashionable way to frame them is with a narrow passe partout edge. They are delightful for hanging one above the other on the wall, or side by side.

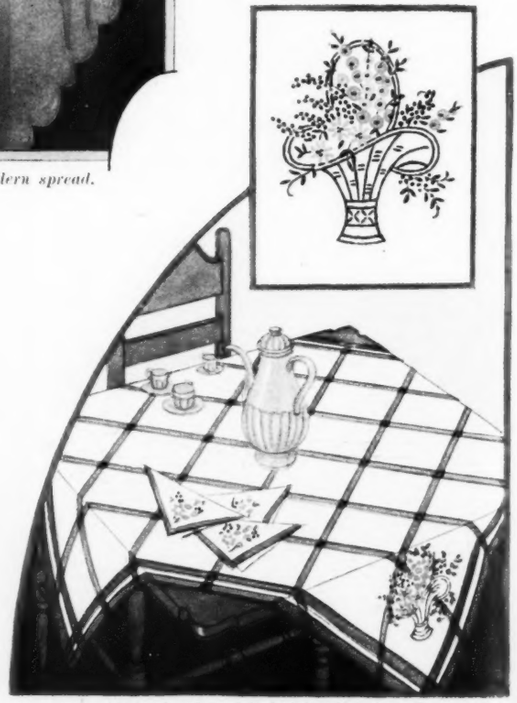
1532. The Multi-color design for darning-stitch fits the modern spread.

No. 1532. In keeping with the modern spirit of colorful simplicity this stunning bedspread design strikes just the right note in bedroom decoration. It has the added feature too, of showing the colors in which the embroidery is done. Lovely on cotton crepe which may be had in a great variety of colors, vivid or pale, working entire motif in darning-stitch, using perle cotton.

No. 1698. Colored checked and striped luncheon linens are now much in demand. These small basket motifs are worked to carry out the color of the stripes or border. A yellow striped cloth for instance, looks charming with basket in yellow and black, buttonhole flowers in two tones of yellow and larkspur sprays in blue. 4 baskets in each style are about 6 inches high and the napkin motifs are 1¾ x 1¾ inches.



1698. Basket motifs match the linen set.



1698. Another delightful effect in color.

Before the shrubbery was planted

Same house with planting below

Planting Values

By M. G. KAINS

"PEOPLE seldom buy a house," declared a prominent real estate man; they buy an impression. This impression begins to form with the very first glimpse of a property. A good neighborhood, accessibility to schools, shops, churches, transportation, all have their value, but the desire to possess a certain house placed in a home-like setting—a well-kept lawn, shrubbery, flowers, vines and trees—transcends all other considerations, perhaps even the convenience and livability of the house itself.

It is difficult to see a house in the making and look beyond the immediate disorder, to picture the property after the debris has been removed, the grading done and the lawn and the nursery stock planted and tended. It is fully as difficult to know what plants and shrubs to choose and how to tend them. A place planted and developed for a few years has value to such people in proportion to its attractiveness.

Even the uninitiated realize that though the land on which a house stands may augment in value, the house itself rarely improves in value. It begins to deteriorate as soon as it is built and must be kept repaired or it will look and be less valuable as the years go by. Changes and additions may be desirable to make for the comfort and convenience of living, but none of these items can be counted upon to return even interest on the expenditures. The only sales advantage they are likely to exert is that due to the favorable impression that good appearance always makes.

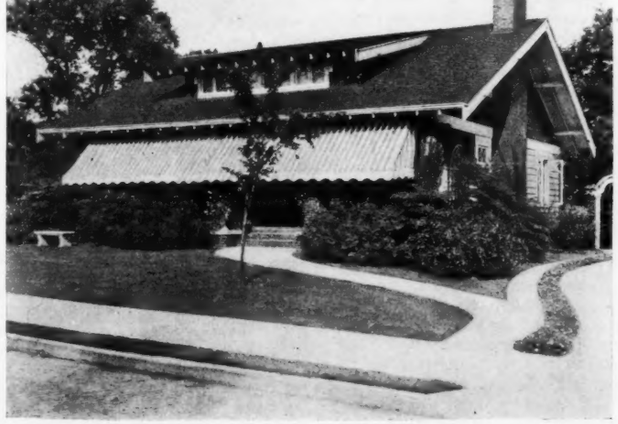
Many a house has been sold readily because of its closets, breakfast nook, built-in bookcase or some other inexpensive features; one flower-loving couple could not resist a border of china asters in full bloom. The seed cost exactly ten cents but the flowers added the 'touch' of homelikeness which decided them in their purchase.

When a newly built or a run down house is bought, one of the wisest investments the buyer can make is to get a series of at least three eight-by-ten-inch photographs by a commercial photographer to show front, rear and side views of the property as it appeared when possession was taken. A man decided to sell his home. In due time a prospective buyer arrived and was pleased with the place but when told the price he angrily retorted: "Try your get-rich-quick scheme on someone else! I happen to know that when you bought this place three years ago you paid $2,500 less than that."

"I did," admitted the owner, "but let me point out what I bought and what I have done since."

He then exhibited photographs which showed everything in the rough, before any planting had been done. During the intervening years he had built a one-car garage, made a fine lawn, grown ornamentals which made the property attractive, brought into bearing choice varieties of grapes, berries and other fruits and developed an excellent vegetable garden. Then by showing what shrubs, trees and plants of the same sizes would cost to buy and plant and by presenting his records of fruit and vegetable yields he proved his points and sold the property at his reasonable price.

[*Continued on page 122*]



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HENRY A. DREER
1306 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PLANTING VALUES

[*Continued from page 121*]

Another man who had failed to sell his house but who upon advice spent about $150 for "foundation planting," then received $6,000 instead of his previous asking price, $5,000. It paid him to spend 3% of this latter price to gain that 20%.

Undoubtedly the most important of plants, especially on small places is that which softens and embellishes the harsh angles between the walls of buildings and the ground. When such foundation planting, as it is called, is well chosen, arranged and cared for it suggests permanence and care of the house as well as the grounds.

Where a quick sale is desired the best immediate effect may be made with dwarf evergreens. But sizes suitable for this purpose often cost several times as much as smaller ones of the same kinds and there is more risk of loss. There is also the risk of ignorantly buying varieties attractive to the eye while small but which soon grow so big as to conceal the windows and even the house when used in foundation planting. Mistakes are most often made with spruces, pines, hemlocks and firs among which there are few dwarf kinds.

Mistakes like this can easily be avoided by sending to a reliable nursery a sketch with measurements of the area to be planted, stating also what types of plants are desired—evergreens, trees, shrubs, vines, etc. Nurserymen are eager to offer collections of plants suitable for certain sized properties. They will supply dwarf varieties of juniper, arborvitae, Japanese cypress and yew, among which there is great range of habit, form and color of foliage.

For flowers they may suggest daphne, azalea, heather, heath, laurel rhododendron, Adam's needle or myrtle, and for highly colored berries euonymus, firethorn, holly, cotoneaster, wintergreen and the Oregon grape. When these are bought in small sizes the cost is less. The plants must be set as far apart as if they were full grown.

Dwarf kinds of deciduous flowering shrubs are often planted alone or associated with evergreens in foundation planting. When used, however, they must either be given abundant space so as not to crowd the more costly evergreens or be removed when they begin to do so. Blank spaces between evergreens and flowering shrubs may be filled with annuals or perennials for pleasing temporary effects. Vines must be chosen with care or they may do more damage than good. Those which cling to their supports by stem rootlets (English ivy) are excellent for masonry walls but may pry shingles and clapboard off wooden houses; those that twine (bittersweet) will kill small trees on which they are allowed to climb, and rank growing kinds (wisteria) often pull woodwork apart. Those that use tendrils seldom do damage. When certain shrubs such as climbing roses and forsythia are trained on trellises, pergolas and porch pillars they serve as vines and are well worth their small cost and the work of tying.

Foundation planting and vines adorn the house; border plantings make a pleasant frame for this picture. Where space is ample, flowering shrubs and even trees may be used in more or less informal arrangement; but on small properties well tended, low growing hedges are more appropriate. For smallest places Lodense privet and box barberry, comparatively new varieties, are particularly good; for larger ones, California privet is most popular. When a hedge may be given plenty of room and left untrimmed, Regel privet and Japanese barberry are among the best. For still larger places untrimmed California privet or trimmed hemlock are excellent.

In the rear of many small houses is ample space for fruit. Strawberries may be planted in the vegetable garden, raspberries and blackberries around the borders, currants and gooseberries beside paths, grapes preferably on trellises, either separately or against walls, dwarf pears and apples occupy only a fraction of the space needed by standard trees, but there may be room for even some of the smaller growing kinds—peaches, sour cherries, plums, apricots, and in the south and California figs, loquats, kakis and pomegranates.

The lists of trees, shrubs, vines and perennials that are grown from coast to coast and from north to south are surprisingly large and varied. Should there be any doubt as to whether certain kinds are suited to your place the fact that they are listed by local nurserymen is a sufficient guide. Should desired kinds not be so listed a letter to any reliable nurseryman or to the state agricultural experiment station will settle the matter. No nurseryman will risk injuring his reputation by advising wrongly.

Nothing that an owner can do to his property will give so sure or so large a return for the money and time involved as well chosen, well placed ornamental plantings.

Suitability and good taste must be considered in planting the property as well as in the interior furnishing of the house. It is obviously poor taste to plant a simple little bungalow or cottage with formal layouts, such as severe lawns, a pool and tailored hedges. It would be equally unsatisfactory to plant around a large homestead with fluttery little insignificant flower beds and casual trees. Plan the planting to suit the house as well as the grounds. Introduce as much variety as possible and schedule the blooming so that it is a continuous colored picture.

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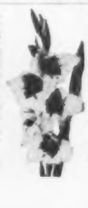

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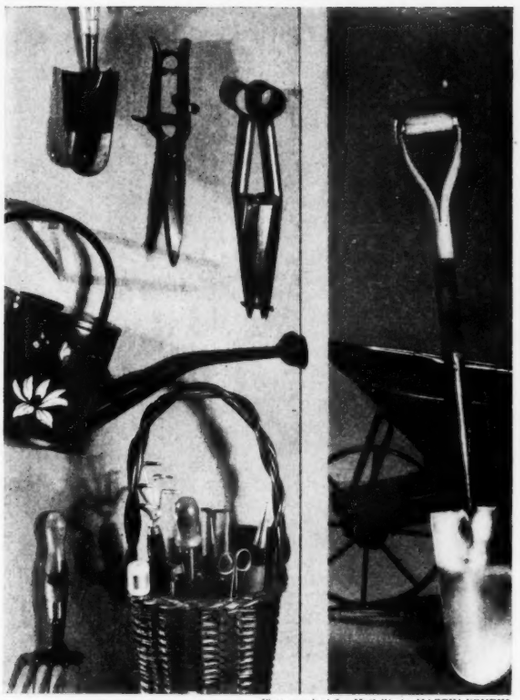

Photographed for McCall's by MARTIN BRUEHL

GARDEN TOOLS

BY MRS. FRANCIS KING

One of the founders Garden Club of America; honorary president of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association, etc.

This is the first of a series of articles which Mrs. King, the foremost authority on gardening in America, will write for McCall's readers. Her many excellent books and her articles published in leading magazines of this country and England have inspired and helped thousands of garden lovers.

In the coming months Mrs. King will discuss many phases of home gardening.

IT WAS a golden October day in Paris. One of those days in that wide and delicate city on which I would have sworn that spring was coming, not winter. I entered the Quai de la Megisserie, its tall arching trees faintly yellowing now, the sun filtering through them on the gray fronts of old houses and glinting on the Seine beyond the parapet, and entered the door of one of the greatest seed establishments in the world; not only one of the greatest in France but in the whole world. I asked for some seed of that marvelous blue morning-glory for which this house is renowned as having originated when my eye fell upon a case hung on the wall, a case filled with the most perfectly designed and made garden tools, shears, scissors and knives.

The last thing I had done before leaving home for a few autumn weeks on the other side was to send fifteen pairs of my own garden shears of all types and sizes to be cleaned, sharpened and laid away for winter. It was natural then to look with a special interest at these French ones, to compare their springs, their lines with those I knew so well and to look with envy of their uses at the numberless fine knives for pruning into beauty the fruit trees which are like the glory of such places as the Luxembourg Palace gardens and of the tiny cottage gardens of France. And while so looking it was easy too to let the mind fly to the general subject of tools, to those most necessary for the gardener, to their use and above all to their care.

It may be that the first necessity in garden tools is the spade—yes, it must be the spade. Who would buy a spot for a garden, or a bit of land for any purpose whatever in the way of grass, shrubs, trees or flowers, without a man with a spade close at hand so that one might see for oneself what the soil is? And since we shall discuss now only the tools for the small property, going not at all into the region of power-mowers and all such gorgeous things, the spade is the first tool that is essential to the garden. Deep digging for all plants is vital, and if it can be done six months before the garden is made, and done again when it is made, so much the better. For then the garden will have had that fallowing, dear to the farmer in his fields for certain crops. On the spade money should not be spared. A fine one should be bought, of the best pattern and of steel; and this spade should always be put away clean. It should also be carefully sharpened when its edge is dull.

NEXT to the spade comes, to me, the trowel. For if the spade prepares the ground for planting, the trowel does the planting really. It lifts and "fines" the ground; it makes the pleasant hole in which to set the little plant just lifted from the seed bed, or shaken from its pot. I cherish my own trowel as the artist does his violin. It is an English trowel of delightful form for leverage and when I am not using it it lies in a pigskin sheath.

But beside the spade and the trowel what are the most important tools for any garden? Of course there is no garden without a space of grass, at least there are seldom gardens in America like the English cottage gardens, nothing but flowers; therefore the lawn-mower is an essential tool, so is the lawn-edger if there is any amount of grass; and a pair of small grass shears—one of those continuous pieces of steel whose spring is the handle or upper part—is needed too. A water pot—one of those nice French shapes, a flattened oval for the pot and a strong curved handle of brass arching over all—is by far the best and most enduring type in these things. Rakes of two kinds should be on hand; one of steel for the surface of cultivated earth and for certain uses on the lawn, and one of wire with many teeth, for leaf-raking in the fall. A wide rake saves time and labor and these wire rakes are very light. The Japanese bamboo rake now commonly used is a treasure for clearing up the grass or for improving the surface of a gravel walk by taking from it everything that does not belong there, never a pebble of the material that does.

The wheel hoe with its numerous adjustable implements is indispensable where there is some open ground. For cultivating between rows of vegetables, sweet peas, dahlias, peonies, this remarkable invention should always be included in any tool list. A wheelbarrow is of course to be listed too.

To return to hoes, however, the hand hoe is a necessity; also the fork for digging and lifting all sorts of subjects, as well as for certain kinds of lighter digging and cultivating. And this is the large fork, not the small hand-fork,

[*Continued on page 124*]

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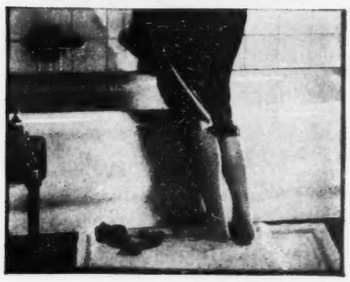

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GARDEN TOOLS

[*Continued from page 123*]

though that for special cultivating is needed too. And speaking of cultivating, the little steel cover for the first finger of the right hand must be mentioned here, for it is a wonderful adjunct to the tool-basket, so perfectly does it protect the hand and so efficiently does its little elongated end of sharpened steel loosen and spread the ground around a small point.

Always have at least two sizes of garden shears, a large one for pruning of shrubs and other woody things, and one that is but eight inches long for your own comfort in flower-cutting. And see that these shears are always in order. Taking a leaf out of my own experience I would say that unless tools are in the most perfect order at all times—neither you nor any one whom you have working with or for you can do the best work. The sharp tool is reflected in the beautifully neat edge of the grass walk; in the absence of lumpy earth below the rose-plants in a rose garden; in the well prepared soil of a border or bed ready for its bronze or yellowish bulbs in October. There is no fairer sight in gardening than a border beautifully cultivated, ready to receive those things that may make it even more beautiful.

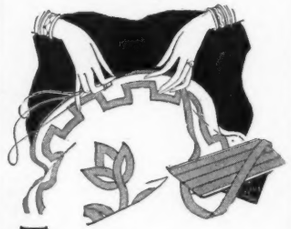
MANY other tools there are to name, but little space in which to name them. The hose, twenty feet for a very small garden, forty for a larger, with additional lengths as they are needed; a good sprinkler attachment and there is a low one that to me transcends all others for wide-flung water and for never getting out of order. There could be for the small garden a hand spraying apparatus—one even as small as the two-quart glass Mason jar with a "wee bit" pump at its top is excellent for roses and for smaller individual plants or for the tips of shrubs being eaten by green or white fly. And there should be various kinds of labels, especially the small heavy manila paper ones that come in sheets (these are more for cut flowers however than for use out of doors) and the new white wired labels, of a stuff like celluloid and which are literally everlasting if the name of the plant is written or printed upon them in a waterproof India ink. I believe these labels to be the cheapest and the most satisfactory.

Only a few tools have been mentioned here, but one word must be said as to the care of what the gardener owns in these things. The oil can should always be on hand; sandpaper, emery paper, the proper utensils for sharpening are essentials. No lawn mower should be put away with a blade of grass on its knives; it should be cleaned and oiled before being set in its corner. A small tool house or closet is an essential to the garden and directions for making them are given in good books on gardening.

So in the garden the proper tools are essential, the ones of a size and kind fitted for the place in which they are to be used; and the keeping of them in good condition is as necessary as the getting of them in the first place. A good gardener grows attached to the tools he likes; he can no more neglect them, let moisture injure them, let rust eat them than he can leave a living thing to perish.

If you are beginning a garden, get a few tools only; but take the experience of others and get those that will fit your hand from the first, those with which you can do the best work and thus shorten the time and labor needed to make your garden what it ought to be and what it will be with the right tools well used.

THE EASY WAY
to trim the
daintiest garment



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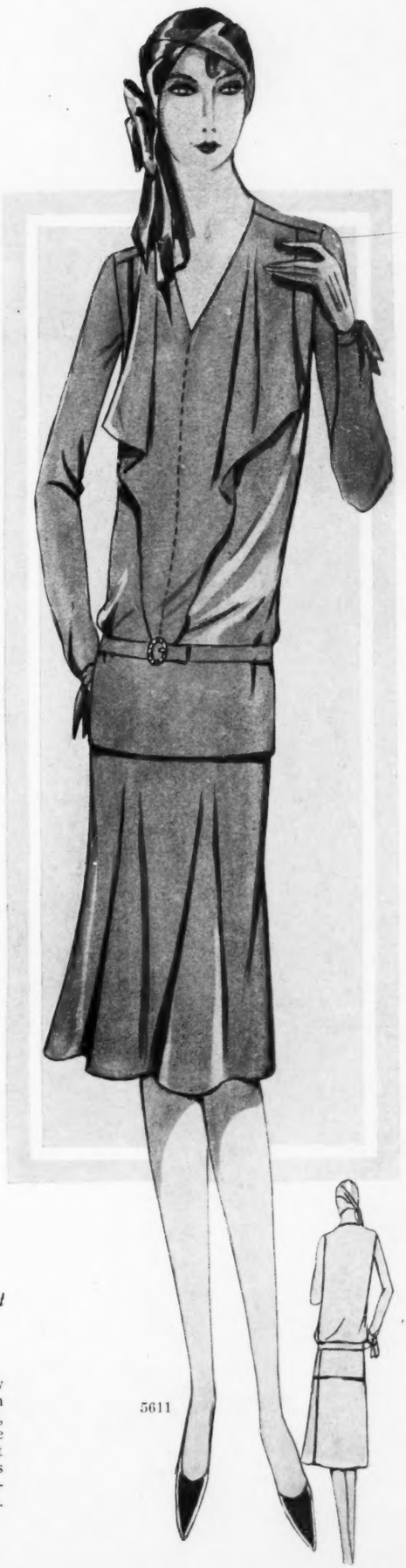
L'ECHO DE PARIS

5613

No. 5613. A deep bertha collar is cut to suggest the lines of flaring sections at the front of the skirt in a one-piece frock bloused by a belt. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material or 3⅛ yards of 39-inch.

No. 5611. The jumper of a two-piece frock has a jabot cut in graceful pointed lines that simulate revers, slightly flaring to match the front of the skirt. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards of 36-inch material or 3¾ yards of 39-inch.



5611

The Spring Mode Makes a Smart Point of Flattering Necklines

FOR the first warmer days of spring when new frocks are worn with a winter coat left open or with a light spring wrap or no wrap at all, necklines become particularly important. To replace the lines of winter collars, Paris often knots a smart handkerchief around the neck. Still newer are collars whose graceful lines suggest the becoming neck handkerchiefs shaped into bertha collars or fluttering jabots.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5612. The slanting line of the skirt yoke and inverted tucks on the hip accent the side flare of an afternoon frock. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch or 3⅛ yards of 39-inch; neckband, ¼ yard of 36- or 39-inch.

No. 5602. A shaped yoke and upper part of circular skirt, both following the same line, are attractive features of this printed silk frock. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch.

No. 5604. A new version of the peplum frock has a peplum flaring only at the side above a side flare on the skirt. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material or 3 yards of 39-inch; contrasting, ⅞ yard of 39-inch.

No. 5617. The front yoke and tie in one piece, with a box-pleated skirt, gives another version of the variety in yokes for this season. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material.

See opposite page for illustrations of 5602 and 5617

B. Rothschild

5612

5604

Flaring Hemlines Are Even on New Frocks from Paris

A NEW sign of spring styles is the way in which hemlines are becoming more and more even on frocks for daytime. Only a little while ago, the first indication of a frock being intended for formal wear was a hemline that dipped in irregular lines. But now, among the daytime frocks in the new Paris collections, even those gowns that are cut in elaborate lines with wide flares at the hem are even all around.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

Forward March!

By Therese Clemenceau

DAME Fashion goes forward; and she moves rapidly. In order to follow her —and there is not a woman who is not anxious to do so—we succumb to a craze. She would appear to have no pity whatsoever on latecomers and continues her advance indefatigably, without ever turning back. Our efforts therefore consist in studying the paths over which she traverses and in discovering her footprints. We will see these in winter over the ice and snow; in spring in the green grass; and under the hot sun of summer. We will have to seek them on the golden sands and when autumn is upon us the damp earth and red leaves will point the path she has taken. We must not lose sight of her for one instant and when the year has come to a close we cannot afford even then to rest. On the contrary our curiosity becomes more intense and seeks knowledge—further knowledge. Hence, let the will of my readers be done!

Great efforts will be made to revive the sweater and to change its lines. We will see it develop into a blouse in two different ways. In one way it will be lengthened, gathered and sewed to the skirt which will also be gathered. Heavy jersey of a lighter shade than the rest of the costume will suit admirably in this instance. As far as the second interpretation is concerned the sweater will be reduced to its simplest expression and will become a simple bodice. The hem will not be seen but will be tucked inside the skirt, permitting the sweater to blouse itself. In this expression we will be inclined to gather it a little more than the skirt. Other sweaters will appear in assorted wools and will be adorned with deep pleats; the edge will be cut into points and the extremities attached to the skirt. The front and back of the blouse will have yokes and the skirt will be mounted on a similar yoke to that of the blouse. Knitted sweaters will have applications of crepe de chine, or contrasting trimming; a wide band will bid for favor over smaller bands. For those who do not doubt the extent to which originality may reach, there will be knitted fringed bands encrusted in the crepe de chine.

Fulness is everywhere in dresses of grace and softness. If the tailored frock adheres to the straight lines it too must be feminine. Top coats and coats to suits are three quarter length and full, similar but slightly different to the frock. A pretty ornament is a four-in-hand, but of such a length that it does not stop until it reaches the edge of the skirt. It sometimes passes through a buttonhole made at the back of a straight collar that stops at the shoulders. Free, the tie escapes in flowing lines, contributing graceful movement. Do not look for shorter dresses, or longer ones—but a line that will hide the knees.

The new coats are ravishing—not only in the attractive way they have of showing the exact lines of the figure but also in their decorations. The latter will not be as large as heretofore—but very small; they will take the form of small bars, circles, triangles and half moons, reduced to the smallest imaginable proportions. They will be placed on the garment like a jet of water—but so happily that the whole will tend to form an even design which will gradually diminish in size towards the hem of the garment. The shawl collars will be very rigid in the back and will have on the contrary a surprising pliability in their double revers. The latter will not be sewn at the ends but, permit us [*Turn to page 138*]

5617

For descriptions see opposite page.

5602

L'ECHO DE PARIS

5609 5601 5614 5618

No. 5609. Typical of the new season's sports fashions is a sleeveless frock with a shaped belt heading pleats in front. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch.

No. 5601. Short sleeves and a clever front closing are style features of a straight line frock. Size 36, 3½ yards 32-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 36-inch.

Frocks for the South That Are Smart for Spring

PARIS originally made little frocks such as these with short sleeves or none for playing tennis or for merely acquiring sunburned arms at southern resorts. But so many smart women have adopted sleeveless frocks as part of an ensemble that now they are worn both in the sunshine or under a light spring coat, all depending on the material of which they are made.

No. 5614. Groups of tucks suggest a higher waistline on a frock which has a yoke buttoned to match the wide belt. Size 36, 3¾ yards 27-inch.

No. 5618. A belted frock has a yoke tying at the side and skirt joined in a curved line to accent the pleats. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch material.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

5625 5610 5600 5615

No. 5625. Pleats inset at the sides give skirt fulness to a straight line frock made without sleeves. Size 36, 3¾ yards 27-inch or 3⅛ yard 32-inch.

No. 5610. A diagonal closing is suggested by means of a shaped trimming band under which the belt is passed. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch material.

Diagonal Lines Accent the Chic Of Sports Frocks

FRENCH designers find many new ways of improving on the favorite new sports frocks, designed on slender lines flaring at the hem. The details that make each frock distinctive are constantly improved and varied. Diagonal closings appear, achieved by applied bands or combined with other style features: one-sided neckline or a side flare on skirt.

No. 5600. Diagonal line seamings are shaped into buttoned tabs that accent the one-sided neckline and an inverted pleat on the skirt. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 32-inch.

No. 5615. The diagonal line of the bodice emphasizes the flare of the skirt. A kerchief finishes the neck. Size 36, 2¼ yards 39-inch; kerchief, ⅞ yard 39-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5624. A square neckline with pointed jabot, and a suggested two-piece effect are featured. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch material.

No. 5623. Box pleats are cleverly arranged to keep the sides of a frock slender and provide fulness. Size 36, 3¾ yards 39-inch; collar, ½ yard 39-inch.

Spring Tailored Frocks Feature Back Fulness

FULNESS in the back that only a little while ago was a Paris innovation in evening frocks is now appearing in tailored and sports clothes. French designers have found ways of transforming the elaborate back flounces and ruffles and bustle effects into a very simple style feature for every day. These two frocks show the way in which back fulness appears most frequently in the new daytime frocks. Pleats in the back give an all round flare to the hemline and they are stitched down far enough to keep the hipline slender as well as to prevent being pressed out.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5620. The curved line in which the skirt is joined to a straight line frock accents a narrow group of pleats in the front and a wide group in the back. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 36-inch material.

No. 5621. Diagonal lines accent the front closing and slender hipline of a tailored frock with pleats. Size 36, 4¼ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch.

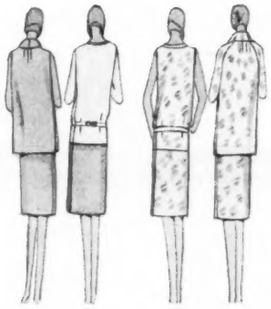
Paris Centers Style Interest at the Hipline

IT SEEMS no longer news to say that most smart silhouettes are based on slender hiplines, but the ways in which hiplines become slender change almost every month. There are wide girdles to mold hips, fitted skirt yokes, pleats stitched down to below the hipline, and now a favorite new way of accenting slender hiplines this spring is by means of seamings shaped in a curved or slanting line. These curved or diagonal seamings at the hipline give any frock an attractive complicated air, although in frocks like these, straight in line and bloused by a belt, they are in reality simple.

Paris Creates the Spring Costume With a Short Jacket

REVERSING the usual rule of having sports clothes echo what happens in formal costumes in the new Paris collections, short jacket ensembles that used to belong mainly to sports fashions are prominently featured for general or formal wear. To a certain extent these new short jacket ensembles take the place of the suit that used to be the most popular spring costume. But they have the advantages of doing without the severity of the tailored suit, and of having a dress that is just as attractive when the jacket is taken off as when it is worn.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



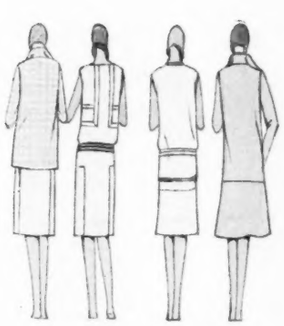
No. 5592. A short, slightly flaring jacket with narrow scarf is worn with a two-piece frock consisting of a blouse with fitted hip band and skirt with yoke. Size 36, jacket, skirt, 3 yards 54-inch; blouse, 1¾ yards 39-inch.

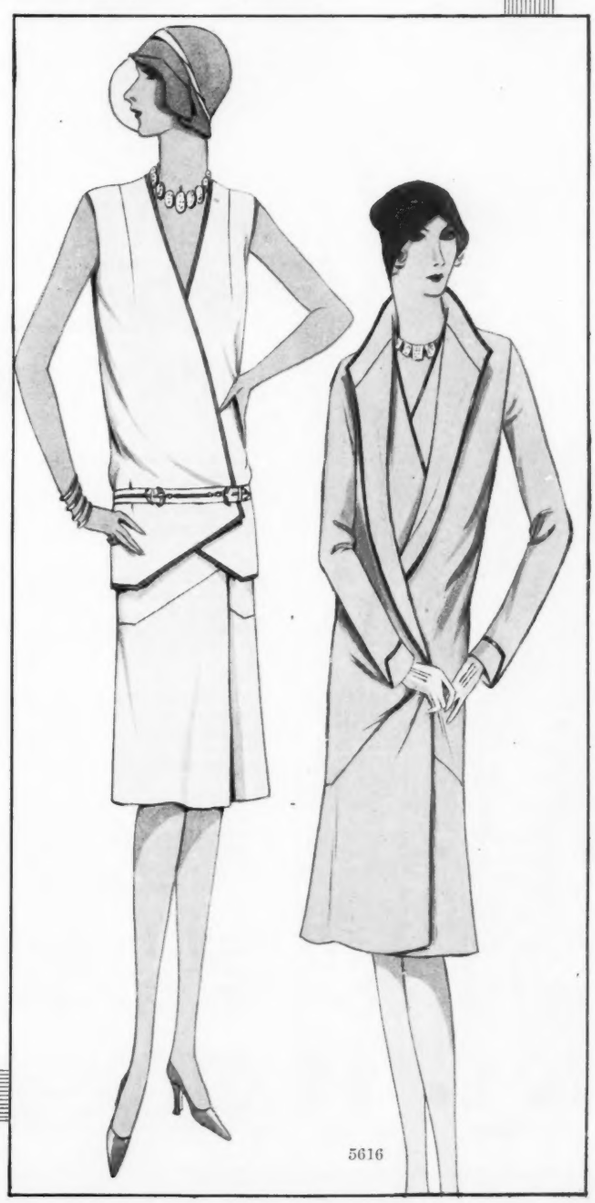
No. 5569. A pleated jabot forms a trimming detail on the frock of a short coat ensemble. The coat has saddle shoulders and a belt attached at the sides. Size 36, coat, skirt, 4⅛ yards 36-inch; waist, 1¾ yards 32-inch.

New French Ensembles Have a Sleeveless Frock

AN INTERESTING result of the vogue of sunburned complexions and sleeveless frocks at southern resorts this year is that Paris is extending sleeveless fashions into the spring. Particularly in the ensembles just arriving from France are sleeveless frocks noticeable. Many of these costumes are of the sports type, with a frock that looks like a tennis dress and a short jacket. Other ensembles in which the sleeveless vogue is less familiar have a long or three-quarter length coat cut with a suggestion of formality, and a frock of similar type, made without sleeves.

L'ECHO DE PARIS





No. 5622. A knotted yoke shaped to match the design of the skirt, and decorative bands finished with bows trim a sleeveless frock accompanied by a short jacket. Size 36, dress, 3 yards 39-inch; jacket, 1⅝ yards 54-inch.

No. 5616. A Paris ensemble has a coat cut to flare slightly in front and a dress that repeats the cut of the coat in the skirt and sleeveless blouse. Size 36, dress, 3⅞ yards 39-inch; coat, 2¼ yards 54-inch.

No. 5497. Trimming bands decorate the neckline, bind the armholes, and head pleats on a little girl's frock. Size 4, 1⅞ yards 27-inch; bands, ⅜ yard 27-inch; binding, 2⅝ yards.

No. 5605. An ensemble from Paris that serves for all occasions has a smart straight line coat with a belt attached at the sides. Size 8 requires, coat, 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 5543. Smocking forms a smart trimming on a small frock made very full beneath a yoke and accompanied by bloomers. Size 6, 3¼ yards 27-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard 27-inch.

No. 5605. The dress of a French ensemble has a panel of pleats in the front, held by a narrow belt attached in the side seams. Size 8, 1½ yards 54-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 5376. A very little girl is smartly dressed in a long waisted frock with short puff sleeves and a full skirt, worn with practical French panties. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5492. French rompers with short sleeves are very attractive made up in print with a plain collar and colored bindings. Size 2, ⅞ yard 36-inch; collar, ¼ yard 36-inch; binding, 2 yards.

No. 5529. A one-piece frock is given the suggestion of a two-piece by a band at the waistline shaped into tabs in the front. Size 12, 2½ yards 32-inch; contrasting, ⅞ yard 32-inch.

No. 5607. A frock for school has short kimono sleeves and pointed panel in the front of the blouse heading a box pleat on the skirt. Size 12, 2¼ yards 36-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 36-inch.

No. 5606. French panties form a practical addition to a simple frock which has kimono sleeves and a ruffled collar. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 39-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 39-inch.

No. 5449. Contrasting materials emphasize the smart lines of a frock with a circular skirt shaped into narrow panels. Size 10, waist, 1¼ yards 32-inch; skirt, cuffs, 1⅞ yards 32-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 118.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5606. Short scalloped sleeves and a scalloped collar add a decorative note to a little girl's frock which has French panties to match. Size 4, 2¾ yards 27-inch material or 2½ yards 36-inch.

No. 5568. The dress of a short jacket ensemble for a little girl is made in two materials to give the effect of a suit. Size 8, waist, 1⅛ yards 36-inch; contrasting, 1 yard 36-inch.

No. 5380. Bands of trimming in contrasting color outline the V-neck and the short kimono sleeves of a little boys' suit. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 32-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard 36-inch.

No. 5568. The short jacket ensemble so popular in grown up fashions is smartly adapted for a little girl. Size 8, waist, 1 yard 39-inch material; coat and skirt, 1¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 5561. Rompers of the very simplest type for a little boy or girl are made without sleeves and left loose at the knee. Size 2, 1¾ yards 32 or 36-inch material; binding, 1⅛ yards.

No. 5333. Striped and plain fabrics are smartly contrasted in a new sailor suit and rows of braid form the trimming. Size 6, 1⅝ yards 36-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch; shield, ¼ yard 36-inch.

No. 5549. The quaint lines of a little girl's frock with a pointed yoke and no sleeves are accented by a contrasting lacing and bindings. Size 2 requires 2 yards 32-inch or 1⅞ yards 36-inch.

No. 5619. The skirt of a smart frock is cut slightly circular and joined in a pointed line that suggests the lines of the bertha collar. Size 10, 1¾ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch.

No. 5555. A pointed yoke, and white collar and cuffs are style details of a one piece school frock made to simulate a two-piece. Size 10, 1⅝ yards 54-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch.

No. 5436. Rompers for play are made with long sleeves and button in the back. Contrasting bindings form the trimming. Size 2, 1¾ yards 32- or 36-inch; binding, 2 yards.

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5562. Seamings in jacket suggestion give smart lines to a house frock with short kimono sleeves. Size 36, 2¾ yards 39-inch; collar, ½ yard 39-inch.

No. 5528. Novel pockets head a group of pleats at each side of a straight line frock. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard 36-inch.

No. 5579. A very practical addition to a smart house frock are bloomers of the same fabric. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards of 39-inch or 3⅝ yards 54-inch material.

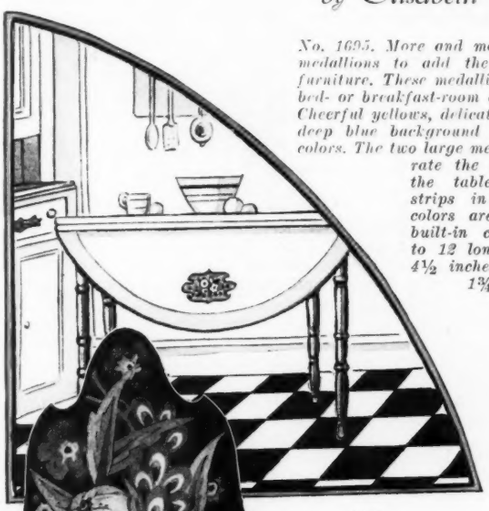
No. 5566. A flattering frock for wear indoors has a pleated jabot, bertha collar and very full skirt. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 32-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard 36-inch.

No. 5530. Removable cuffs and a becoming cap accompany an apron with a reversible front. Size 36, 4⅛ yards 36-inch material; contrasting, 1⅛ yards 36-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 118.

New Medallions, Linens and Travel Bags

by Elisabeth May Blondel



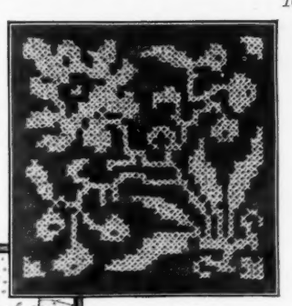
No. 1695. More and more women are depending on medallions to add the finishing touch to painted furniture. These medallions are especially adapted to bed- or breakfast-room and even the modern kitchen. Cheerful yellows, delicate pinks and mauve against a deep blue background harmonize with the popular colors. The two large medallions, 3½ x 6 inches, decorate the drop leaves of the table and narrow strips in corresponding colors are used on the built-in closet. Adapted to 12 long strips about 4½ inches and 6 small, 1¾ inches.

1695

1699

1695

No. 1699—These embroidery designs for towels or pillowcases are always needed, for the more towels and pillowcases one has, the better, especially when they are really different. These are very attractive embroidered in all white or on the colored pillowcases now so popular. The three designs, 3½ x 22½ inches are in pairs, having scallops for the backs.



1692

1692

No. 1679. A Set of Utility Bags fits the needs of the modern woman for traveling, for sports, etc., and today she makes them herself. The Sports or Travel roll (15 inches across) she makes of gaily striped or plain awning cloth. Into this she can roll the rough togs or dainty visiting frocks besides the toilet accessories. The Overnight bag or black moire (12 inches across) has room for accessories, a frock or two and other garments carried on the week-end trips.

No. 1692. This lovely spread is adaptable to different colors to suit any room. For instance; embroidered in white on pink, blue or pale green linen or poplin; or in colored cross-stitch on unbleached muslin. Each square is embroidered separately, then the squares are sewn together as in piecing a patchwork quilt. Detail above shows one of the 10¼-inch blocks which are repeated on the quilt in diamonds. Triangular motifs decorate the edge. Spread adaptable to single and double bed.

1679

1679

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THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 97*]

less apprehensive. But on the morrow he had every reason to suppose that his last hour was at hand. For news of the insurrection and violent action of the Liègeois reached Péronne. King Louis' incitement of them was not to be doubted. The Duke in his anger swore that the King of France had come thither to abuse him.

He ordered the drawbridge to be taken up and he placed the king under a guard of archers whilst he deliberated upon what measures should be taken. These deliberations he chose to make alone with Count Anthony.

EARLY next morning the Duke summoned a council of his nobles and officers including those who once had been subjects of the King of France and who, because of present rancor, were come to offer their swords to Burgundy.

At long last, when day had given place to night, a resolve was reached: to depose the king and send for the Duke of Normandy. On that resolve the Duke summoned his secretaries to prepare the letters. But the end was not yet as the council had decreed. Whilst the Duke strode to and fro dictating, back came Count Anthony.

"Charles, I have something to propose."

"If it is aught concerning the king of France, you are behind the fair. My messenger is already in the saddle."

"Let him wait a little longer—until you have heard me. What I have to say touches your honor and out of love for you I presume to be its counselor. I have found a better way than yours to settle this score."

"Be brief," commanded the Duke.

"First, Charles, you cannot do this thing. These arguments of honor are unanswerable. The king has your safe-conduct and in the hour in which it ceases to protect him, in that hour you will have been pulled down to the kings own paltry, knavish level. Are you not a great prince? Is your honor not untarnished and untarnishable?"

"Devil take you! You know that none of this is so."

"Then why make it so? For that is the only thing these letters will achieve."

The Duke pondered. "You hinted an alternative," he said.

"Were I in your place, I would make the king sup on his treachery, make him eat it under the eyes of all the world, so that whatever followed all decent men should point the finger of scorn at him. I would do this after first making terms of peace—the pretended purpose of his visit here. And cowed as he is by the fear of his deserts, you may have whatever terms you choose to dictate short of the crown of France itself."

The Duke nodded. "But the other measure—to make the king eat his treachery, as you say? Be plain."

Count Anthony considered him a moment in silence. Then he took him familiarly by the arm. "Come with me to the king, Charles."

Angrily the Duke wrenched his arm away. "Not I, by St. George! I cannot trust myself to meet the rogue."

"Oh, yes you can. Though you despise the man, you reverence the office. That will suffice. Let me be your mouthpiece in the interview and I confidently promise you a triumphant solution of all your difficulties."

"How will you go about it?"

Again the Count took his arm. "Come with me to the king, Charles, and you shall see."

[*Continued in* APRIL McCALL'S]

FORWARD MARCH!

[*Continued from page 127*]

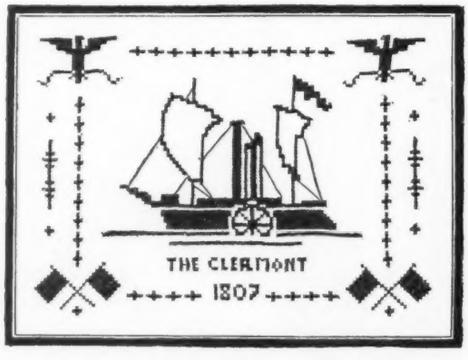
newer ways of manipulating them. Fur trimmings will be small close to the hand and immense toward the elbow—this can only be obtained by wise cutting.

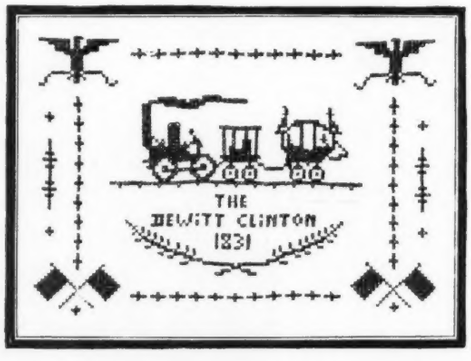
And evening outfits—will they be beautiful? Oh, yes, beautiful! So truly will they be dresses worthy of the women we have always been and are, in spite of the boyish craze which invaded our souls. That period is over—thank heaven—the wind blew it away . . . .

Hence these evening dresses are made in splendid silks, the newest of which are the satins, poplins, bengalines and failles. If the princess models cling close to the body—there is also an enormous mass of silk attached in the back to the waistline which tends to lower it considerably. This heap of fabric is arranged in different ways and does not recall in any way the crinoline. No, these are true creations of which I shall attempt to give you a description. Let us take this dress of heavenly blue bengaline, whose lines are quite childlike. It has no ornament but from one hip to the other there is an immense ribbon of the same shade draped into successive shells in the sense of length with the ends training on the ground. Three times this is repeated, giving the costume an incomparable attraction. Another dress is in faille, joining the white is a dying rose and a blue so pale one has to guess at it rather than realize it. These three colors are treated in drapery on the skirt, while the bodice is uniquely and soberly white. Do not forget that lines are simple in front and complicated in the back giving always an effect of confusion yet which does not injure the effect of simplicity we love and seek on all occasions. Taffetas—quite numerous—are supple and their designs minute, conforming almost to geometric drawings rather than floral. Little checkerboard effects in woolens and silks—quite new, will often be seen. Let us look at colors. I find myself in an embarrassing position for two clans are in possession. In one we find only old tones—ancient, worn, giving the effect of sweetness and sadness. In the other camp there is only joy, gaiety, young colors, full of life. If it were up to me to make a forecast I should lean toward the success of animated tones, for our new styles will be always young and require the radiance of life. My preference is for the new drapes that do not weigh.

Such in my opinion is in principal the tendencies of the styles to come.

History In Cross-Stitching





No. 1696—History repeats itself in cross-stitch designs, 10¾ x 15½ inches that correspond with the present demand for early American furnishings. Worked in black or in dull red on white or cream colored linen these pictures are lovely in narrow black frames or finished with passe partout binding. The same idea is seen in smart serving trays.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 118.

Smart Designs for the Spring Wardrobe

by Elisabeth May Blondel

1689

No. 1689. The well dressed woman wears a hat to match every ensemble. This style enables her to have several of her own making, and the directions are so simple a beginner can follow them. Fashionable in 4-inch Tricot or bias milliner's satin. Head size, 21-22 inches.

1690

1690

No. 1690. This modish close fitting beret with its unusual top construction is very smart, made with bag to match the costume. Stunning in tweed, velour, felt or velvet with bag to match, embroidered in contrasting color. Head size, 21-22 inches.

1697

No. 1697. New Design for Smocking Border. Smocking is now so easy to do that the beginner need have no qualms about the results. This design may be smocked straight or circular to fit the neckline as shown above, and it is delightful worked in one or more colors. Border is adapted to two widths, 2¾ or 4 inches. Four yards of banding, for smocking in the new simplified way.

No. 1700. Of the two versions, one smart model (left), shows a throw scarf which ends in a stunning embroidery motif done in a color to match the scarf lining. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material, ¾ yard contrasting. The other variation, (right), is made without sleeves in a dainty cotton print with picoted points in white organdie, having some simple embroidery on the collar. This dress, size 16, requires 4 yards of 32-inch material; 1¾ yards contrasting. Adapted to 14 to 16 years and 36 to 40 bust.

1700. The scarf dress.

The embroidered scarf as it hangs at the back.

Showing how the organdie collar rolls at back.

1700. The sleeveless dress.

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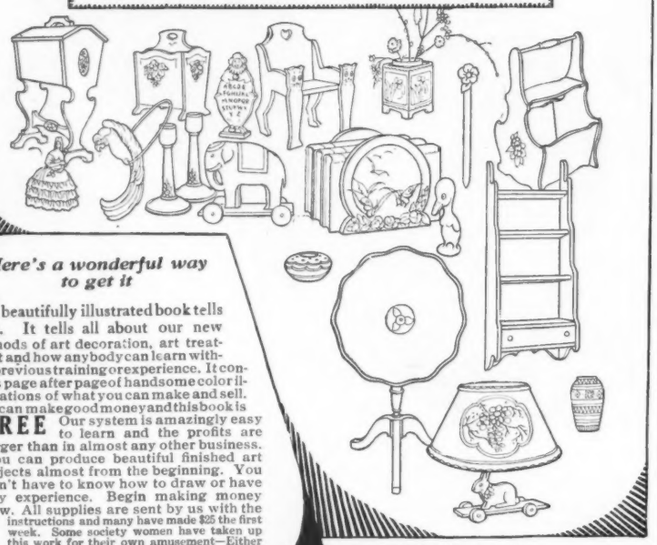

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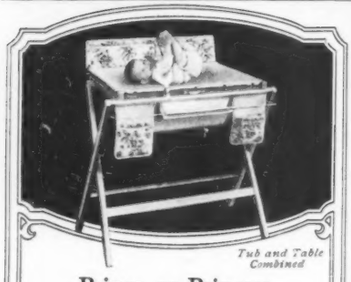

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100 Visiting Cards—One Dollar. Write for samples.
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THE BOOK CORNER

[*Continued from page 30*]

has done an immensely amusing account of the old scout who turned showman, winnowing out the few grains of truth from the chaff of the Buffalo Bill legend.

The most curious item of biography on the lists is Robert H. Fuller's *Jubilee Jim*, which is the life of Colonel James Fisk, Jr. This fellow conspirator of Jay Gould, who cut a yellow path through the financial world of little old New York in the days when the Vanderbilts founded a great house, is presented in a book that is written in the manner of a novel.

NEW YORK has been well supplied with biographers. The latest to turn to its citizens is Hendrik Willem Van Loon, who presents *The Life and Times of Peter Stuyvesant* with pardonable Dutch pride. Mr. Van Loon has the historic sense fully developed and he begins as usual in his disarming way, with naïve sentences bolstered by amusing little pen pictures, and ends by producing a social document.

In the midst of so much biography, there is an excellent story of a man's life, set down with great detail and interest by the man himself. It is *John Cameron's Odyssey* and concerns the fifty years at sea of a ship's captain who knew every atoll of the Pacific. The book has an old-fashioned swing with its stories of cannibals and blackbirders, chocolate kings and dusky queens, its leisured pace and palpable honesty giving it a quality and a charm that few books of adventure contain.

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 29*]

seated, not in the traditional arc of the symphony orchestra, but grouped in a hollow circle, its conductor not only invisible but non-existent. At a slight signal from the principal first violin, it began the Beethoven *Eroica* symphony and played it through. The volume of tone swelled and diminished; the pace quickened and slackened; the various choirs and solo passages entered and dropped out; the drums beat, the fiddles scraped and the trumpets blew; and all with no sign of a presiding genius with a baton in his hand to guide them on their way.

The occasion was the first trial in America of an experiment that began in Europe six years ago. In the winter of 1922 sixty members of the orchestra of the State Opera House in Moscow gave an all-Beethoven concert comprising the *Eroica* symphony, the violin concerto and the *Egmont* overture—with no conductor.

THE Carnegie Hall concert was undoubtedly a success. The program, identical with the original Moscow program of 1922, went off in fine style, the orchestra playing with excellent tempo, dynamics and tone quality. In the concerto, played by Max Rosen, the players accomplished the doubly difficult task of performing a fairly complicated work and accompanying a soloist without a leader. The audience, a friendly one, was wildly enthusiastic; and its enthusiasm was by no means unjustified.

A great conductor's interpretation of great music, however, is likely to be subtler and more penetrating than that of a committee of orchestral musicians. If it should prepare two or three programs and play them on tour it will be worth hearing and supporting.

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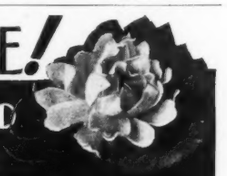

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THE CUCKOO'S NEST

[*Continued from page 27*]

a vast handkerchief. He seated himself with evident discomfort on the narrow step and motioned Rose to sit down. "Your aunt wants this thing about Tessie settled," he told her.

"It's for Dad to say."

"Sure, but he'll say what you do. I don't like to put it too strong, Rosie, but it's a pretty good chance for the little girl. We can give her a good deal, and you know we love her as if she were ours." He stood up stiffly. "Ever see your mother?"

"I don't even know where she is."

"I do." He dove down into capacious pockets searchingly. "She came in to the office to see me one day last week. Asked about you. Left me her address. Now I wonder where—"

"Do you think she wants to come back?"

"No," he said, searching his pockets, "I wouldn't say that." He adjusted his spectacles and read a card which he handed to Rose. "Thought you ought to have it." He spoke apologetically. "Never can tell what'll happen. Well, good-by, Rosie. Talk it over with your father about Tessie."

ROSE sat listlessly on the doorstep, her fingers crumpling the card that held the only sign of her mother's remembrance of them in the long months of separation. Her eyes stung with burning tears as young Tom Graves came up the narrow walk. The set of his broad shoulders gave Rose an impulse to cast her worries upon him, but the restrictions of her environment held her.

"What's the matter?" Tom demanded, sitting beside her.

"Nothing," she tried to lie.

"What is it, Rose?" he repeated. "Has anything happened that I could help you about?"

"Nobody can help me," she said, her resolution breaking down as she rushed on to tell him the tale of Aunt Annie's offer to Tess. She could have embraced him for his first comment: "Well, that won't be helping *you* any." And she thrilled in tremulous rapture as he put his hand over her own. "If any one of you is going to go I guess you're the one who deserves happiness most. Do you think," his voice was suddenly husky, "that you could be happy with me, Rosie?"

"Oh, Tom," she sobbed, "I—I won't ever be happy without you. But we can't. Tess won't stay and I couldn't leave Buddy here all day alone."

"Where's your mother?" he finally asked. "Do you know?"

"Yes," she said. "Why?"

"I wonder," he mused, "if she wouldn't possibly come back if she knew how things are."

"She'll never come back," Rose said. "She vowed she wouldn't."

"Was there a man, Rose?"

"No," she said, "there wasn't. Even Dad admitted that. She was just tired she said, of working and slaving and getting nowhere."

"She's the only one who can untangle the knot she tied. She's like a cuckoo who leaves her young in the nest before they can fly. Somebody's got to bring her back," he said. Mutely she nodded her head.

He stood up and she arose with him, looking up into his compelling eyes. "It's for both of us, Rose," he told her, "you and me. Will you send word to her?"

"Yes," she said, and met his swift, flaming kiss.

Even under the spell of its memory misgivings came to her after he had gone. Jennie Wiley would not

[*Continued on page 142*]

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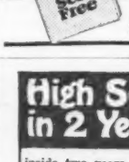

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THE CUCKOO'S NEST

[*Continued from page 141*]

return. Besides, how could she plead with her when she felt only angry hatred against her? And would James Wiley take her back? Rose was still on the doorstep when Buddy came home.

He came to her sleepily, his little body more wearied than his brain, and snuggled close as he told her the story of the picture he had seen. "There was a little boy like me in it," he said wistfully, "and he had the grandest mother." Her arm drew him closer, and he unfolded to her the trouble that shadowed his gray eyes. "Why don't all mothers love their little boys, Rosie?"

"They all do, Bud."

"Ours didn't."

"Yes, she did," Rose drowned her own doubt to conquer his, "but she loved other things more."

"I never loved anything more'n her," he combated, "not even my ball and my bat and my wagon."

"Buddy!"

"What is it?"

"You don't mind being alone while I go to the corner?"

"What for?"

"An errand."

"All right. I'm not afraid, but you won't be gone long, will you?"

"No." Through her tears the red and green lights of the drug store blurred and danced as she drew near the corner. She shut the door of the telephone booth and her voice was too low for the operator to hear as she asked for the number on the crumpled card. Fear of the consequence her act must evoke made her voice tremulous as she repeated the call. For an instant she heard only the buzzing of the wires; then, conjured out of the unknown, Jennie Wiley's voice:

"Hello," it answered blithely, then lowered into half-startled caution. "Who's calling?"

"It's Rose." She tried to lift her tone out of its huskiness.

"Rose?"

"Yes."

"What's happened?"

"Nothing—yet. But—oh, I must see you! I must talk to you. We can't go on the way we're going. I have to see you."

"How's Tess?"

"All right."

"And Buddy?"

"Oh, he's—"

"Is he sick?"

"No, he's not sick, but—"

"But what?"

"He's so lonesome it's awful."

"Why do you—" the voice snapped back its inquiry. "Where's your father?"

"He's working night shift."

"Then I'll come over. You be watching for me."

ROSE, groping, trying to reason, thought she saw, in the light of her own love, that her mother was all wrong in doctrine as well as in deed. Children weren't cuckoos, to be left as fledglings. Marriage wasn't merely a two-party contract to be nullified when patience died. It was a life job, and the failure to abide by its terms was a failure of soul . . . . She must face all these conditions if she married Tom. The thought softened Rose. Her mother was not, she considered, the rebel she had visioned, but a woman weaker than her duller neighbors. But as the sound of her footsteps clicked on the sidewalk Jennie Wiley reawakened in Rose the white flame of wrath, and she had to fight it down by sheer will power as she opened the door for her mother.

"Buddy's asleep," was her warning to

[*Continued on page 143*]

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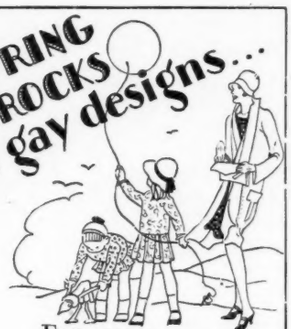

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THE CUCKOO'S NEST

[*Continued from page 142*]

the woman at the threshold, a woman whose eyes revealed in the dim light from the street lamp a trouble which her shoulders, bravely held, denied.

"He's not sick, is he?" Jennie lowered her voice to match Rose's tone and she followed the girl into the unlighted room.

"No," Rose told her. "It's about Tessie and me I wanted to talk to you." She sat near to the chair Jennie had taken, oppressed by the strangeness of the situation, puzzled how to begin. "Aunt Annie wants Tessie to live with them," she finally plunged.

"What'll that do to you?" came Jennie's question, striking Rose by the fact that it almost duplicated Tom's query for her own welfare.

"It'll keep me here," she said.

"Do you want to go away?"

"I want to be married."

"Oh!" She could feel the tightening of her mother's mood. "Well, I suppose girls'll go on being fools to the end of time. Who is he?"

"Tom Graves."

"I might have guessed it. Well, I can't stop you, and your father won't."

"Tessie will, if she goes away."

"Maybe you'll live to thank her. I'd have been grateful to anyone who'd stopped me when I was eighteen."

"Are you sorry that—that we came?"

"Yes, I am." Her voice rang with passionate insistence. "What right did we have to bring you into the world when we couldn't make your lot any better than our own? Worry and want and—"

"But that isn't true." The girl's voice rose in the triumph of combating thought. "You can't tell what life has for us. You don't know what Bud may be, and what Tess'll be, and, even if I don't get any more out of life than you have, I'll be satisfied. It isn't what you get," she groped, "that counts. It's what you make out of what you have."

"You're kids," said Jennie Wiley. "You don't understand. You don't know what it is to go day after day, struggling against conditions you can't change. I won't come back, I tell you. I won't." She rose, and started to the door, but at the sound of pattering bare feet on the floor she turned toward the tiny bedroom in the doorway of which stood a little white figure. "Buddy!" she cried, and opened her arms to him. "My baby, my little boy baby," she crooned as the child rushed to shelter.

"My mother," he cried. "I knew you'd come back! Everybody said you wouldn't, that you didn't love me any more, but I knew you did."

"I love you, Buddy."

"I love you. And you won't go away again ever?"

"Oh, my baby, my baby!" the woman cried. "If they'll only let me stay with you!"

THROUGH the long hours till dawn they sat there, tense, expectant. Buddy fell asleep; Jennie held him, her cheek against his hair. In the faint dawn Rose moved across the room and sank down beside her mother. "I'm glad you're home," she told her and had no thought of herself in the telling. Jennie stroked her head. "I wonder—" she began, then paused as footsteps sounded on the pavement.

James Wiley stood at the open door. He did not speak as his wife rose, but watched her searchingly in the gloom. Then, suddenly, his face lighted and he held out his arms to her. She went to him with slow humility. Rose lifted eyes of understanding to her father as he gazed at her over Jennie Wiley's bowed head.

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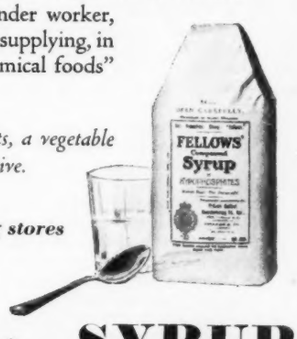

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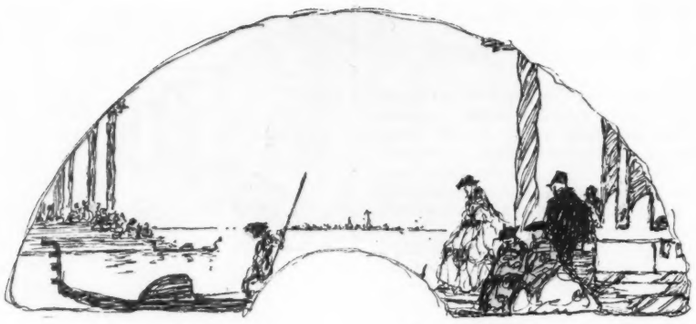

LIVES AND LETTERS

Conducted by Margaret Severance

Romance

THE sentimental world defines romance as being synonymous with the love of man for woman and of woman for man. If we have missed that sort of love, we have certainly missed life's most complete and beautiful experience. But if we have missed romance our loss is greater still, for romance is that quality of spirit which quickens us not only to beloved people, but to all life—to situations, to environment, to ideas, to work. It is the sap that keeps springtime forever rising in us and unexpectedly bursting into bloom.

The late Stuart Pratt Sherman in that charming collection of essays, *Shaping Men and Women,* says of it, "If you haven't any romance in your life, it is a failure. Whether you are thirty or forty or fifty or sixty or seventy, if you don't rise from breakfast with a fine excitement to begin the day, you have missed something which is better than anything you have got in its place. . . .Romance is whatever calls you out of your languor and indifference and consumes you, adequately, so that the accumulated material of your life—your wisdom, your experience—takes fire and gives off light, heat, warmth and the beauty of the red wings of flame."

For romance of that nature as well as for that which brings young people together and inspires them to build a home we have abounding sympathy. But the "romance" which entangles those already married gives us grave concern. It was true romance which brought these two together; then something went awry. There came the illusion of a romance that might have been; the lure of the unknown; the attraction of another not yet subjected to the acid test of everyday life; and the home is in danger of being disrupted.

TO HEAR men and women accuse their spouses falsely of gamboling in extra-matrimonial pastures is almost a routine aspect of modern life—and I dare say it is older than the flood, though ladies kept such thoughts to themselves in those distant days. But the lay public would be shocked if it knew how many obviously good and sensitive-minded wives accuse themselves falsely of practically the same offense. I am reminded of a saintly and beloved old clergyman whom I knew in my childhood. He used to startle the members of his congregation by passionately denouncing himself as the most miserable and abandoned of sinners. Of course, the finer people are, the less satisfied they are with their own performances as compared with their aspirations. That is why the saints of old scourged their consciences and often themselves. But I have sometimes wondered since if my old friend were not unconsciously being romantic, creating a situation in his imagination.

We women pride ourselves on having our "ideal man." This is, of course, nothing but a suit of empty masculine armor which, when we hang it on a real man, sometimes fits and sometimes doesn't. If, however, we are wise and have a sense of humor, we will change the armor to fit the man and not try to change the man to fit the armor.

Marriage, like everything else in the world, falls occasionally into doldrums if we let it. About the third year it sometimes takes a sharp downward curve. The young Lochinvar who rode out of the west and captured us by storm now prefers to walk or to play golf or to exercise by radio before breakfast. His face once thrillingly half-concealed by a visor is now grotesquely plastered with drifts of shaving lather, caricaturing its owner into a distorted, bad-tempered Santa Claus. By the fifteenth or the twentieth or the twenty-fifth year, as the case may be—and according to how bored we are with ourselves—we drag out from its dark closet the old faithful, dust-covered dream-armor and helmet and proceed to hang them upon the first sympathetic unarmored man who happens along. In nine cases out of ten the quality in him that attracts us most—besides the fact that he is forbidden fruit—is his resemblance to our husbands. If we succeed in putting the second man into the armor, we generally find that he fits even less snugly than his predecessor. And so, if we did not have real character and real love we could go on and on from disillusion to disillusion and from divorce to divorce.

I DON'T know why the world has so long regarded its Don Juans and its Casanovas as glittering figures. They seem to me the saddest, the most unimaginative of creatures. I have never believed that they were villains by actual intention. Their love-repertory is so impoverished that they are bored to death by their own monotony and pin the blame upon their various lady-loves. They have no new words or feelings; therefore they must use the old hackneyed ones on new victims. If the soil of which they were made were deeper and richer in true romance they would not have to rotate their "crops" so hysterically. Such persons, whether men or the corresponding type of women, must, in childhood, have discarded toy after toy without any intelligent effort to make it work. They are life's unadjustable irresponsibles.

Whether or not they are incurably romantic is difficult to say. I have known instances where a girl of real nobility of character has been able to stem the current and turn into calmer channels a man's romantic love. With insight and wisdom she has shamed a misguided sentimentalist and has saved a home. Then, too, with their new knowledge of psychology doctors are turning attention to the maladjusted, seeking fundamental reasons for instability.

If we want perpetual romance—and who does not?—we must be perpetual wooers of our mates, of our friends, of our homes, of our jobs: in short, of our secret selves. If the spirit within has dozed down to embers we can blow it again into a blaze, though not with the breath of discontent. If it is a blaze, we can refuel it to conflagration which can throw into revealing light all the little things of life to which our eyes have been blind.

A beautiful letter came to me the other day from a woman who has found the hidden door to all romance. Her husband had failed financially and they had had to leave friends, home, position—everything—and live in poverty in the country. There she had come to draw upon her own spiritual riches. She had learned to see, to hear, to think, to feel. The skin of newly-dug potatoes, she discovered, was the color of coral. Or perhaps she found true values—and as in the poem on this page, found it, indeed, a salutary thing . . . . to match her inches with a tree.

Romance, like heaven, lies about us, not only in our infancy but every day until we die—and, I hope, forever afterward. But we have got to be alert to it, to strive for it without ceasing; to stab our spirits broad awake. We cannot have it and be lazy. The more romance we have, whether natural or acquired, the fewer romances we shall need.

Values

BY ABIGAIL CRESSON

The trees upon the hill are tall;
Their branches brush against the sky—
I think they cannot see at all
So small a thing as I.

Here in my little house, I am
So all important and so wise;
I see but praise and pride of me
When I look in your eyes.

And so I find it is, indeed,
A salutary thing for me
To climb a hilltop now and then
And match my inches with a tree.

DR. GASTON LYON—one of the outstanding figures of the medical profession in France, on whom his colleagues have lavished professional honors; he has been chief of the Medical Clinic of the Faculty of Paris; he is Laureate of the Academy of Medicine; he is author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Digestive Tract," and many other medical works.

"Yeast regulates the intestine,"

says DR. GASTON LYON, *of Paris*

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In an authorized interview he says, "Yeast modifies the intestinal action while not being destroyed itself." He further points to the value of yeast in the treatment of skin diseases and declares, "Its efficacy in this field is already strongly established."

In a recent survey covering the entire United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these living yeast plants pass through your intestine daily, they combat harmful poisons and purify the whole system.

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At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, soda fountains and lunch counters. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply. It will keep in a cool dry place. Start today!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. F-62, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Poisons from clogged intestines spread and attack the weakest spot. Colds, sore throat, headache, bad breath, bad skin—90% of your ailments—start here, doctors now agree. And here, too, is where yeast works. For bubbling good health, keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast.

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A Page For Children

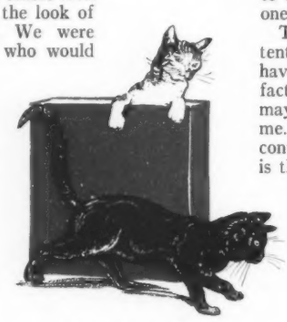
The black one is Nip. His striped brother is Tuck

Nip and Tuck

By ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

OUR first cat was Tip a Maltese. She was named that because of a tiny tip of white on her tail. After she grew old and died Mousie, another Maltese and Johnny Dug were our pets but through accidents of one kind or another they also were taken from us one by one. This is why I once more went in search of a kitten for our household. The rumor that we were again looking for a pet spread about among our friends and all sorts of kittens were offered to us. You might think that all cats look alike. But this isn't true. Some kittens have an angry expression in their eyes such as one sees in the hardened backyard fighting cats; others look dull and cross and still others have the look of genuine kindliness and sweetness. We were looking for healthy, happy kittens who would grow up into well-mannered, pleasant, friendly cats for our home.

At last we heard of some kittens born to a cat living in a large apartment house. Never shall I forget the anxious little mother cat hovering about us in the basement of the apartment house while we looked over her family of sprawling kittens. After much discussion, my husband and I decided to take two of the kittens as we differed so decidedly in our choice—he preferring the all-black one and I the picture-book tiger kitty. But one *only* was to be kept—*two* merely for the time being, until we saw which was the better cat. Of course I don't need to tell you that the day of separation has never come. Our cats are now four years old, the black one we named Nip and the tiger, Tuck.



Looking and listening

It was in this way, then, that The Boys, for as such they are known among our circle of friends and in our childless family, came into our lives and hearts. Since kittenhood a merry round of playing and romping marks their waking moments though they have grown up a little.

AS MORNING breaks in our household, the day begins with The Boys by the arrival of their friend, their faithful Margaret. She comes to the kitchen where they have spent the night in a large box filled with old woolly sweaters. There with them is their night toy, a so-called "pussy-cat" stuffed with cotton and covered with an old stocking top. It long ago lost its original splendor of button-eyes, imitation whiskers, pink bow and slick covering of gray silk through constant mauling by Nip who has adopted it as his bedtime toy.

As soon as Margaret comes into the kitchen she serves the cats' breakfast, a meal of chopped raw meat, fish or combined meat and green vegetables, with a saucer of milk. Then they run to the front of the apartment where Nippie mounts the top of a large armchair in the living-room to await the awakening of his master. Cats are said to have a great respect for sleep. It is certainly true of house bred cats.

When my husband rises and as he progresses with his morning toilet, Nippie takes up his position close to the bathroom door, hoping against hope that it will suddenly open and he will be allowed to enter and perch upon his master's shoulder, even if the man is shaving. As a twelve-pound cat does not help with this delicate task, Nippie is frequently debarred and I find him shut out of his Paradise, as a deep heart-rending wail often tells me. As the master of the house comes out of the bathroom Nippie then escorts him to his room where he tries, as best he can, to help him dress. This over, he then rides upon his master's shoulder to the breakfast table, only to sit patiently at one side upon a chair until the meal is ended.

Tuckie, being my cat, devotes his entire attention to me, upon arising, but not until I have returned to my room from my bath. In fact, until that time, no matter how often I may pass him, he makes no effort to approach me. But once back in my bedroom, a long conversation of mewing and purrs begin, which is the signal to be lifted up. This is done and for one brief moment he rests in my arms on the right shoulder, then immediately shifts over to the left, where he nestles down close to my ear and purrs, occasionally leaning well forward to touch the tip of my nose, as though he wants to be reassured that I am really myself.

This regular morning devotion being over, he remains in the room until I go to the breakfast table. Then when my duties take me to the kitchen he stays faithfully with me, either upon my lap as I write down the daily orders, or upon the window ledge where he can quiver and cry at a passing sparrow, or at the more venturesome ones who may perch near his window position.

We then go to the telephone where Tuckie listens in on morning orders and later to my desk where without the slightest concern he will walk across freshly written pages with a happy disregard for ink and, if permitted, stretch himself full length across them. But we have too long been resigned to cats occupying the two largest and most comfortable chairs in the room to permit further privileges, so he is sent flying to his own retreat to nap upon a favorite cushion for a while.

Playing all day long

With Tuckie's other accomplishments, he is a splendid mouser. Nippie, on the other hand, who is less of a hunter and takes the mouse away from Tuckie because he is slightly smaller, would better qualify on the baseball field for he can stand on his hind legs and with his front paws catch a fly with ease. He also has an amusing habit, when in the country, of carrying sticks and long pieces of rush into the house. This he does by first laying them down on the porch, opening the screen door with his paw, then scampering merrily in with his prize before it closes. Having placed it before you as though he had found a treasure worth while, he returns for another. Nippie likewise knows what a door knob means for he will stand on his hind legs and try and try to turn the knob with his front paws. He will also press on a door latch repeatedly with the same desire to open the door.

So renowned as a mouser is Tuckie in the family that he is often referred to as Mouse Trap. This is even changed to Trapper and Tripper, without reason, just as Nippie who is entirely black, is called Blackie or more often Bockie. The Boys have never lost their playfulness. A window ledge in our winter home and a low table shelf in the country supply their toys—woolly dogs, cats and soft balls, from which they will make a selection of their own accord when they want to play. Catnip mice, too, are given to them, but only occasionally, and a pecan nut makes a fine toy for a romp. Wrapping paper from a package gives them a glorious time and an empty box, no matter how small, is an occasion for hide and seek.

THE Boys also have a toilet bag, another Christmas gift, containing their comb and brush which are used to keep their coats clean and shiny. While all members of the cat family are naturally clean, the coats of house cats take on the same soot and dust that clings to our clothes. Like our clothes they need frequent and thorough brushings.

Another bag which interests them greatly is a large black valise, called the kit bag, with a curtain-covered grating at the end in which they are taken to and from the country. When this is brought out either in spring or fall, Tuckie immediately hides, for he associates it with the hospital, where he was taken as a six-months-old kitten with his leg broken in three places.

They have other aversions especially in dogs that call with their owners, particularly a little black Scottie, who barked at them and has given Nippie the habit of jumping up on top of the china closet for safety. In fact, so keen are they to sense the presence of a dog, that if they hear the voice of a certain friend of ours even before she enters the house, they associate her with her dog which she brought with her only once and they immediately retreat until they are sure he is not with her. Nippie's dislike of the ice man when we are in the country even prompts him to make a deep threatening growl each time he sees him behind the screen door much to the man's amusement.

But with visitors generally, the cats are on friendly terms even to the point of sleeping upon their wraps and coats, especially on those with so-called "cat fur!" I even found Tuckie once napping peacefully on the top of a new derby hat which I fortunately rescued in time before it was completely demolished. Tuck no doubt liked the hat's color, black like Nippie.

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